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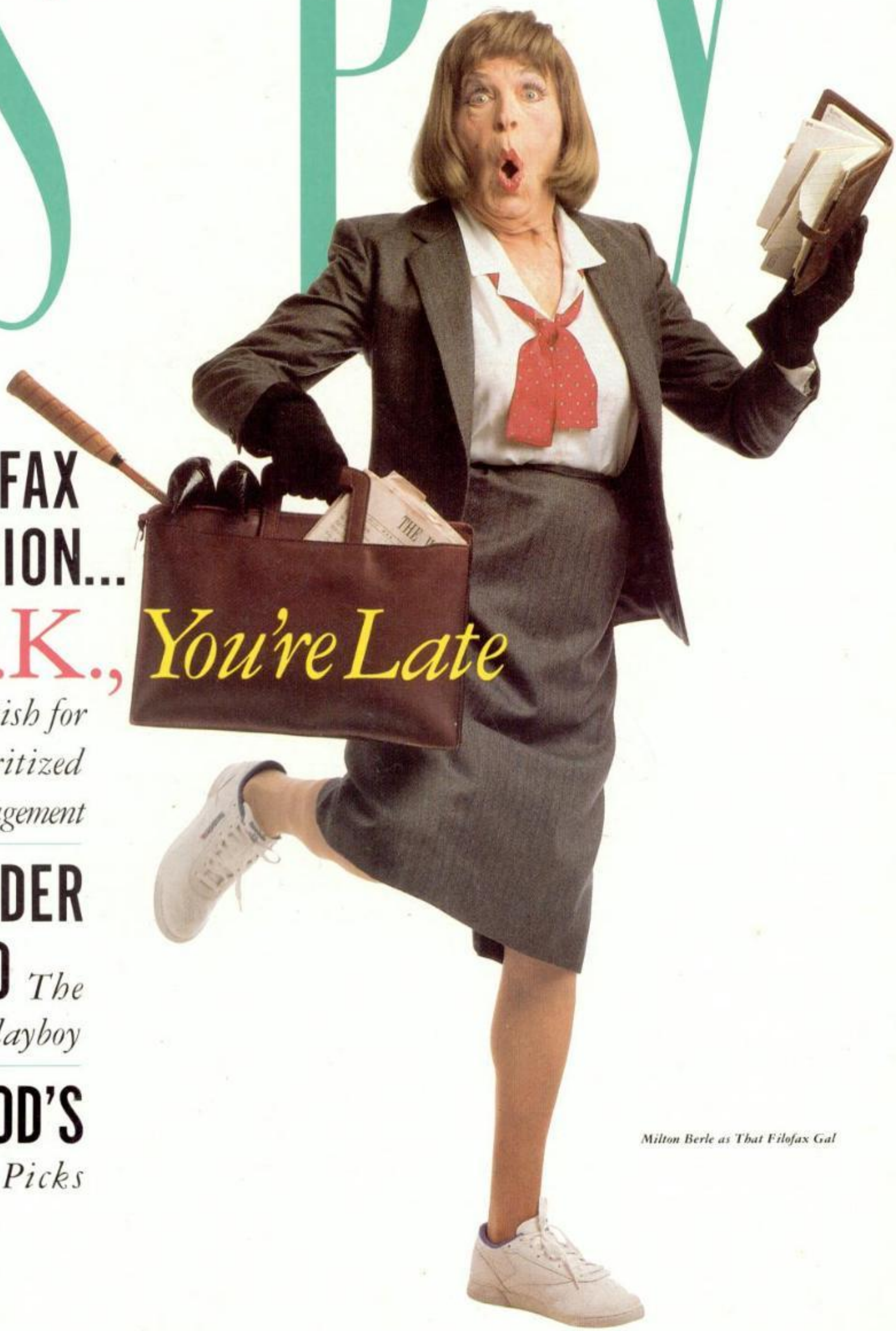
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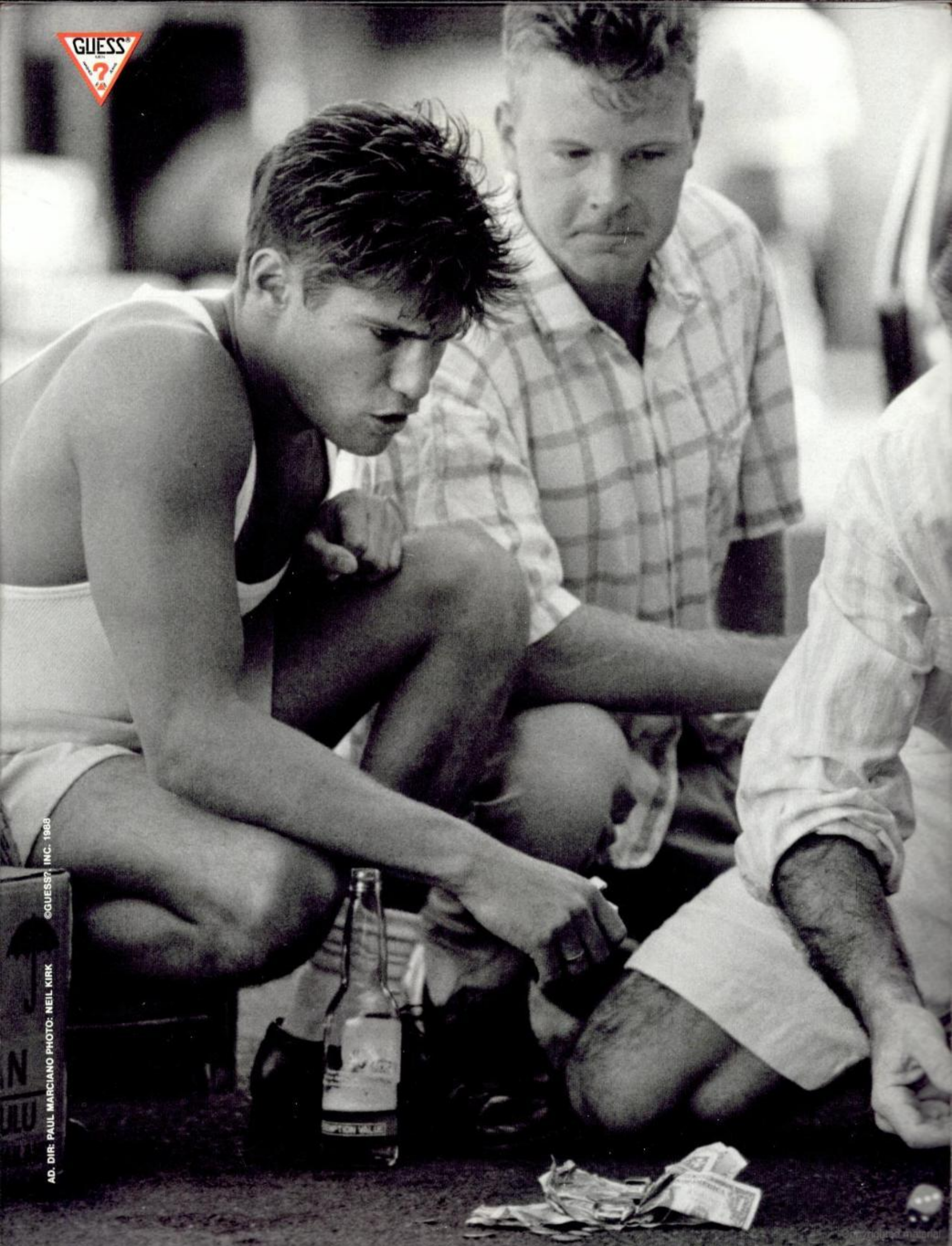
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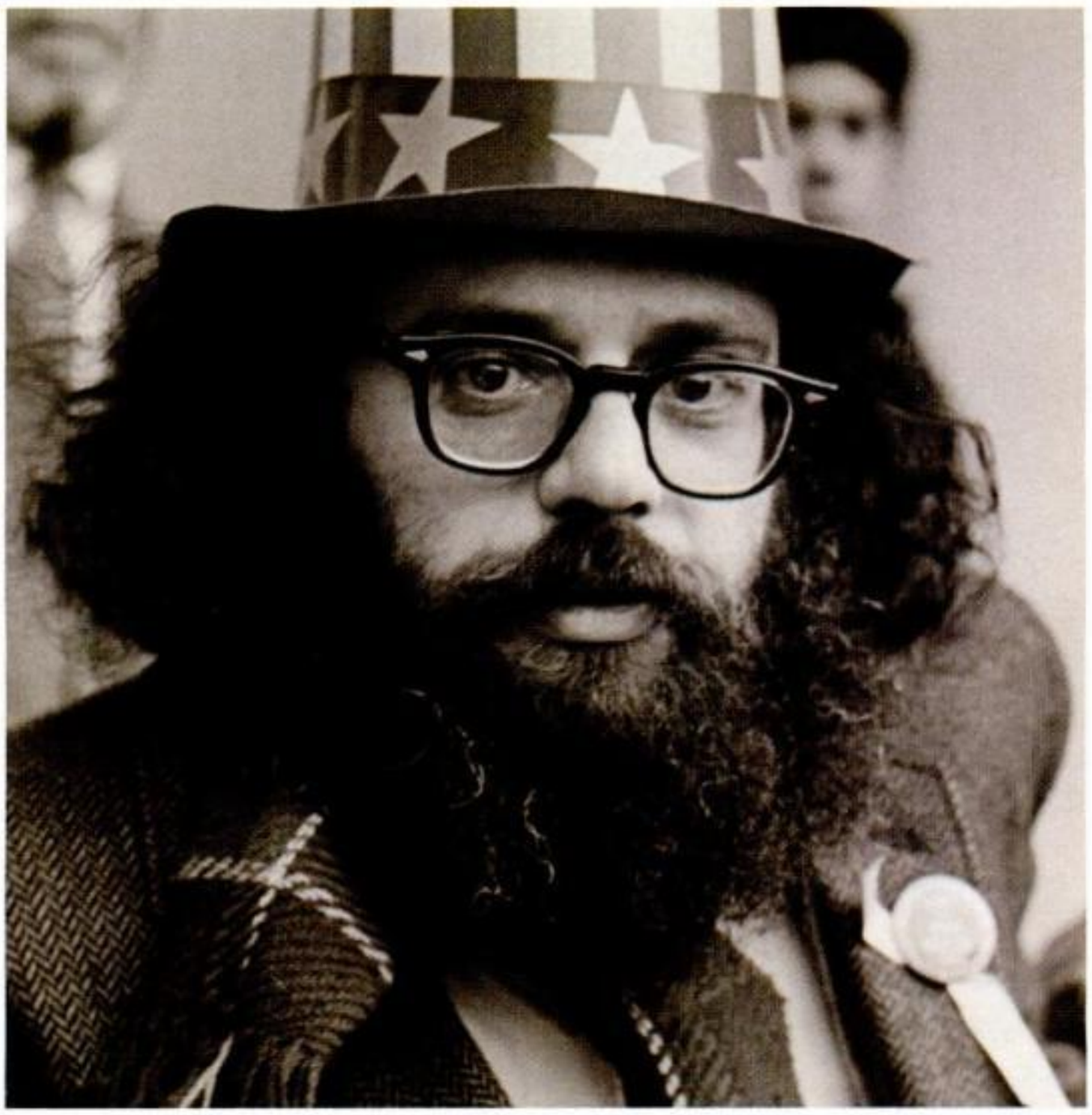

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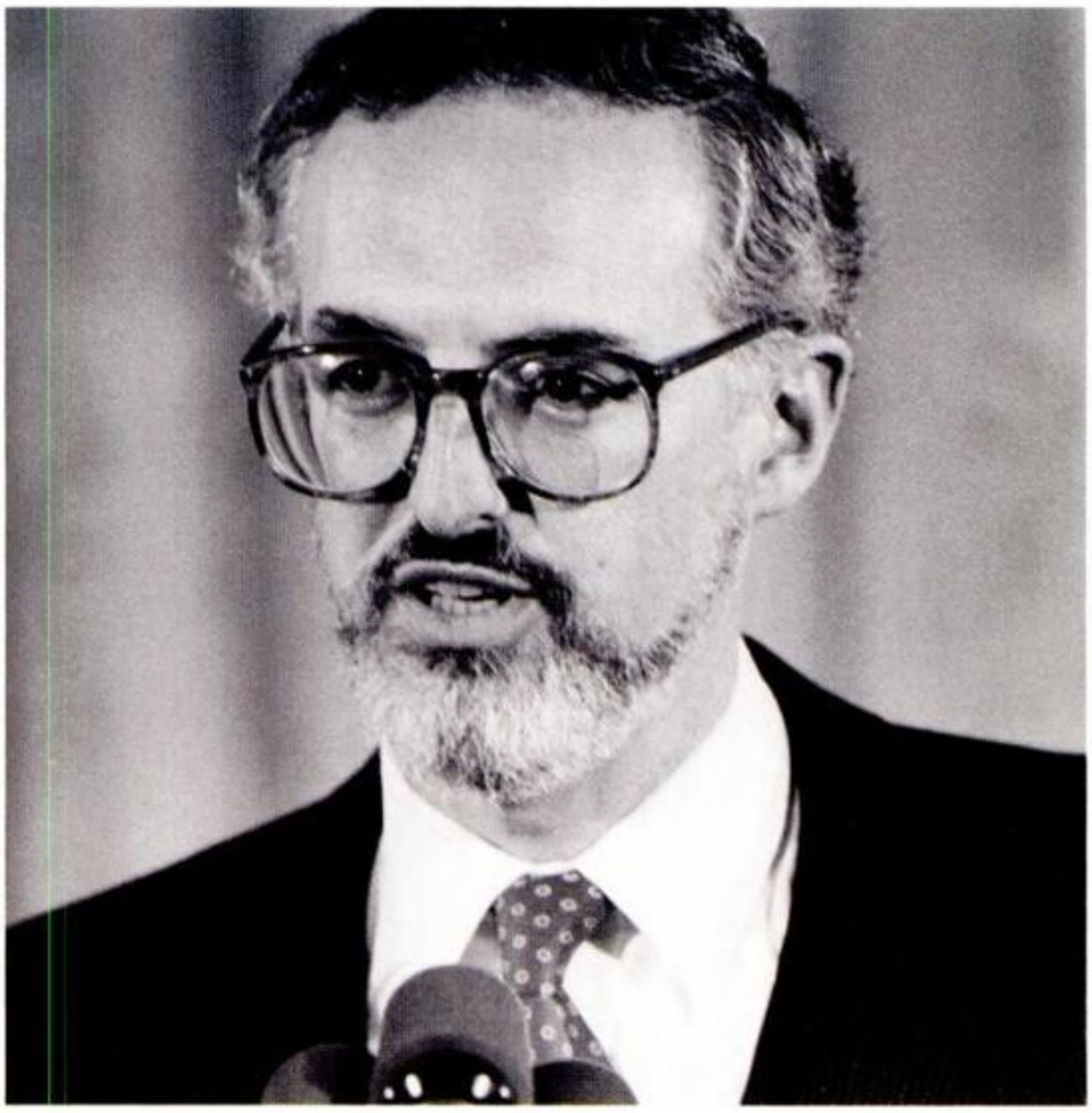
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DEPARTMENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 21

NAKED CITY

► *What do Jerry Lewis and Jack Kemp have in common? What does Ivan Boesky's mother think?* The Observer's *Arthur Carter has a change of face, Walt Frazier has a favorite candidate, and Roddy McDowall has—oh, you figure it out, when you look at the first installment of* The SPY *List* 28

THE SPY MAP

► *A big-beaked*  MICHAEL RIPS, *philosopher once said, "Follow your nose; it always knows." So does our geo-olfactory scholar, as his aroma guide to Manhattan shows* 80

PARTY POOP 128

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

► *When birds of prey are loosed, a torpid midtown atrium becomes a savage hunting ground, by* MICHAEL DEAS 130

CONTENTS

FEATURES

***ARRIVEDERCI*, SLEAZEBALL!**

► *Money, cocaine and sex:* ANTONY SHUGAAR *exposes the florid world of Milanese high fashion and explains how, for one disagreeable playboy and one wired American model, it ended in murder* . . . 52

FILOFAX MADNESS

► *9:00 a.m.: Read* BRUCE HANDY *on the new fetish for personal organization. 10:00 a.m.: Scan* TAD FRIEND*'s comparative chart of personal organizers. 10:30 a.m.: Follow* JAMIE MALANOWSKI*'s time line of plannermania in history. 11:00 a.m.: Read* JOE QUEENAN*'s search for Filofax use in the heartland. 11:30 a.m.: Consider, as* RACHEL URQUHART *does, how history might have been changed through planning. Noon: Filofax fantasies with* ROY BLOUNT JR. *Lunchtime!* . . 69



INSIDE MENSA

► PHILIP WEISS *joins Mensa, the society of certified eggheads, and finds a bunch of disgruntled, sexually frustrated, sometime-nudist punsters* 84

THE ZAREM LETTERS

► *Literary historian* LUC SANTE *muses about the life and loves of public-relations maven Robert "Bobby" Zarem, whose letters reveal him as a soaring and radiant symbol of our very, very enthusiastic age* 97



COLUMNS

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

► MICHÈLE BENNETT *flays a brace of egomaniacs* 108

ALSO

► LYNN SNOWDEN *finds conservatives* **Publishing** *dirty books;* STEPHEN RAE *on* **Selling** *right-wing hooey to New Agers;* TAD FRIEND *reviews the horrendous house organs of the* **Business** *world;* CHARLES POOTER *on* **The Webs'** *superegos;* JAY MARTEL *on crashed* **Television** *pilots;* CELIA BRADY *assays the Brillstein-Ovitz war in* **The Industry**; ELLIS WEINER *on*  **How to Be a Grown-up** *while complaining* . . . 110

OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

► BY ROY BLOUNT JR. 132

THE COVER Milton Berle photographed by Deborah Feingold. Suit: Saint Laurie Ltd. Shoes: Reebok International. Wig: Wigs by Hanna. Makeup and hair: Helene Macaulay for Marek & Associates.

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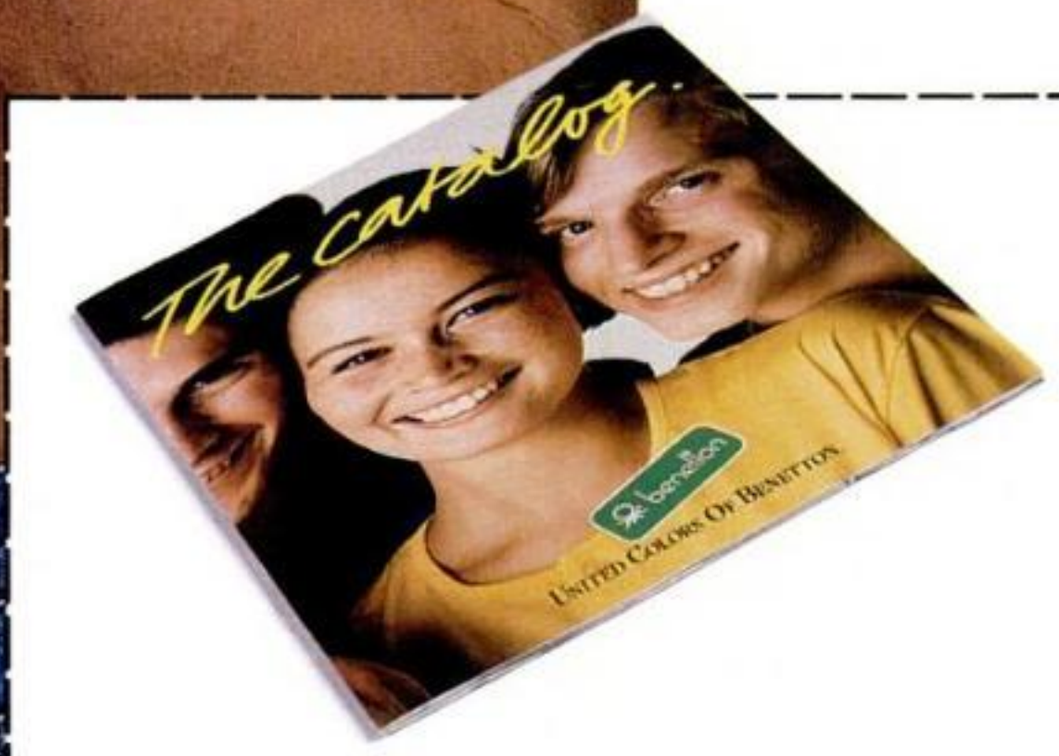
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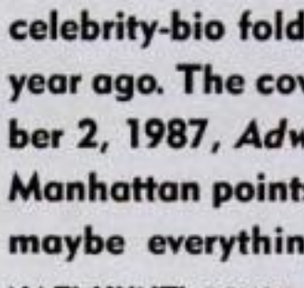
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From the SPY mailroom: Our offer, in the December Fine Print, to mail people the health-code violation symbols that we abandoned when the *Times* followed our lead and expanded its own violations section was taken at face value by more readers than we ever imagined. *What are these people going to do with tiny drawings of mice and insects and dust?* (No—don't tell us. We watch the news, and we know what kind of world we're living in.) There was no request for the symbols from editors at the *Times*.



SPY's pervasive influence (our theme this month) extends from the paper of record all the way down to, oh, Michael Musto, whose chart-form summary of movie-star biographies in the December *American Film* owes something—maybe everything?—to "Telling It All," the celebrity-bio foldout that SPY published a year ago. The cover design of the November 2, 1987, *Adweek*, as Elan Fleisher of Manhattan points out, owes something—maybe everything?—to SPY's May 1987 NAZI HUNT! cover. *Manhattan, inc.*, in the back of its January 1988 issue, inaugurates a regular feature called City Lights, which owes something—maybe everything?—to SPY's regular feature New, Improved New York. The ersatz "Separated at Birth?" pairings in *GQ*'s "Off the Cuff" section and on the short-lived *Wilton North Report* also owe something—maybe everything?—to SPY. Best of all, we were delighted to discover what amounts to a Swedish edition of SPY: *Z*, a glossy monthly published in Stockholm. Certain designs, typefaces, logos, stories and ideas have been lifted wholesale from SPY *and then copyrighted*, our attorneys have noted with unbecoming glee. If you like SPY's Fine Print, you'll love *Z*'s *Finstilt*. Do Drew Friedman's Private Lives of Public Enemies illustrations give you a pleasurable chill every month? Then wait till you see Åke Carlsson's side-splitting *Livets Ord*. A feature called *"Det Bästa"* is a celebrity-memoirs chart, the idea for which was copied almost exactly from SPY—or possibly, to be fair, from Michael Musto. *Z* pays tribute to SPY's "Busty Like Me" article (July/August) with *"Jag Levde Med Stora Bröst"* (similar theme and design—right down to a look-alike, dress-alike model and

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the large-breasted-famous-woman–vs.–small-breasted-famous-woman sidebar). And "Separated at Birth?" is there in *Z* as *"Lika Som Bär...,"* illustrating beyond any doubt the uncanny resemblances between Sten Mörtstedt and Marit Paulsen, Malena Ivarsson and Helena Döse, and Gertrud Sigurdsen and Lasse Stromstedt—though if you ask us, that last pairing, while sweetly ironic, strains credulity.

But then "Separated at Birth?" is hardly a new idea. Two readers, Charlene Weisler and John Minden, both of Manhattan, correctly cite *Private Eye*'s Lookalike feature as a forerunner to our own version. And it goes back farther than that: Nancy Beiman, also of Manhattan, reminds us that *Vanity Fair* ran a similar gag until the 1930s under the heading Who's Zoo. And it won't stop with our December "Separated at Birth?" cover, either. Since then readers have inundated SPY with more "Separated at Birth?" suggestions than ever.

"My husband Warren Krings is a dead ringer for President Daniel Ortega," confides Janet Mines Krings of Manhattan. "Some people have advised me to hire bodyguards to protect him." Peter O'Connor writes from Tumbaco, Ecuador, to suggest we pair George Bush and the Dalai Lama, whose alarming resemblance to Phil Silvers has already been reported in the papers (thank you, Jon Zilber and Dick Johnson). Mike Jourard of Brampton, Ontario, has written twice: first to draw our attention to the extraordinary similarity between an "Emo Williams" and Suzanne Vega, then to confess, red-faced, that when he said *Emo* Williams, he was thinking about *Remo* Williams but in any case really meant *Emo Philips*. (As we were reaching for the ibuprofen we noticed in Jourard's first letter proof that Tama Janowitz is not so ubiquitous as she seems. "Who is she?" he asks about Al Lewis's co-cover subject in the December SPY. "Why is she there?" Clearly, Janowitz Fever has yet to grip Brampton, Ontario.)

George Wayne, who must have a terrific publicist to have appeared in this box in two issues, didn't like the December cover at all: Richard Gephardt and Spuds MacKenzie would have been better, he says. Coincidentally, that's precisely the alternate cover we test-marketed at selected newsstands outside New York City in early November. It didn't do ➳

LETTERS TO SPY

DEAR EDITORS I am living in lovely Worcester (not Worchester), Massachusetts, and I finally have something to read that stimulates my brain cells. Is there some way you can get your magazine onto the shelves of our local stores for the lifeless population of Worcester? If not, there is one request that you may be able to fulfill: hire my sister Janet for your staff. What better way to get lots of *free* back issues of SPY?

David Murphy
Worcester, Massachusetts

Let's get this straight: you mean that all we have to do to make certain you get SPY *without having to pay for it is to hire your sister?* If only we'd known sooner. *Janet starts on Monday.*

DEAR EDITORS In the book *Charles Dickens* there is a reference to a "famous cartoonist" with the pseudonym Spy. I was wondering whether the people who named your magazine did so after him, or if it is one of those coincidences that are plentiful in the work of Charles Dickens.

Roberta Majoros
New York

*The Dickens-*SPY *coincidences don't end there. One of our contributors is named Nell, we have a regular section called Great Expectations and a roadhouse diner we frequent looks not unlike Miss Havisham's dining room.*

DEAR EDITORS Thank you so much for printing your magazine for those of us with reckless intelligence. I, for one, can never get enough rapier irreverence, slick bons mots and silken bombast.

William N. Ford IV
Austin, Texas

DEAR EDITORS Just a short note to say thanks for the first refreshing piece of literature I've seen since 1970. Back then I subscribed to *Scanlan's*—a magazine that held me captive for the six months it was published. But as all good things go, so did the magazine. You know, people don't know what good is until it is gone.

Gail L. Kahaner
New York

DEAR EDITORS I read recently that you were contemplating expanding your circulation in our nation's capital. To speed your intrepid reporters on their way, here is what they need to know: Oliver Carr is an anemic Donald Trump; Marion Barry is Ed Koch plus real balls; *The Washington Post* is *The New York Times* written by the staff of *New Age Journal*; summer, as it is in New York, is to leave; only the tourists love the monuments; only tourists ask where the Smithsonian is; the Metro, although designed and run by chauffeur-driven anal-retentives, is not an adequate fallout shelter.

Robert Bové
Washington, D.C.

DEAR EDITORS I enjoy the cheap shots you take at critical letters in your replies. They invariably make me howl with laughter, and I'm sure they make *you* feel good all over, too.

Jason de Menil
Harvard College
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Mr. de Menil was the recipient of just such a cheap shot in the December 1987 SPY. *We can live with ourselves.*

DEAR EDITORS I feel compelled to respond to Mr. Jason de Menil's comments in your December issue [Letters]. Two points I found annoying, the first being the reference to SPY's "ugly postmodern" layout. The term *postmodern* has long since lost its hep blanket-adjective status. I see SPY magazine's use of type, photography, illustrative devices and color as being influenced by the Dada experimentalists and 1940s advertising designers such as Paul Rand. I applaud your publication's fun and innovative design sense, sophisticated as it is.

Mr. de Menil's questions about L.A. (I am a former Venice resident) reek of ignorance and perpetuate the stigma attached to a great city oft referred to as paradise with a lobotomy.

Most of the people who ask such questions about L.A. are the ones who do not and have not lived there. Maybe a visit is in order, Mr. de Menil.

Michael Shea
Adams Morgan, D.C. ➳

nearly as well as the Tama–Al one (except, curiously, in Brampton, Ontario), and the rest is history: we ended up going with the surefire downtown-novelist–endearing-Munster combination, and the issue sold 3 million copies *at kiosk-style newsstands alone* and in the process introduced the word *blockbuster* to the Pakistanis. But you'll read all about it in the book.

David Kanarr, of Bellingham, Washington (not too far from Issaquah), balks at our Emilio Estevez–Martin Sheen pairing because the two are related. Perhaps this fact had something—maybe everything?—to do with why we ran the pair under the heading "Stupid Separated at Birth?"

"I haven't seen your magazine," writes Ruth Haney winningly from Los Angeles, where SPY is available, "but I heard about 'Separated at Birth?'" She then offers proof of an innocent, SPYless existence by suggesting George Shultz and Bert Lahr's Cowardly Lion—a pair (she calls them *twinsies*) that ran in one of the 14 issues of SPY that Mrs. Haney has not seen.

Returning dutifully and finally to the pervasive-influence theme, let's mention a November 17, 1987, *Daily News* clipping (sent by a Manhattan reader) pairing coach Bill Walsh with Timothy Leary. Also, a reader from Guttenberg, New Jersey, is upset about the "shameless rip-off" of "Separated at Birth?" in the Washington, D.C., *Roll Call*. (It's okay; they had permission.) And Janet Grady Sullivan writes from Brooklyn to say that a pairing of Daryl Strawberry and Dino, the cartoon dinosaur, had already run in Phil Mushnick's column in the *New York Post*. (It had, as it turns out, on November 7, 1986.)

Oh, well. As Ecclesiastes (no last name, no daytime phone) points out, "There is no new thing under the sun." *Especially* not under the Swedish sun.

CORRECTIONS

Contrary to our report in last month's *Times* column, James "Finger" Greenfield retains only the title of assistant managing editor; the duties have been assumed by Warren "the Hunk" Hoge. And in our story about Ronald Perelman and Claudia Cohen we misidentified the magazine to which Carl Spielvogel, CEO of Backer Spielvogel Bates Inc., had complained about the fairness of a Revlon advertising account review. Spielvogel had complained to *Advertising Age*.

DEAR EDITORS Please accept my humblest apology on behalf of Ms. Ellyn Oaksmith, the business-person/pinhead whose vapid observations were showcased in December's Letters to SPY. As a native of California (and of Los Angeles, no less), I feel a torrid sense of duty to let the rest of the world (New York) know that we are not all bumbling, sunlamp-tanned, bleached-headed lemmings who think with our Visa cards. Let me explain:

Ms. Oaksmith refers to "the most creative and artistic" person she knows, who "happens to be . . . a man of business. A professional. An entrepreneur. [Someone who has], believe it or not . . . an unerring instinct for ferreting out the favorite local bistro when traveling abroad." Why so defensive, Ms. Oaksmith? Ten bucks says she's talking about her boyfriend–boss–wanna-be-husband. Who else knows where he eats when he travels abroad except for, of course, his broad?

The only reason I take time out of my excruciatingly busy life to write this is because I hate those of you in this state who spend your lives living down to the "Like, California!" stereotype. These BMW-driving mall-zombies have no more business chastising those at SPY magazine than a Cabbage Patch doll would.

Ms. Oaksmith throws generalizations around like cold pasta when she "see[s] you, sneering and nervous. Always looking around the corner to find the next trend, worried that you're not quite on top of it all. You come in two basic shapes: the flamboyant eccentric or the ultrachic, always dressed in . . . black."

I would just like to inform Ms. Oaksmith that she describes some of the most lively attributes of myself and my friends, and it's much more convenient to have "nail-bitten hands" than to have porcelain-encrusted ones. Yes, Ms. Oaksmith, we *are* the heppest, we are the ultrachic, and we hate you because you clog up our freeways. Please keep your tiny little opinions to yourself, because New Yorkers make enough fun of us already.

Frank Nolan
Sherman Oaks, California

DEAR EDITORS I hate New York. I love SPY.

Alan Christensen
San Francisco, California

DEAR EDITORS Since Mary Jo Kopechne is the most famous graduate of my alma mater, Caldwell College, formerly Caldwell College for Women and also known as Hungry Hill, I read your Chappaquiddick piece ["Chappaquiddick: The Unsold Story," by Tad Friend, November] with great interest. I know SPY likes keeping its readers posted about both colleges and the Kennedys, so I'm happy to supply you with some facts about this little-known institute of Catholic higher education in suburban New Jersey.

No wonder Mary Jo found politics fascinating after graduating from ultraconservative Caldwell. These were the most exciting campus events: the Christmas-tree-trimming contest, the big-and-little-sister tea party, the junior ring ceremony, the sophomore parent night, the student-faculty talent show and the mixers with nearby Catholic men's colleges. During my interminable stay at Caldwell (years after Mary Jo graduated), we resolved the thorny issue of whether to allow women to wear pants to class and finally had our first antiwar demonstration—the day after Kent State.

Kate Walter
Caldwell College, Class of 1970
New York

DEAR EDITORS Please let me say at once that I am conscious of a great feeling of uneasiness at writing you. I must write, however, to tell you that I am not alone in disliking that photo of Pat Buckley in December's Party Poop. I myself consider it to be the most loathsome example to date of photojournalism. "Beastial" is how I described it to an elderly acquaintance the other day. You maliciously fouled a Great Lady of New York by deliberately printing that unfortunate photo of Pat, which makes her look like an ugly old cross-dressing auntie.

Edna Welthorpe
Los Angeles, California

The other photos were worse, and in any case we're sure it's nothing more than a case of unflattering light. In the flesh, Mrs. Buckley has been known to make strong men weep.

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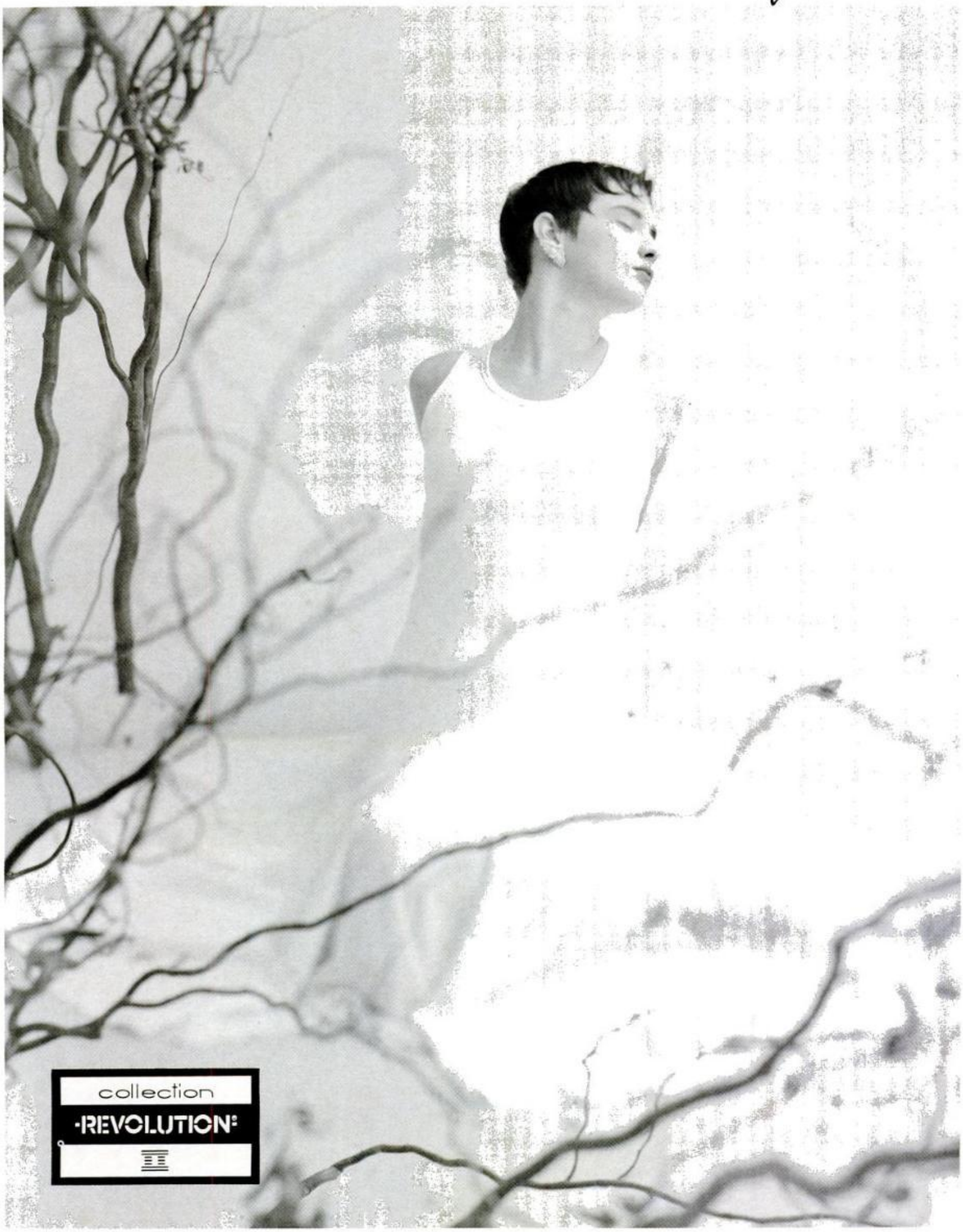
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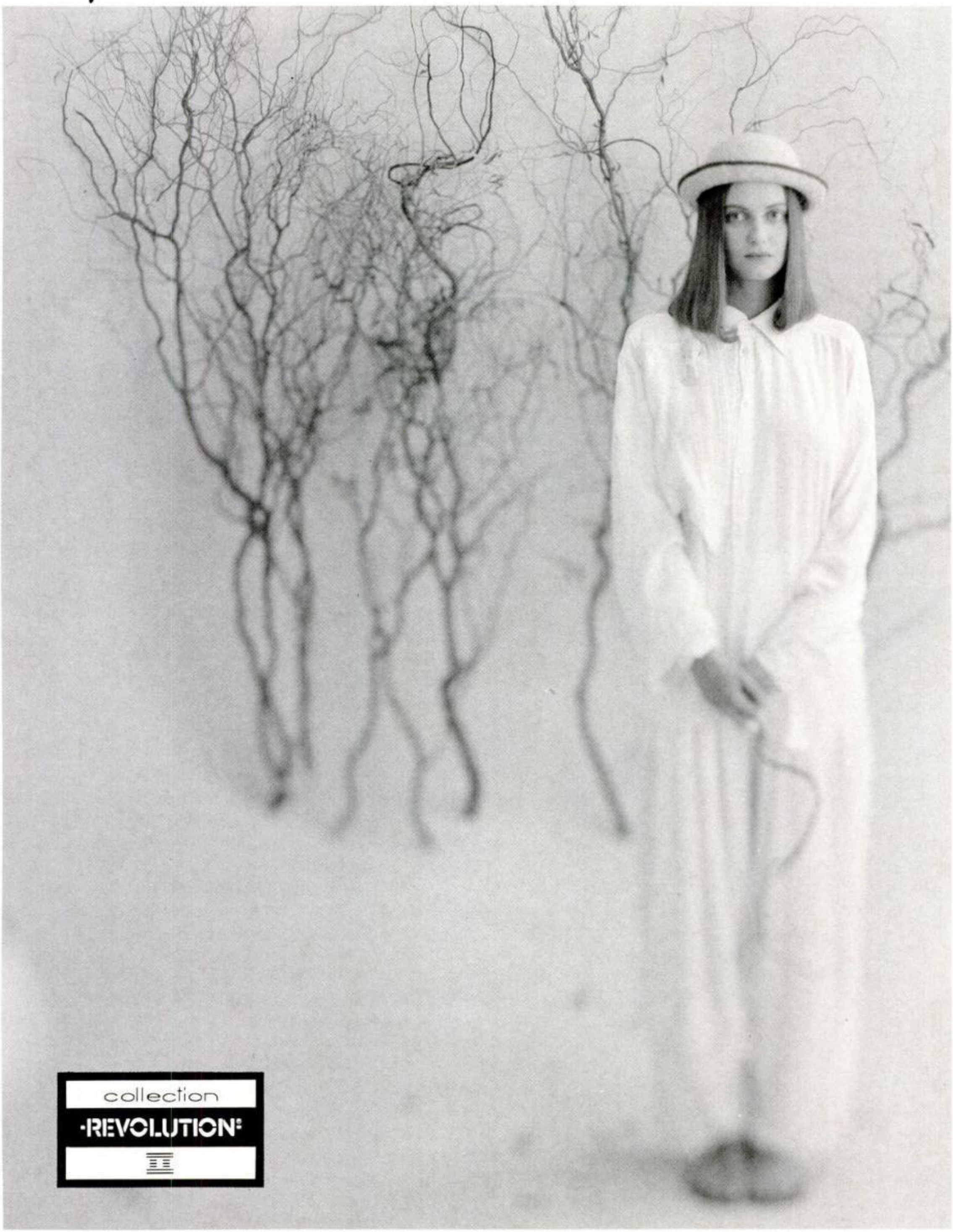
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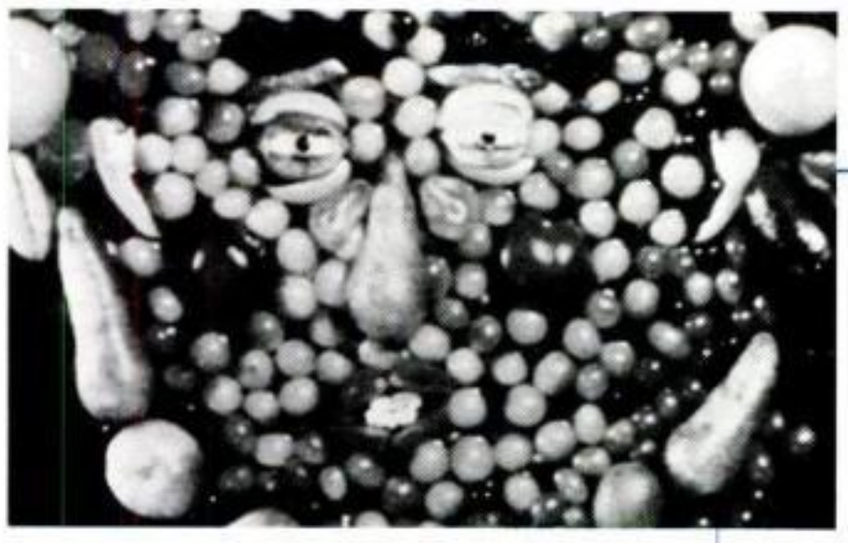
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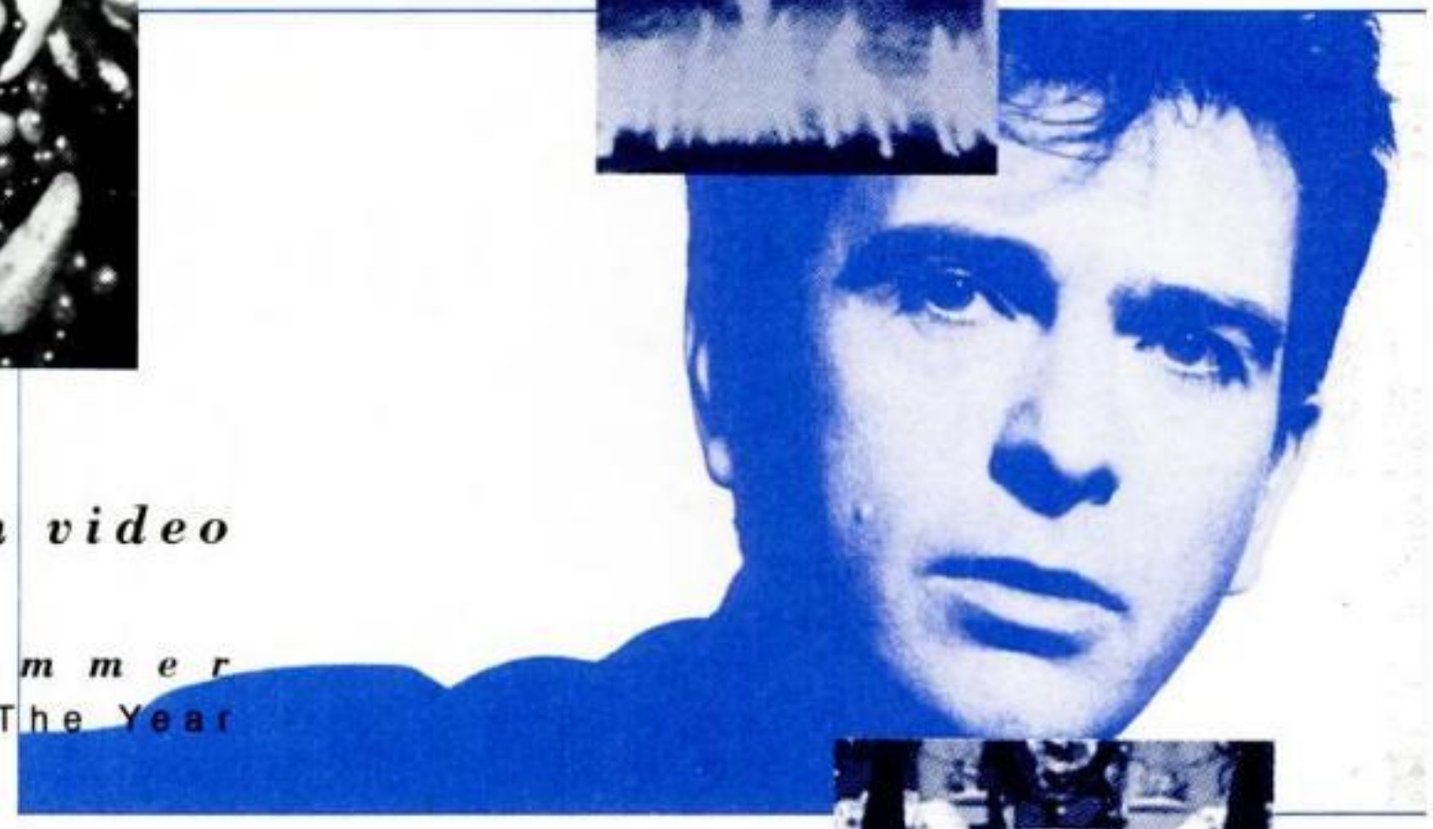
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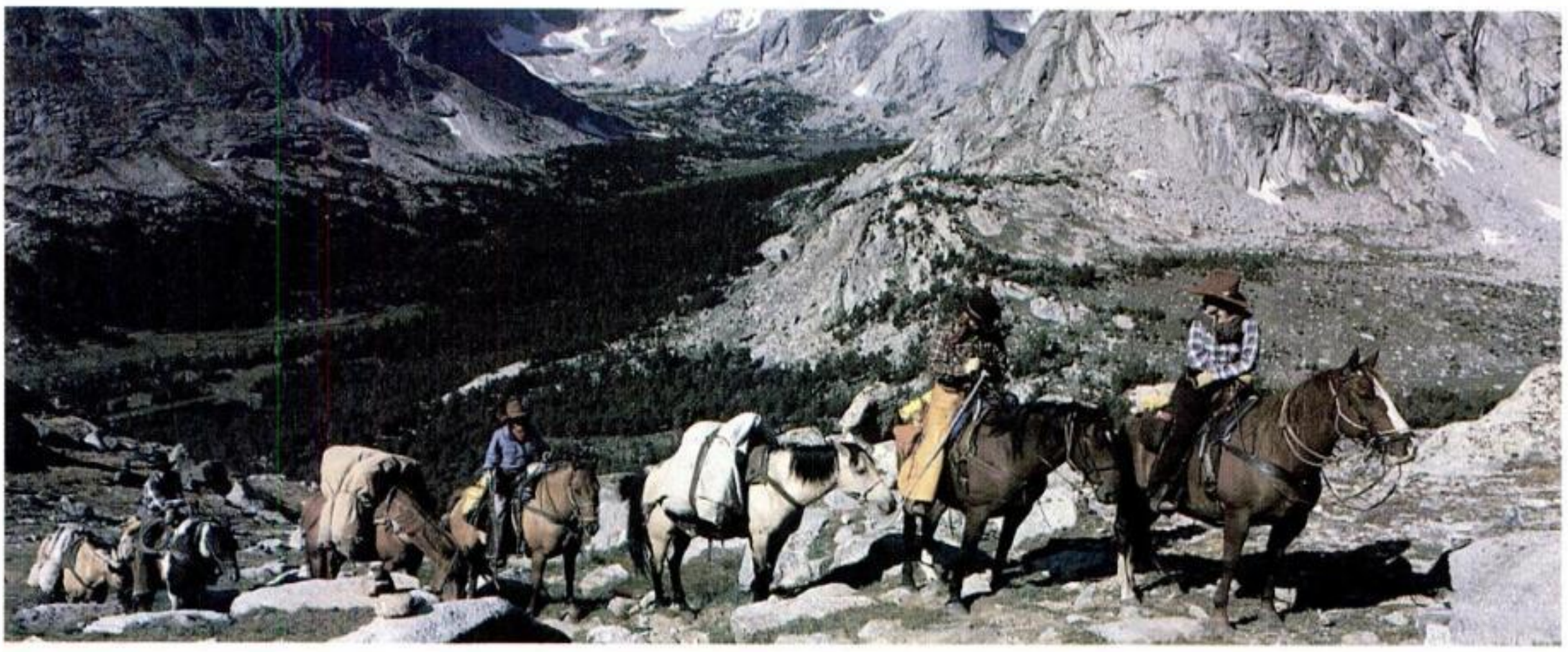
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HORSE SENSE & UNCOMMON WISDOM



Adventurous I was. How responsible I couldn't say. But what to lose?

I sent them a check and found myself at the foot of the Winds with eight others, seven of us who, someplace under our Stetsons, harbored a dream of riding the range. We wanted to learn about the day-to-day realities of moving gear through the mountains during hunting and fishing trips.

And best of all, I could have a scabbard under my left leg and a faraway look in my eye. I could wear a broadbrimmed hat and slim boots. I could be a cowboy. . . .

An uncommon sense of adventure, an appreciation for good writing, and a love of the outdoors are what draws so many readers to us.

After watching Phil's step-by-step demonstration, I brushed Curly, a bay gelding, put on a couple of saddle pads, sorted out the breast collar, latigoes and britches of my packsaddle, and managed to tighten its cinches. Then I raised a pannier to his withers. He looked me in the eye.

"Easy, Curly, easy big fella," I said, as I tried to hook the pannier loop over the sawbuck. Curly moved away, and as I tried to lean closer, he brought his hoof down squarely on my foot.

Curly weighed 1200 pounds. I pushed him with my shoulder. I tried to yank my foot from under his hoof, I couldn't budge it. I did the instinctual. I let go with one hand and I roundhoused Curly in the gut. He raised his hoof.

The next morning Phil and Dale showed us how to tie packhorses together using a short, breakable cord. In this way you can lead more than a single animal, and if it spooks, the string will come apart without one horse hurting another.

WANTED:

Rough Riding People To Ride
The Wind River Mountain Range
In Western Wyoming With
The Allen Brothers.
The Purpose Is To Acquire
Horse Packing And Riding Skills
From Professional Outfitters-Guides
On This Lengthy Pack Trip Over
11,000 Ft. Passes And Through
Deep Glacial Valleys.
For Adventurous And
Responsible Adults Only.

Sorted out, we headed across the Pop Agie and up to Lizard Head Meadows where we could see the Cirque of the Towers, that wonderful ampitheatre of jagged peaks that lies above Lonesome Lake. The September sky had a few wispy cirrus clouds, and the sun was warm enough so we could take off our shirts. After making camp we caught cutthroats from the river and a small oxbow lake.

Having a real need for information and a passion for testing their limits are what makes Sports Afield readers what they are.

The horizon seemed brightly lit, curved and calling and I shoved my rifle in its scabbard and jumped on "Fish". I think he sensed the moment, for I only dug my heels into him once and lightly. He galloped across the ridgetop, his shadow tail streaming. He galloped so it felt as if his hooves weren't touching the ground. He galloped a long way as the sun stood balanced on the Tetons.

To turn dreams into reality, words and pictures aren't enough. So Sports Afield readers buy and spend more.

Sometimes horsepacking turned exciting. But most of the time it was just easy fun, touched by the nostalgia that seems to hover over this corner of the West. As I rode I thought of the men who had crisscrossed northwestern Wyoming before the word *cowboy* had been coined—John Colter, Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith. The mountain men. This was their country. . . . From "Dreamin' Cowboy", by Ted Kerasote. Sports Afield, 8/87



SPORTS AFIELD

Join The Adventure.

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Out & About







► *(top)* **All cheekbones, kisses, and Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne for Daang Goodman and Ursula Coyote (was her mother Swedish, her father endangered species?)** *(middle)* **Dom Ruinart pops and pours.** *(bottom)* **Although this person had a deep voice and several facial hairs, he wanted to be extra sure that people got his gender right. It worked. When women met him at the Dom Ruinart party, it was one question fewer they had to ask.**

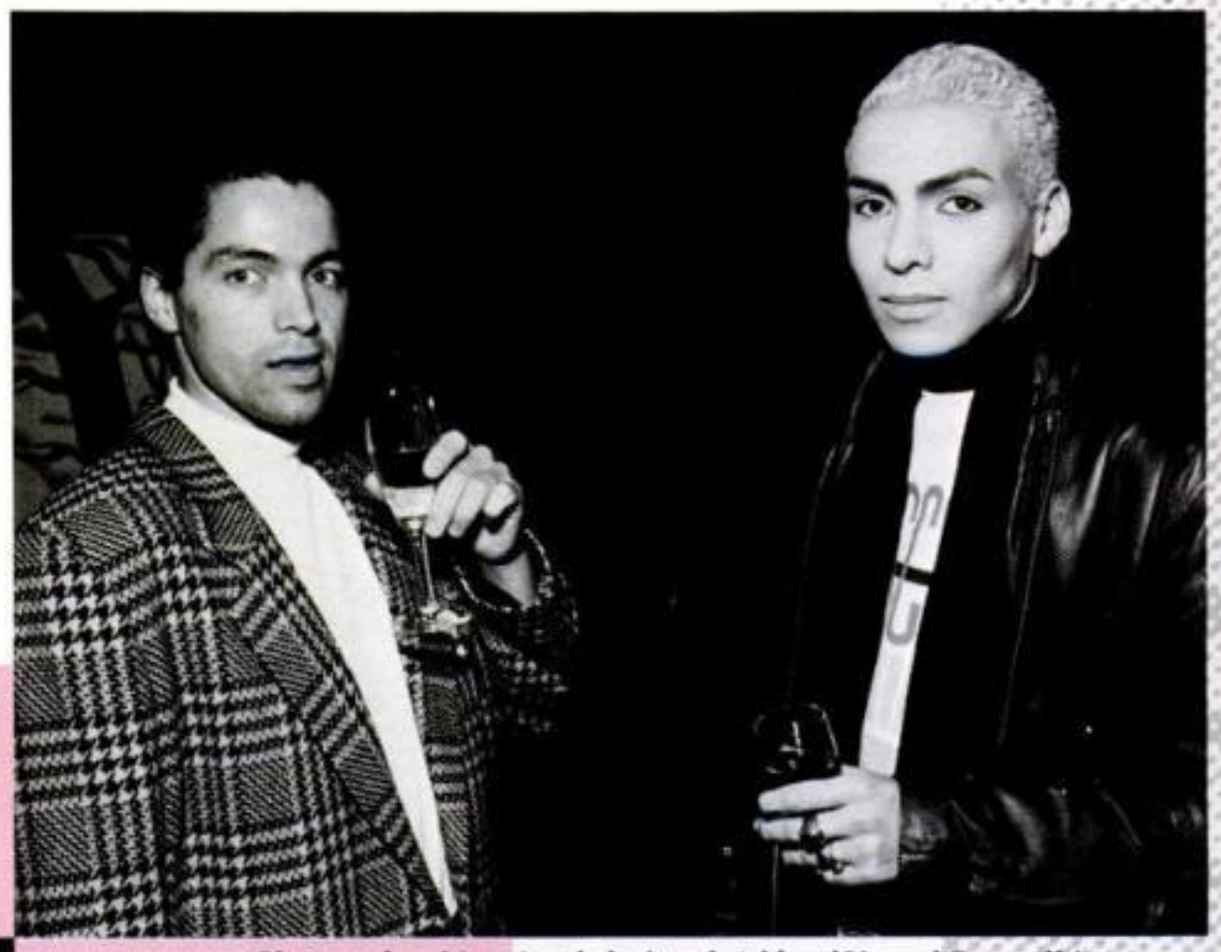
Photography by Wolfgang Wesener



▲ **"Nature colliding with the Addams Family" is how artist Valerie Warren described her paintings exhibited at the Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne party. It's obvious that she herself has run into Morticia once or twice. Maybe she's got the real scoop on Cousin It.**

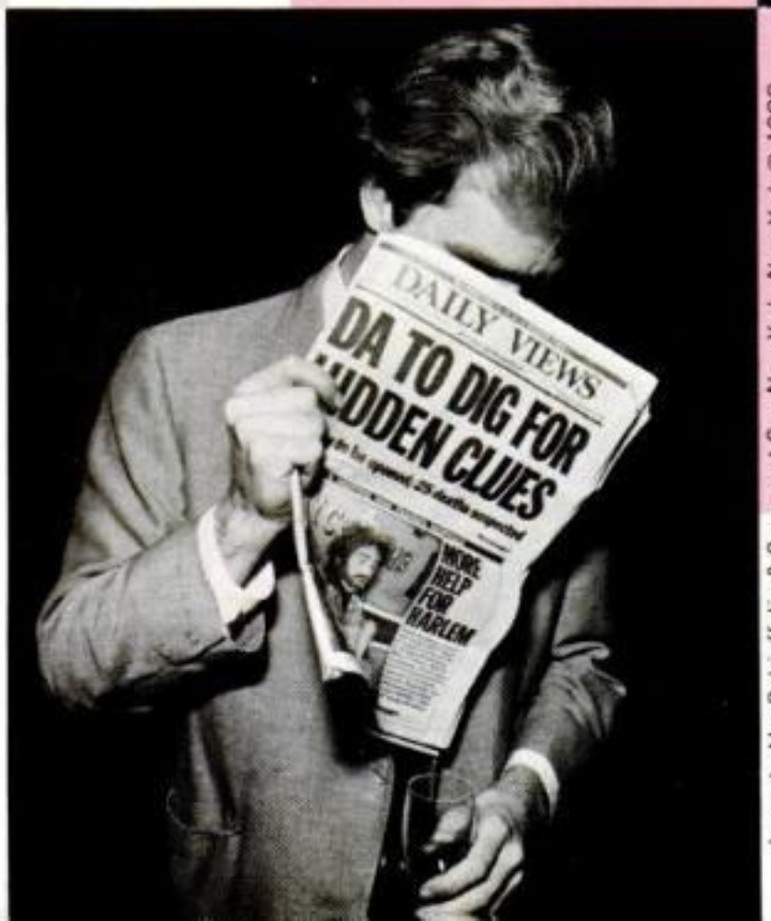


▲ **Some people, thank goodness, still manage to act silly.**



▲ **Christopher Van Arsdale (is plaid bad?) and Darvell (can you even get a passport with one name?) enjoy the light, dry taste of Dom Ruinart.**

► **Read any good newspapers lately? Read any at a party? This guy doesn't want his wife to know he reads one of those barely respectable New York papers. Sorry, Mack, that receding hairline gives you away. She'll be surprised, however, that you even knew that Dom Ruinart is fine champagne.**



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▲ **Some writers live on coffee, others get to drink champagne. Quaffing Dom Ruinart are Stephen Saban and Cynthia Heimel. Butting in: photographer Marcus Leatherdale.**

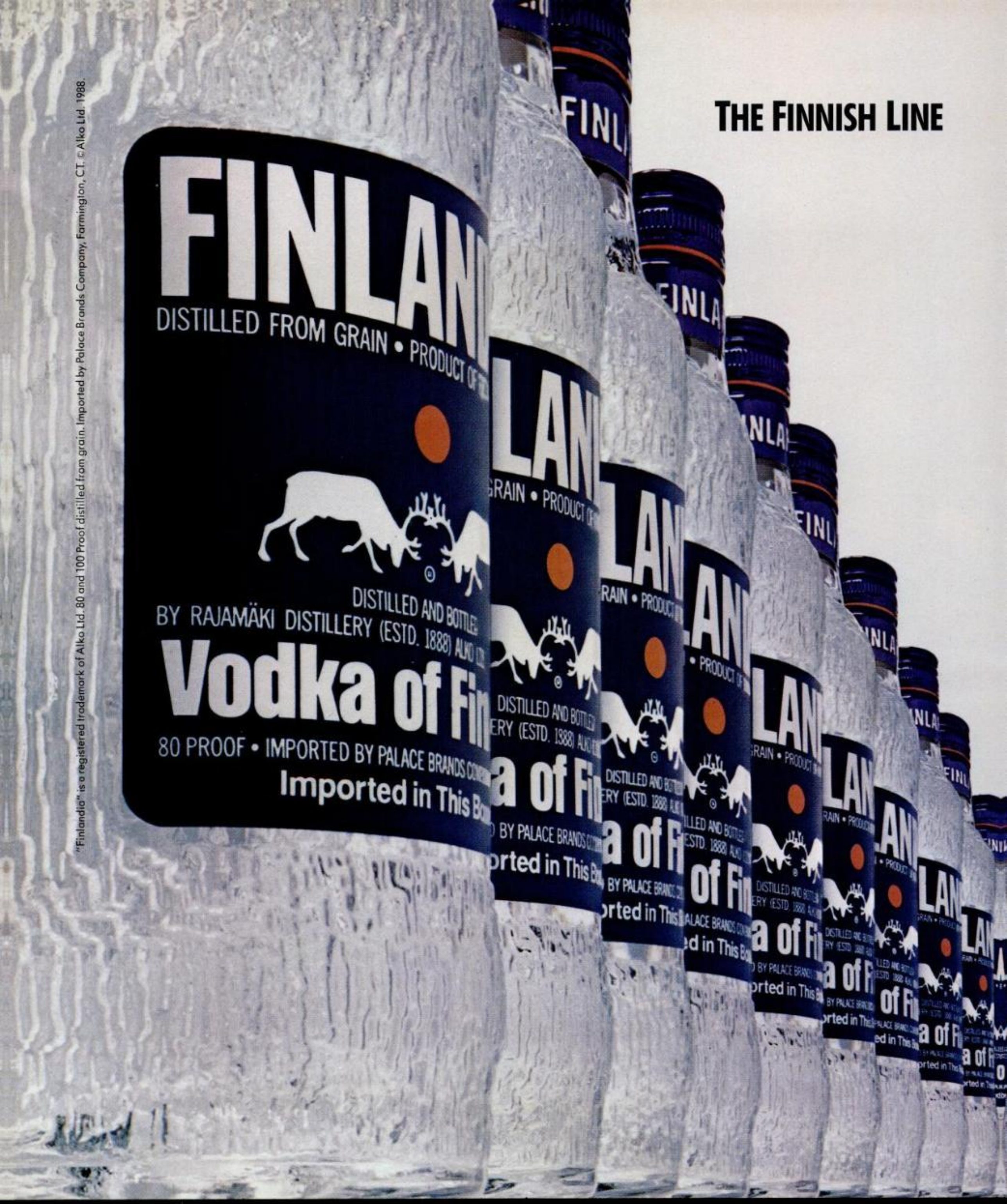
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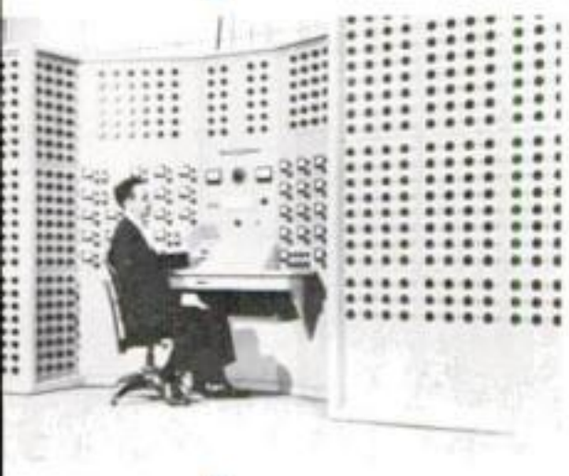
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At the 1988 Winter Olympic Games there was a Fijian cross-country skier, two Guatemalan Alpine skiers, a Thai figure skater and six Jamaican bobsledders



The thing about the Ides

THE THING ABOUT THE IDES, THE REALLY COMPELLING THING, WAS THE *inevitability* involved. Come the fifteenth, Caesar dies, sorry, no way to prevent it; it's fated, a done deal, programmed. Just like the ides in 1988: come the fifteenth of this month, a week after Super Tuesday, Bruce Babbitt and Alexander Haig will be dead politically, two of several freshly minted former presidential candidates. Sorry, no hard feelings, that's just the way it is, nothing anybody can do about it. Like the fact that your VCR will switch on at 7:30 p.m. next Tuesday to record *She's the Sheriff*, or that your microwave will irradiate two yam soufflés for nine minutes tonight, on schedule, in your absence. It's been programmed. That's just the way things work now. The stock market crash last fall, for instance. We have since discovered that the cataclysm was caused almost entirely by programmed trading: the big, institutional investors program their stock-trading computers to go just a little haywire and sell, Goddamn it, *sell*, if the market slips past a certain point. So the crash was inevitable, programmed into the system ahead of time, sorry, no way to prevent it. It's what we like to call the Launch-on-Warning Lifestyle. And it is, in a certain sense, a liberating way to operate an economy, or a country, or a life. All hell breaks loose eventually, yes—*but only at the precise hell-breaking-loose moment that you schedule in advance.* Having beaten the bejesus out of its union in the course of a foolish, futile strike, NBC has wasted no time in flaunting its triumph. No sooner did the *Nightly News* cameramen return from the picket line than they were replaced by androids. It's true: the main players in studio 3K at 30 Rockefeller Plaza are Tom Brokaw and three robots. And soon, NBC threatens happily, robots will replace the cameramen on other news programs.







MARCH 1988 SPY 21
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It was probably inevitable that NBC's new president, Robert Wright, would start giving more jobs to his own kind.

The Soviets, of all people, evidently do not take to being programmed. When the Kremlin elite were in Washington for summitmania in December, they behaved, by all accounts, like party animals, going where they wanted to go, doing what they wanted to do. Finally, the White House just had it up to *here*. "We say, 'Stay here,'" a White House factotum explained, "and [the Soviets] take off.... It's like yelling at a cat." That's the flavor of world peace at the end of the millennium. That's what Reagan and Gorbachev meant when they talked about a new understanding and mutual respect. *It's like yelling at a cat.*

For the state dinner in honor of the Gorbachevs and the summit, the first lady of the United States got advice on the guest list from her close personal friend Mike Deaver, the drunk and convicted perjurer. Indeed, Deaver remains a regular confidant and counselor of Nancy's. According to her press secretary, "They still talk and stay in touch." We could rise up as a nation and tell Nancy, *Please, stop—it's unseemly to rely on the judgments of a man whose criminal conviction stemmed from his personal connections to you and the president.* Such a collective cry wouldn't do any good, though. It would be like yelling at a cat.

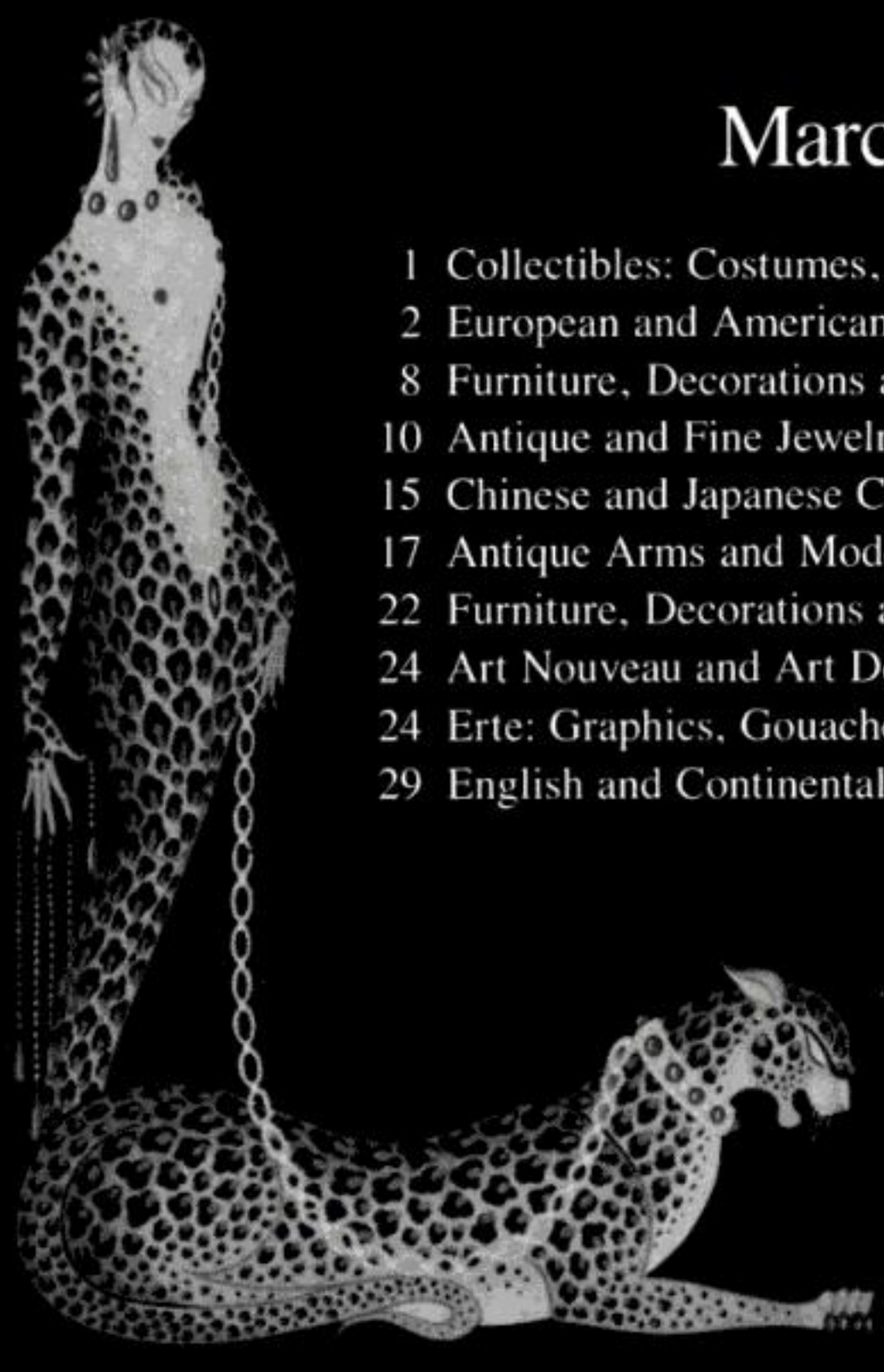
And after all, there are only eleven months left. We'll miss 'em, those Reagans. This is the administration that has just given Sammy Davis Jr. a medal! During 1986, in fact, the U.S. Army awarded *253,287* medals—enough so that a third of all the people in the service got one. *At ease, soldier—say, that was a really* super *salute.... I'm putting you in for a Silver Star, son.* Giving medals: it's just what the Reagan administration is programmed to do.

The Reagan administration is not programmed to plead guilty. They take the Fifth, they do not recall, they decline to comment until the special prosecutor finishes his inquiries, they construe the lack of an indictment as final proof of integrity. They are like the lawyer for Joel Steinberg, the man (and lawyer himself) who will soon go on trial for beating his adopted daughter to death. Is Steinberg innocent? "There are several scenarios here that are consistent with a lack of guilt," Steinberg's lawyer said, sounding more like a lawyer than any human being has ever sounded before. "[But] don't use the word *innocent—I don't like that word.*"

And don't use the word *generous*—New York lawyers don't like that word either. The average partner in a big New York law firm donated $700 to the United Way charities last year—exactly half the national average for law partners. According to a spokesman for Patterson, Belknap, the charity budget was already committed. *That's just the way programmed giving works,* he tried to explain.

The suddenly very caring, very giving Ivan Boesky is at a loss to explain his outsize greed. Boesky's is perhaps more a case of uncomprehending-cat-being-yelled-at than of irrevocable-program-being-carried-out. "I just want to say," he announced in court, just before receiving his sentence to three years of reading and exercising in California, "that I do not understand my behavior."

Understand? Of course he didn't understand. Did the stock market understand why it crashed? Does a VCR understand why it's taping *She's the Sheriff?* Does a Soviet apparatchik in the Polo boutique at Garfinckel's understand why he just bought a dozen pullovers? Does a cat yell *back?*



March Auction Calendar

1 Collectibles: Costumes, Toys, Dolls, Fans, Rock 'n' Roll Memorabilia 10 a.m.
2 European and American Paintings 10 a.m.
8 Furniture, Decorations and Paintings 10 a.m.
10 Antique and Fine Jewelry 10 a.m.
15 Chinese and Japanese Ceramics, Works of Art and Furniture 10 a.m.
17 Antique Arms and Modern Sporting Guns 10 a.m.
22 Furniture, Decorations and Old Master Paintings 10 a.m.
24 Art Nouveau and Art Deco 2 p.m.
24 Erte: Graphics, Gouaches and Bronzes 6 p.m.
29 English and Continental Furniture, Decorations and Rugs 10 a.m.

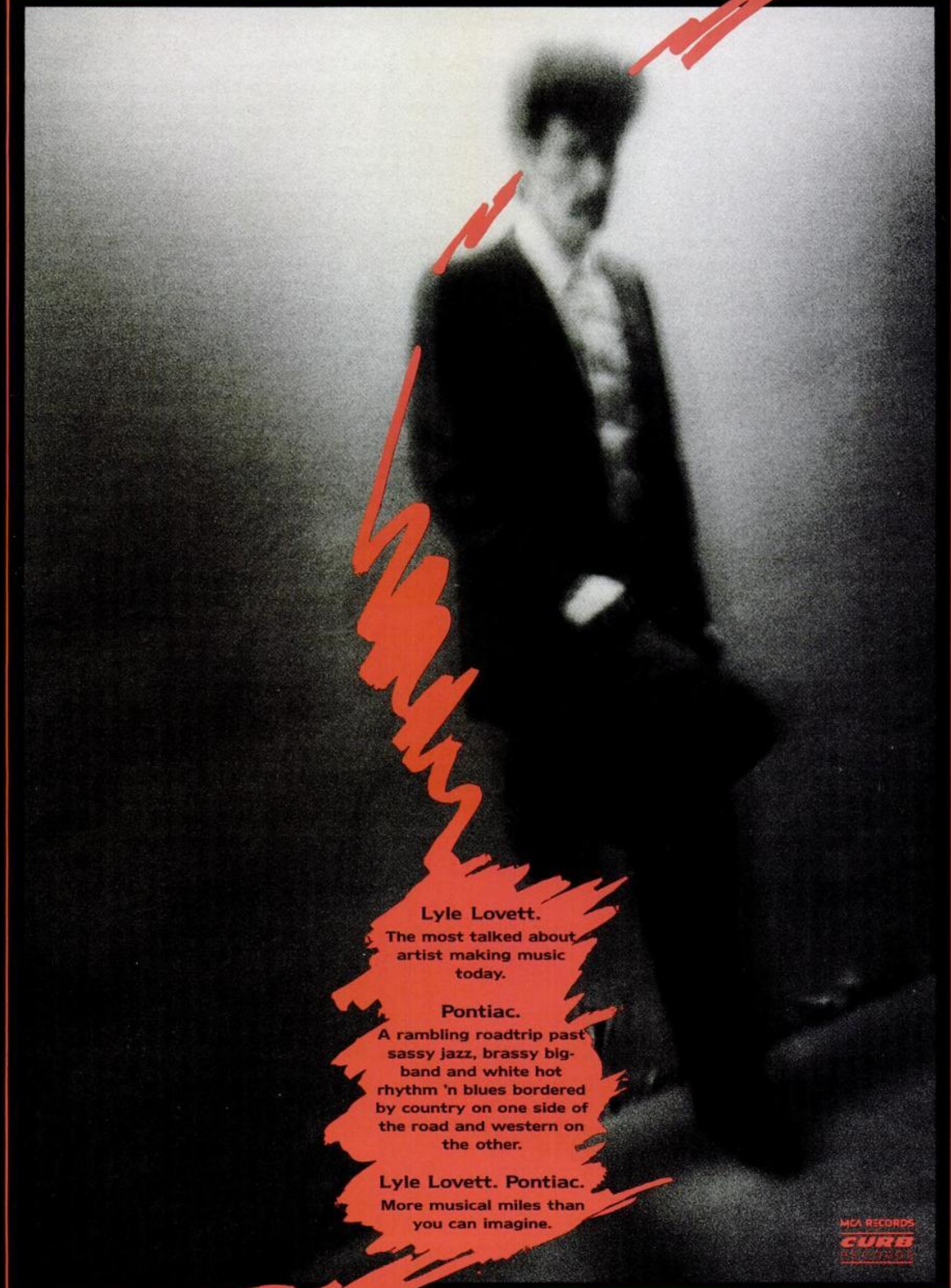
We invite you to join us for our auction season. All viewing and sales are open to the public. For further information call or visit Christie's East, 219 East 67th Street, New York, NY 10021 Tel: 212/606-0400.

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KINKS

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FOR THE KINKS, IT'S WHERE THEIR LEGEND COMES ALIVE.

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THE ROAD,

THE QUINTESSENTIAL LIVE RECORDING.

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HEARING IS BELIEVING AS, ONCE AGAIN, THE KINKS LEAD THE WAY, ON...

THE ROAD

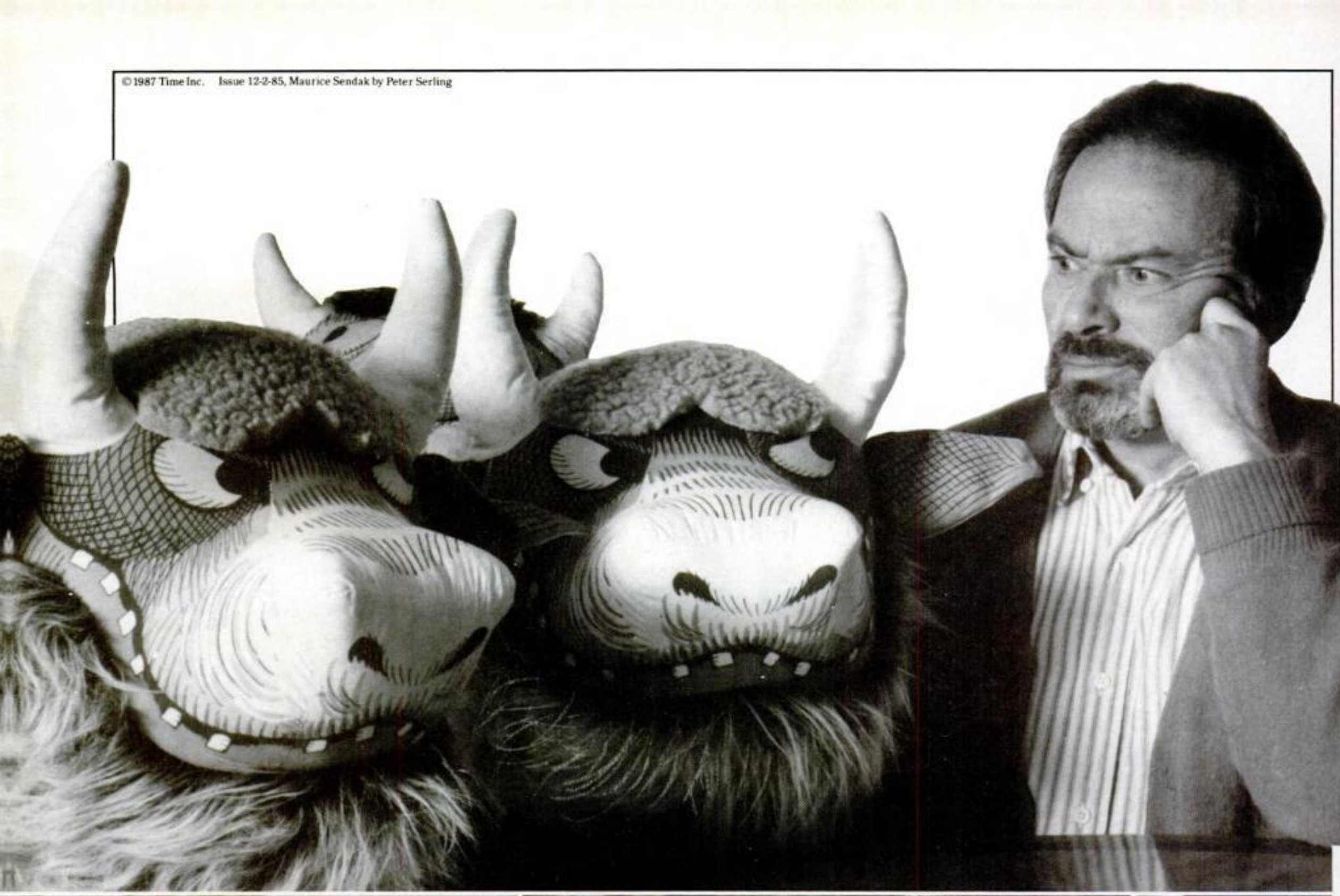
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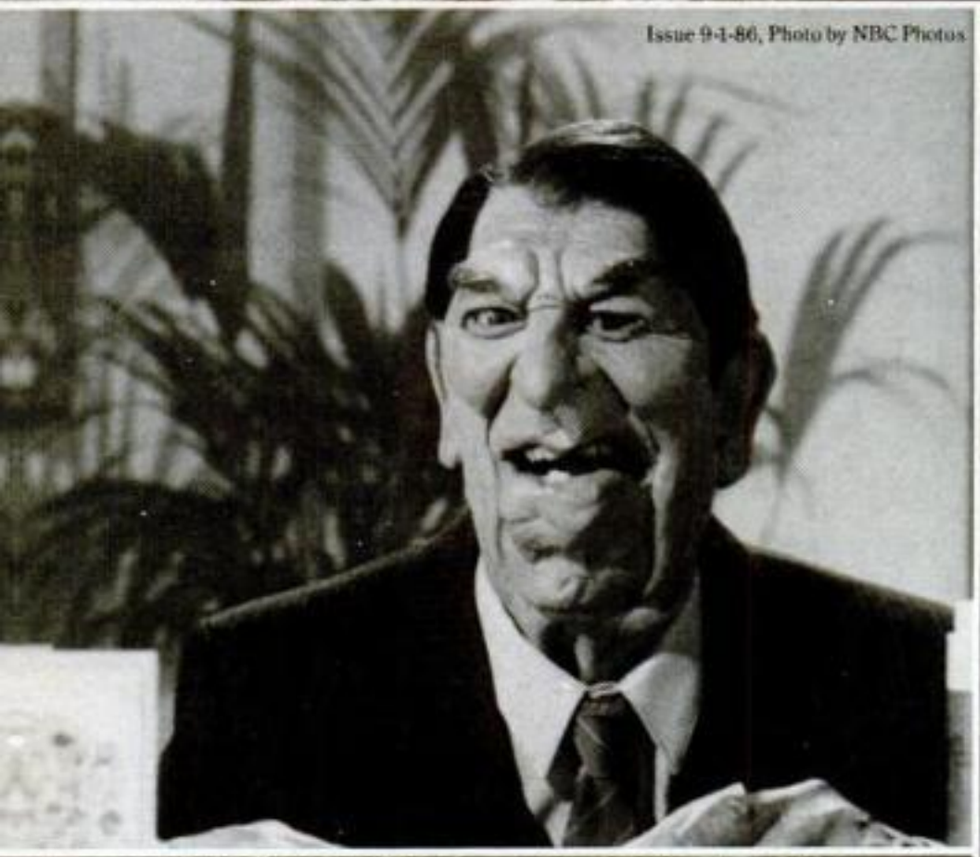
LISTEN TO THE LEGEND COME ALIVE

THIS COLLECTION AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME ON COMPACT DISCS, HQ CASSETTES AND RECORDS.

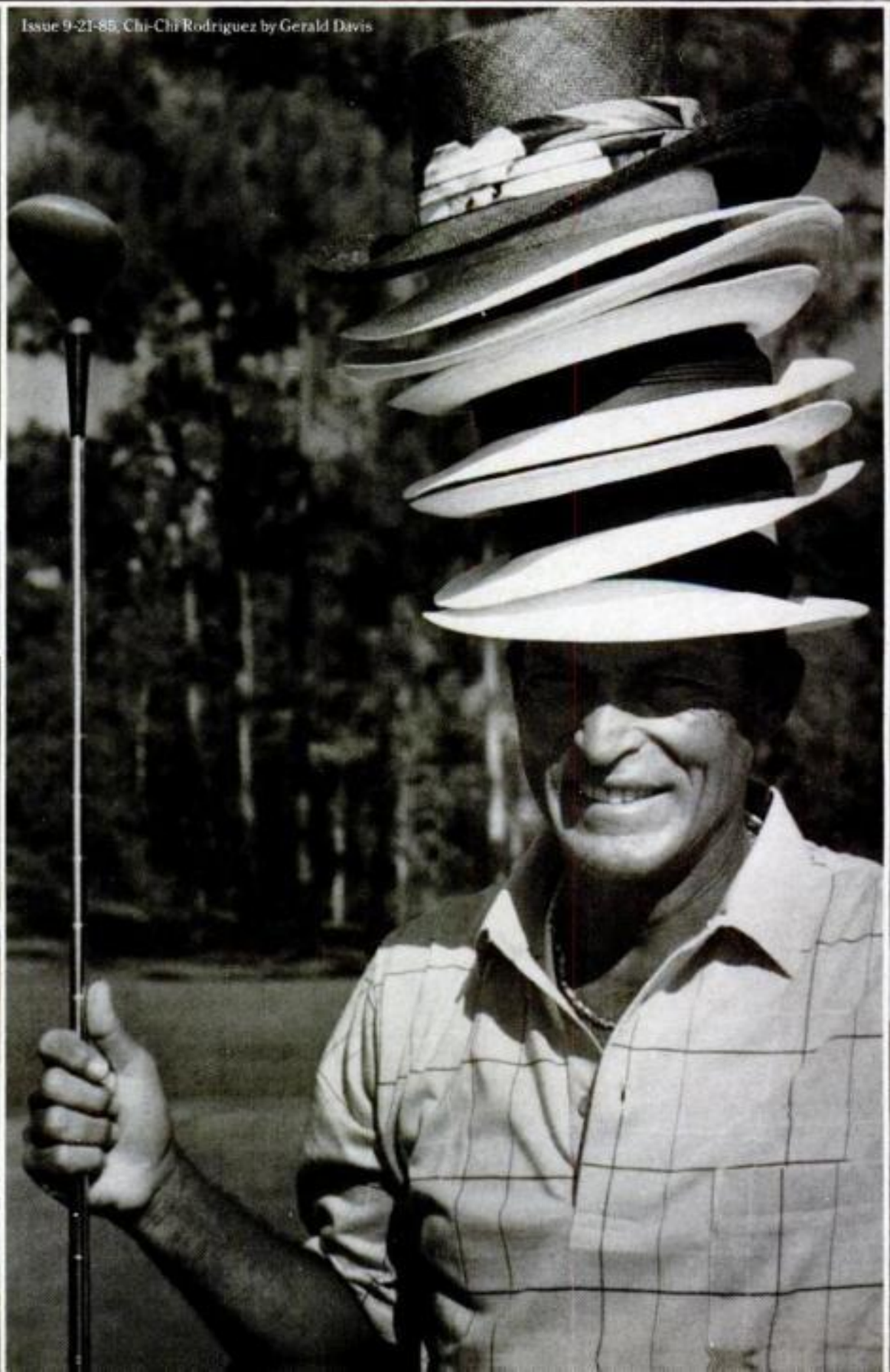
MCA RECORDS

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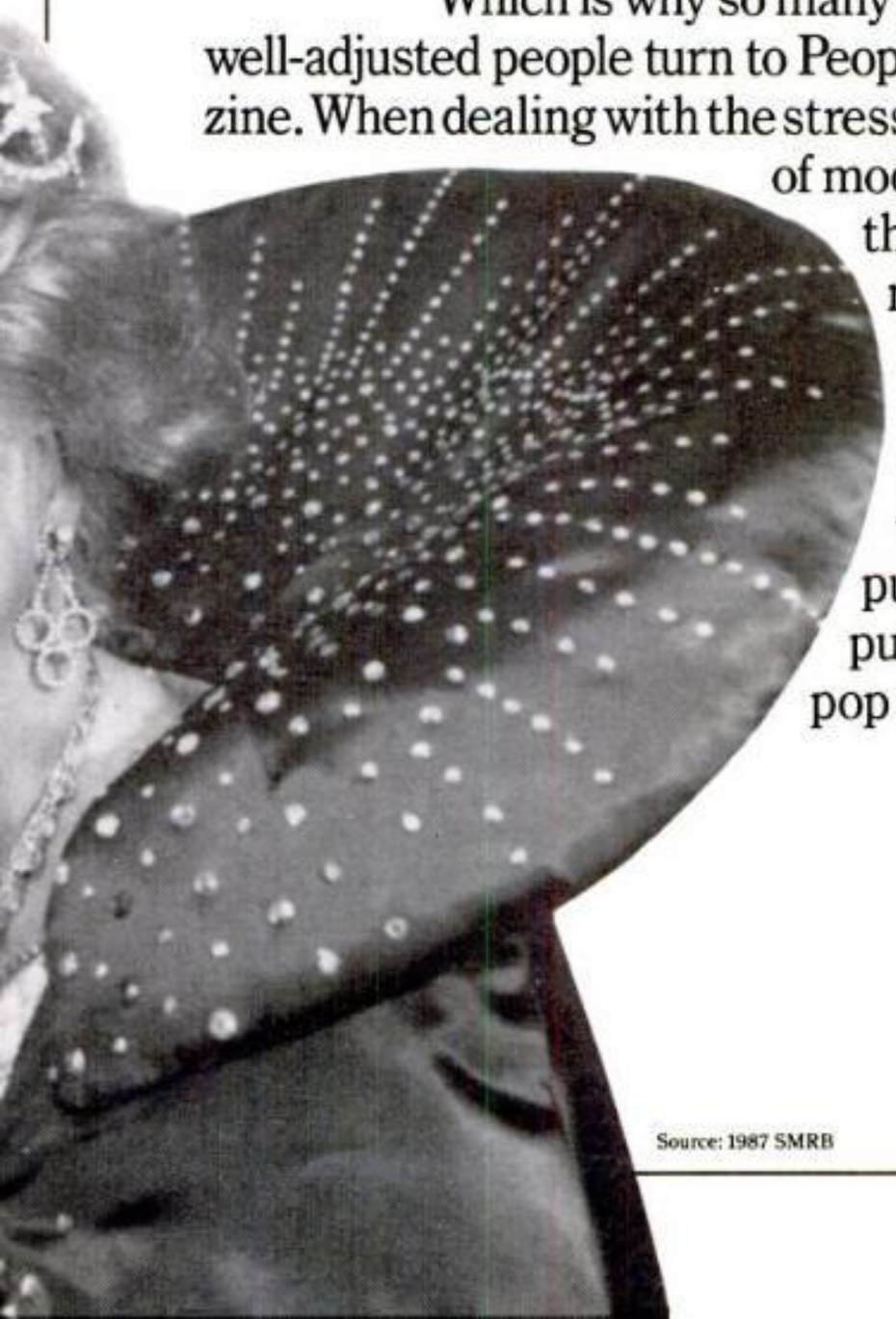

Issue 9-21-85, Chi-Chi Rodriguez by Gerald Davis


Issue 1-26-87,
Ruth Norman by David Strick

You don't have to be crazy to need weekly therapy.

It's a mad, mad, mad, mad world. And sometimes, even the sanest among us needs help to keep things in perspective.

Which is why so many reasonably well-adjusted people turn to People magazine. When dealing with the stress and strain of modern living, there's often no better therapy than spending time with puppets, putters and pop stars.



Maybe it's just simple human curiosity: a chance to look at ourselves and laugh a little.

Not only does this editorial approach improve our readers' outlook on life, it also tends to make them more responsive to your advertisements. And with nearly half a trillion dollars worth of spending power, they can respond to their heart's content.

It's no wonder so many level-headed advertisers are absolutely crazy about People.

Nothing grabs people like

People weekly

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Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



J. KEMP



J. HEATHERTON



E. KOSNER

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

THE FRIENDS OF IVAN BOESKY

In December, before U.S. District Judge Morris Lasker imposed sentence on Ivan Boesky, Boesky's lawyer, Leon Silverman, submitted a memorandum to the court urging leniency. Silverman contended that Boesky needed the court's protection against the passions of public opinion.

"There is indeed a blood lust in the community," said the attorney. "It is largely an unreasoned blood lust, fueled by incessant reportage, newspaper and television commentary, television skits, movies and plays. . . . Savagery has replaced reason."

Silverman argued that Boesky had been sufficiently punished and had atoned by cooperating with the authorities to drag his similarly overzealous, ethics-free colleagues down with him. Silverman also attributed Boesky's crimes to psychological problems; he quoted Boesky's psychiatrist as saying that the jailbird-to-be "suffered from an abnormal and compulsive need to prove himself, to overcome some sense of inadequacy or inferiority that is rooted in his childhood. . . . He sacrificed closeness with family and friends without realizing that it was happening."

Nonetheless, Boesky's family and friends, as well ▸

I

THERE MAY BE NO BETTER exemplar than **BOB HOPE** of the wisdom of quitting while you're ahead. Hope has not been funny since 1961. And yet there he is on television, season after season, going through the motions—the cue card readings increasingly labored, the laughter canned beyond all plausibility, the female costars more like one blurry, generic 1960s bimbo (is that **CONNIE STEVENS**? or **JOEY HEATHERTON**?) than distinct performers. For his January TV special, taped before thousands of American servicemen in the Persian Gulf and the Philippines (performing for audiences of lonely 19-year-old half-wits from Kentucky is the way to keep comedic timing *sharp*), Hope's costar was **BARBARA EDEN**. *Strange*, you said to yourself as you watched Eden's dance number, *those bumps and grinds and kicks look even more uncannily unoriginal than usual*. And so they were: instead of paying for new choreography, Hope's team of super-high-powered top creative Hollywood professionals simply handed Eden a tape of **RAQUEL WELCH** shimmying in South Vietnam a generation ago and told her, *Do this*.

II

THE CHIEF ATTRACTION AT *New York* magazine's staff Christmas gathering at the Chrysler Building (in addition to the party's apparent seventies theme, complete with revolving mirrored disco ball) was the spectacle of editor **ED KOSNER** flagrantly embodying The New Exclusivity. When first seen, he was greeting his employee-guests at the elevators, where he stayed shaking hands for two hours before being removed to Walter Chrysler's old office, away from the unpleasant crush of humanity. There, behind a uniformed guard and a velvet rope, Kosner was able to dine in peace, in the company of **JULIE BAUMGOLD** (his employee-spouse), Murdoch executives and, best of all, *in full view* of the rabble balancing plates and drinks outside. A few weeks later, Kosner rang in the New Year by ordering up a reconstituted SPY story on the swell new social life of silly *Times* pundit **ABE ROSENTHAL** and bosomy dirty-book writer **SHIRLEY LORD**. Just as the story was going to press, Kosner decided to postpone it a week. (Could he have succumbed to strong outside suggestion? From **BARBARA WALTERS**? **BEVERLY SILLS**? Abe himself?) Kosner then took the story home and personally laundered it of all unflattering comment, including—and we were *very* hurt about this—at least one reference to Lord as "a bosomy dirty-book writer."

III

WHAT DID SANTA BRING **ARTHUR CARTER**, the preening 56-year-old publisher of *The Nation* and *The New York Observer*? While his *Observer* staff was dreaming up soporific stories, Carter (whose ex-wife, Dixie, is, curiously, the star of the television show *Designing Women*) was evidently having the skin on his face reconfigured. Carter's crony and the *Observer*'s editor, **JOHN D. SICHER**, assured the underlings at their happy workplace that Carter had gone to California to visit his daughter, and not, as some had speculated, to Switzerland—the cosmetic surgery capital of Europe. But when the $150 million man returned looking five years younger, Carter's subordinates wondered, practically in unison, *What are those funny scars around Arthur's ears?*

IIII

MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, it had something to do with the fact that self-proclaimed heterosexual **JACK KEMP**'s decision to run for president is having a considerably less dramatic impact on national politics than on Buffalo politics—or maybe it's something else entirely. But in any event, Simon & Schuster sampled and decided to pass on a Kemp campaign "autobiography" it had contracted for—especially distressing news to us, since the book was to be ghostwritten by a former collaborator of multitalented actor-director-entertainer-genius **JERRY LEWIS**'s. (Some five years ago, Lewis and **HERB GLUCK**, the Kemp ghost, produced *Jerry Lewis, in Person*—the very book that failed to catapult Jerry to the White House in 1984.) ◑

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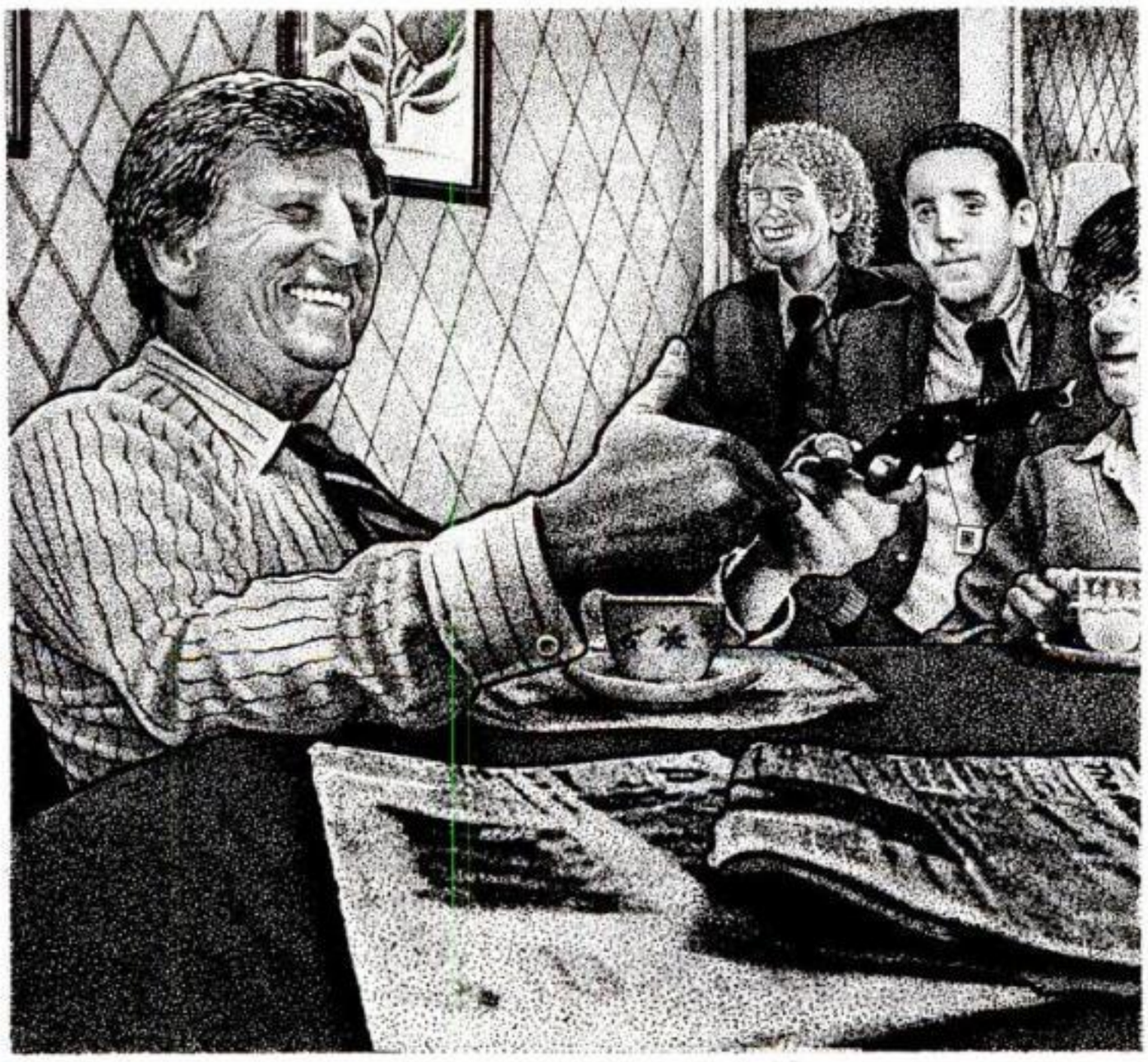


My Brilliant Career

"Updike at his ... best." —THE WASHINGTON POST on *The Centaur.* **"Updike's finest novel."** —THE WASHINGTON POST on *Of the Farm.* **"Updike at his best."** —TIME on *The Music School.* **"[Upkike's] best ... book."** —THE NEW YORK TIMES Book Review on *Bech: A Book.* **"Updike's best book."** —THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS on *Rabbit Redux.* **"One of Updike's finest ... "** —THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER on *A Month of Sundays.* **"It is, quite simply, Updike's best novel yet."** —NEWSWEEK on *Marry Me.* **"Updike at his best."** —THE WALL STREET JOURNAL on *Problems.* **"Unquestionably Updike's finest novel."** —THE BOSTON GLOBE on *Rabbit Is Rich.* **"Updike keeps getting better."** —THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER on *Bech Is Back.* **"[Updike's] best in years."** —SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE on *The Witches of Eastwick.*

—Howard Kaplan

Private Lives of Public Enemies



After a rough day on the campaign trail, Gary Hart relaxes with his top aides.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN



The Liz Smith Tote Board

Mentioned During January:

Clients of press agent Jeffrey Richards	**7**
Cher	**6**
Mike Nichols	**6**
Elizabeth Taylor	**6**
Gary Hart	**5**
Bette Davis	**4**
Jackie Mason	**4**
Bette Midler	**4**
Barbra Streisand	**4**
Peter Duchin	**3**
Dodi Fayed	**3**
Lillian Gish	**3**
Patsy's	**3**
Frank Sinatra	**3**
Sammy Davis Jr.	**2**
SPY	**2**

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

as many employees and many others to whom he has given money—some of which, presumably, was acquired illegally, and some of which, according to Boesky's sister-in-law, came not from his own coffers but from the treasury of a company he owned just 4 percent of—rallied round and wrote to Judge Lasker, attesting to Boesky's character and, in many cases, calling for little or no jail. Here are excerpts from some of the 33 letters that were made public.

People He Gave Money To

JOSEPH PAPP, producer:
"It may seem an impossible task in light of all that has happened to Ivan Boesky to write him a character recommendation, but frankly I do not find it difficult," wrote Papp, who went on to describe how much he valued Boesky's membership on the New York Shakespeare Festival's board of trustees, "where his ***business acumen*** *proved useful." Papp also noted that Boesky made two major contributions totaling $238,000.*

"As for Ivan Boesky's character," wrote Papp, taking a strong stand, "I can only give my impressions. He is ***not an unfeeling person****. He is a man with a great deal of* ***curiosity*** *about many things. . . . He is generous,* ***a good listener*** *and easily moved to laughter. As Marc Antony found Caesar, I found Boesky* ***faithful and just*** *in his dealings with me. . . .*

"If my opinion has any value at this critical time, it is that Boesky has paid a stiff price for his actions. . . . While some may argue that incarcerating this man would serve as a deterrent to other malefactors, to me, this is the creation of a token and does not serve the true interests of justice."

CHRIS GERSTEN, executive director of the National Jewish Coalition, for which Boesky served as finance chairman during 1985–86:
"On several occasions I had the opportunity to chat with Mr. Boesky. . . . I was quite impressed with his ***devotion to his children****. . . . A lengthy prison sentence at this time would serve no useful purpose. It would instead* ►

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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

wreak additional hardships on Mr. Boesky's family."

PETER G. BRIGGS, headmaster, the Greenwich Country Day School: *Ivan's involvement as a Trustee was a direct outgrowth of {his} **love for his children** {all four attended the school}. . . . He . . . never took the parochial stance that his children should receive preferential treatment because of his wealth or influence {sic}."*

Others who stood up for Boesky's character (even as they kept the possibly tainted donations he'd made to them) included officers or representatives of Harvard University's School of Public Health, Princeton University's Center of International Studies (which once—those were the days—boasted the Ivan F. and Seema Boesky Family Fund), the United Jewish Appeal-Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of New York, and WNET-TV.

People He Made Money For

SEEMA BOESKY, spouse: *"Ivan has been **a model father** and has been instrumental in setting **the highest standards of ethics and morality** in our home. Therefore, the recent scandal is an aberration in his general conduct which our family has found difficult to understand. He has taught us philanthropy, religion, and has always been **an observant Jew**, encouraged **truth and honesty** regardless of consequences, and always treated those he worked with fairly. I am proud of . . . the influence he has had on our four children these twenty-one years. Each of our children is an exceptional young citizen—and they serve as a tribute to* both *of us. . . . May the judge have mercy in connection with his sentencing."*

SUZANNE DAVIS, Boesky's sister: *"Ivan has been my total source of income since my divorce sixteen years ago. He has given me **moral support as well as financial**. He has provided an opportunity for me to live a comfortable, productive life. Ivan is first & foremost a **family man**. . . ."* ▶

MARCH DATEBOOK

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

1 On this date in 1896, says the Syracuse Cultural Workers' 1988 Peace Calendar, "Abyssinian (Ethiopian) troops defeat Italian invaders at Aduwa in setback for European Colonialism." Call us old-fashioned, but we'll take calendars that say "Full moon" and let it go at that.

4 Pulaski Day. First the bridge, then the skyway, now this.

4 "A Tribute to Dennis Hopper," a three-week festival; Film Forum 2, 57 Watts Street.

8 Super Tuesday. Reporters covering the Bruce Babbitt, Al Haig and Pete du Pont campaigns prepare for reassignment.

13 Dining suggestion: the Gala Concert benefit for the Metropolitan Opera Pension Fund at Lincoln Center. For just $300 you can enjoy not only "priority performance seating" but also the matchless spectacle of outsize tenors feeding at the cast supper.

13 If you've read the Filofax article on page 69 and found that it hit close to home, you probably know that today is Mothering Sunday in Britain.

16 Jerry Lewis born, 1926. National holiday in France, where (we believe) he is known as le Roi du Crazy, and where schoolchildren must see *Cinderfella* before they can receive their *baccalauréat*.



17 Total solar eclipse. Visible from eastern Asia, from northwestern Australia, from parts of Hawaii and, *just maybe,* after a full day swallowing green draft beers, from your barstool at the Donegal Inn.

20 Vernal equinox at 4:39 a.m. At that precise moment a group assembled in front of the United Nations rings a bell three times, as part of Earth Day festivities. This is followed by a minute of silence, though one hopes that might be extended—given that it's still only 4:40 a.m. or so.

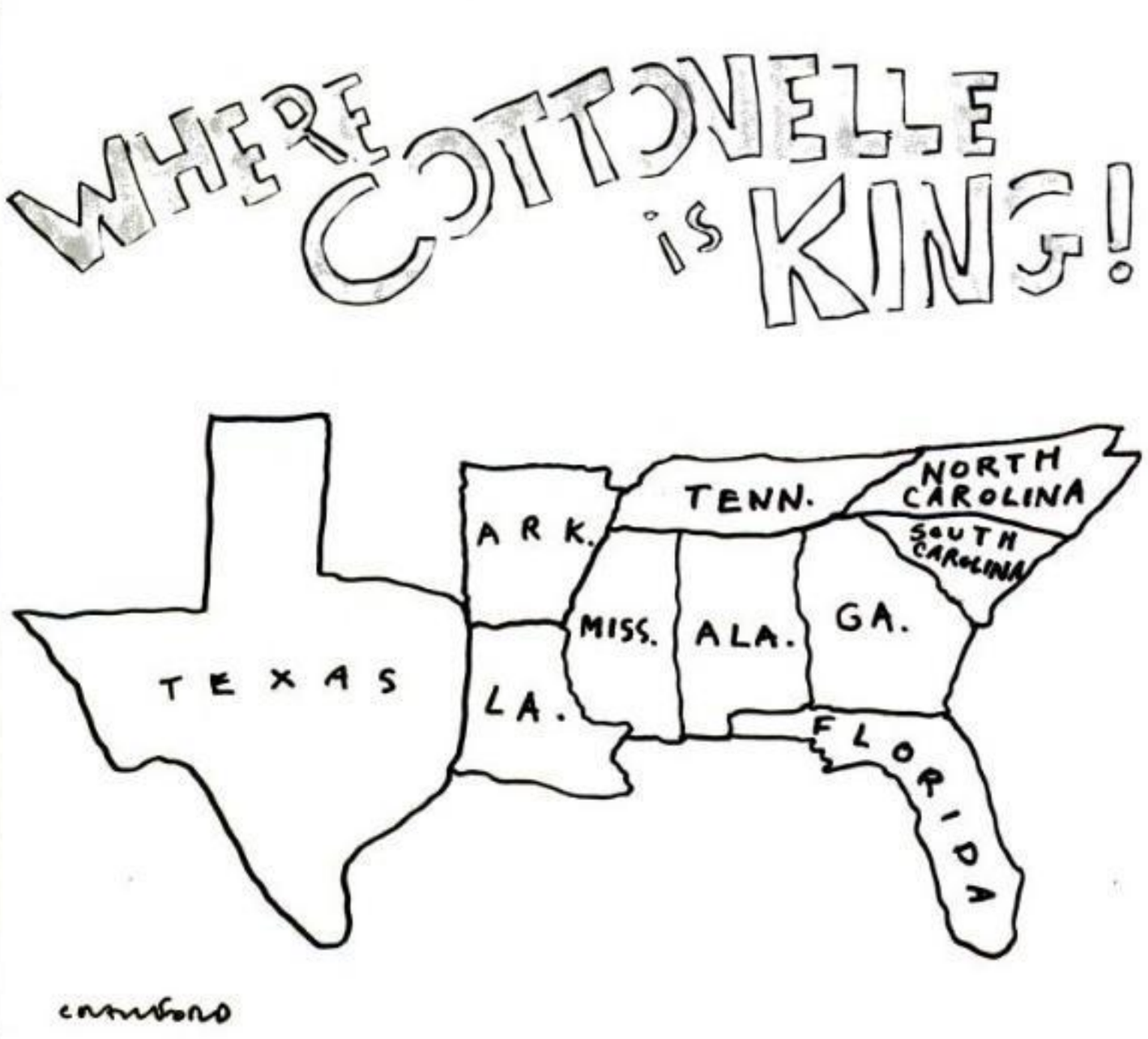
22 Ivan Boesky packs his tennis whites, niblicks and espadrilles, preparatory to beginning his scheduled three-year prison term in California tomorrow.

31 The Backwards Mile; Battery Park City, 12:30 p.m. The New York Road Runners Club is clearly desperate. ❸

THE SPY LIST

(first in a series)

Milton Berle
Gary Cooper
Sonny Corleone
Willem Dafoe
Anthony Haden-Guest
Don Johnson
Levon Helm
George S. Kaufman
Henry Kissinger
Toulouse Lautrec
Roddy McDowall
David Metcalfe
Armando Orsini
Tony Peck
Robert Plant
Iggy Pop
David Lee Roth
Secretariat
James Woods



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A J&B toast.

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Naked City

Hour of Shame

Each evening all across the country, millions gather in front of their television sets to enjoy that venerable tradition, TV's so-called family hour. From 8:00 to 9:00 p.m., people exercise their inalienable right to watch the madcap high jinks of model American families—the sagacious Mr. Cunningham explaining the birds and the bees to Richie, Potsie and Ralph Malph; young Dee extorting quarters from Raj, Dwayne and Rerun; Marcia Brady purchasing the first of many training bras.

But this once wholesome network time slot is now being invaded by a new breed of interloper. The alarming decline in moral standards started with the immoral brood of Jack Tripper and his cohabitants. A decade later, family hour is but a shell and a sham.

Rags to Riches

Time: Friday, 8:00–9:00 p.m. ET
Network: NBC
Stars: Joseph Bologna, Douglas Seale



Stated Premise: Nick Foley, millionaire man-about-town, adopts five girls and raises them with the assistance of his gentleman's gentleman, Clapper
What's Really Going On: Nick Foley, millionaire and white slaver, plays pasha to an adopted harem of orphaned nymphets who range in age from 8 to 17
Moral Climate: Sydney Biddle Barrows meets *Josie and the Pussycats*

Who's the Boss?

Time: Tuesday, 8:00–8:30 p.m. ET
Network: ABC
Stars: Tony Danza, Judith Light
Stated Premise: Angela, a driven advertising executive and mother, needs a hand in managing her Fairfield, Connecticut, house. Tony, a former boxer and a widower, wants to get his daughter out of Brooklyn and into a better school district. Angela's mother hires Tony, and he moves in
What's Really Going On: Tony sets a fine example for his pubescent daughter by accepting payment for services rendered from the woman who will become his lover
Moral Climate: The J. Seward Johnson compound, circa 1970

Kate & Allie

Time: Monday, 8:30–9:00 p.m. ET
Network: CBS
Stars: Jane Curtin, Susan Saint James



Stated Premise: Two divorced women decide to raise their children together in Greenwich Village
What's Really Going On: Kate grudgingly invites her sexless girlfriend to move into her apartment. Allie accepts, adopts a submissive role and whines profusely whenever Kate shows any interest in the opposite sex
Moral Climate: *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues*

My Two Dads

Time: Sunday, 8:30–9:00 p.m. ET
Network: NBC
Stars: Paul Reiser, Greg Evigan
Stated Premise: Two friends with sharply contrasting life-styles were romantically involved with the same woman. She dies, and in her will she makes the two men guardians of her 12-year-old daughter, Nicole. One of them is the father—neither knows which one
What's Really Going On: Two bachelors, shackled to a sexually developing young woman who resembles the milkman more than either of them, put aside their debate about whose chromosomes she carries and raise her with the kind of leering strictness and libidinal censure to be expected from a couple of Mr. Goodbars
Moral Climate: *Love, American Style* realizes the consequences of its actions

Full House

Time: Friday, 8:00–8:30 p.m. ET
Network: ABC
Stars: John "Blackie" Stamos, Bob Saget, David Coulier



Stated Premise: Danny, a recent widower, raises three young daughters with the help of brother-in-law Jesse and friend Joey
What's Really Going On: After the convenient disappearance of his wife, Danny returns, with the aid of two debauched compatriots, to his bachelor ways and turns his home into a coed frat house
Moral Climate: Norman Tinker's darkroom from *The Courtship of Eddie's Father* —*John Brodie*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

HELEN BOESKY, mother: *"This is a very difficult letter for me to write, but as a mother I felt I just had to. Judge Lasker I implore you to be compassionate when my son appears before you. . . . We are simple middleclass people who have never been touched by scandal or involved in any way with the law. Needless to say we have all suffered terribly this past year.*

"I can only assure you that my son is truly contrite and has learned a very painful lesson. . . . I know he realizes now that ***being a good human being is far more important*** *then {sic} acquiring wealth and power and important friends, who aren't really friends at all."*

JOSEPH BRADY, a businessman and disabled New York fire fighter who in 1981 was trying to start a business: *"So! Here I am, a guy on the streets, just schlepping around trying to get a small business started. . . . I read a {sic} article in the Wall Street Journal about one Ivan F. Boesky, money manager extraordinaire. Almost jokingly, I wrote to Mr. Boesky in hopes of getting some direction . . . and to my utter astonishment he answered my letter. He proceeded to,* ***literally, pick me up by the scruff of my financial neck*** *and deposit me on solid ground. Why? I absolutely do not know. My guess? He gave a damn. . . .*

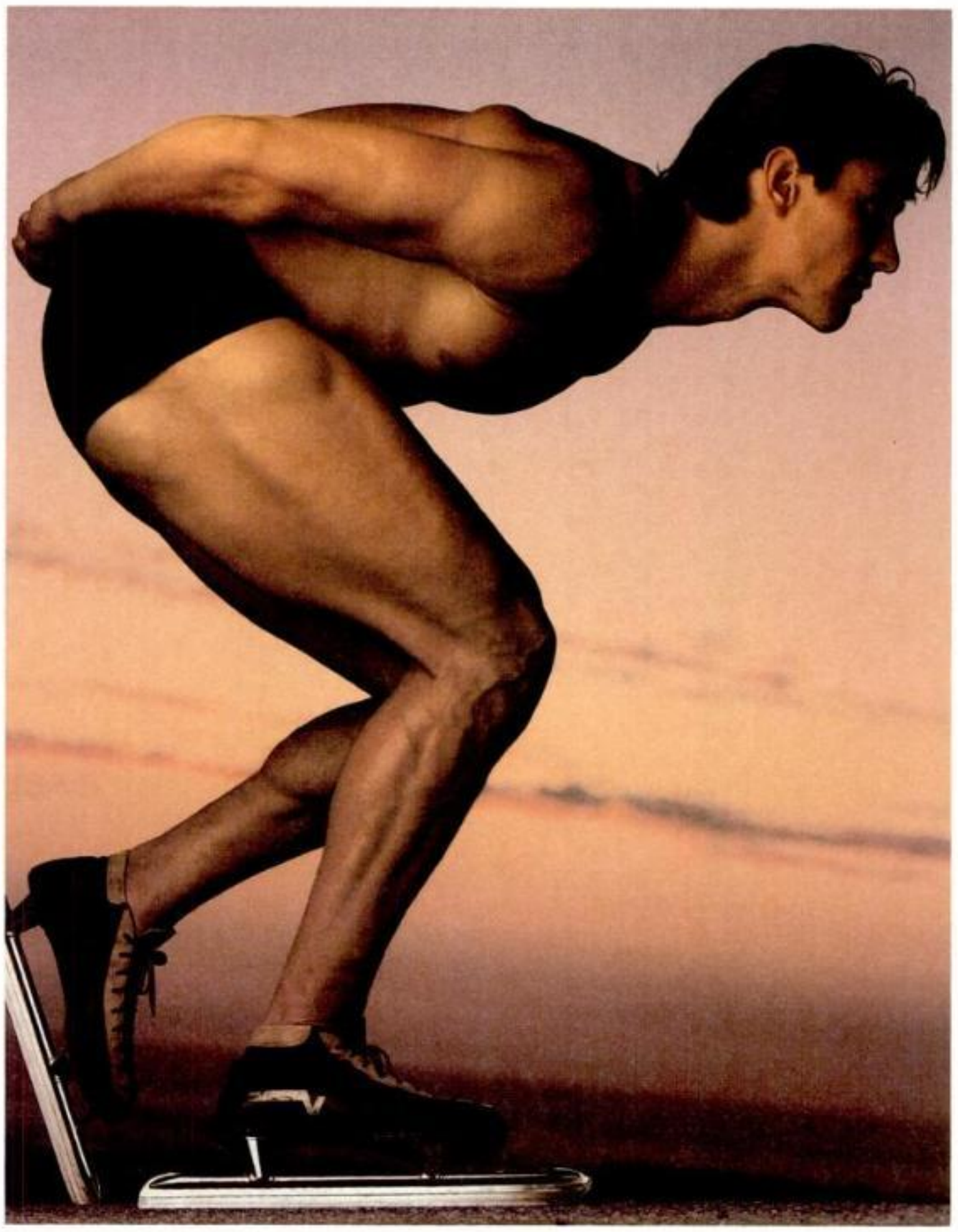
"Ivan Boesky is ***not the Ghengis Khan that the press has painted him to be.*** *His . . . works for great charities are well chronicled. I'm simply tipping my hat on behalf of the 'little guy.'"*

People Who Worked for Him

MURRY SILVER, employee (whose direct letter to Boesky was passed on to the judge): *"Before you start to read this letter, I want you to know that it's from Murry Silver who started with you at 1 Whitehall Street and was with the firm for thirteen years. I was the one who fought Jack Dempsey and was the one you always called up as an aide at all our parties.*

"There was ***never a better man*** *than you. You always took care of your workers from the lowest to the highest employees. No boss could ever do more for their* ▸

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Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

employees than you. . . . When I heard that Ivan F. Boesky was going out of business, no one could have felt as bad as me, after all these years. . . . I feel that you ***never did anything wrong****. . . . I sincerely hope that the decision that will be handed down will make you* ***a free and honest man*** *as you always were and still are."*

EDWIDGE EMMANUEL, former employee:
"I am from Haiti, when I came to New York I worked at the Boesky house as a helper. Mr. Boesky did have their maid, but they took me any way. Because they knew that I need the money. . . .

"This man helped me in many occasions. ***He helped me*** *to go to school, and to get my license, and work as a technician laboratory. I was just a maid he tooke* {sic} *very good care of me. Now, I am working at New York Hospital. . . .*

"Mr. Boesky even offert {sic} *me to pay for my school if I wanted to continue my education* {and} *become a doctor. . . . My first vacation was paid by him. . . . He paid for the hotel for me, even* ▸

RETURN TO SENDER, POSTAGE UNKNOWN

America is running out of postal celebrities. In the old days, when you went to the post office to buy stamps each denomination had a recognizable scene: a famous monument or a prominent dead American or both. Nowadays, buy a stamp and who do you get? Frank C. Laubach. Or Lillian Gilbreth.









1. DOROTHEA DIX (1¢)
2. HENRY CLAY (3¢)
3. CARL SCHURZ (4¢)
4. ABRAHAM BALDWIN (7¢)
5. HENRY KNOX (8¢)
6. SYLVANUS THAYER (9¢)
7. JULIA WARD HOWE (14¢)
8. GEORGE WYTHE (14¢ POSTCARD)
9. BELVA ANN LOCKWOOD (17¢)
10. FRANK C. LAUBACH (30¢)
11. ALFRED V. VERVILLE (33¢)
12. ROBERT MILLIKAN (37¢)
13. GRENVILLE CLARK (39¢)
14. ELMER SPERRY (39¢)
15. LILLIAN M. GILBRETH (40¢)
16. JUNÍPERO SERRA (44¢)
17. BERNARD REVEL ($1)

No explanation, not even a helpful epithet.

We didn't know who these people were, and the postal clerks, when asked, had no idea, either. Extensive investigation, however, produced this brief recognition test. (All names are from regular-issue postage, not special commemoratives.)

A. Military engineer; superintendent of U.S. Military Academy

B. Missionary and educator working in Near and Far East

C. New York–born lawyer, active in women's rights

D. Abolitionist; secretary of Interior under Hayes

E. Humanitarian; reformer of insane asylums

F. Industrialist; inventor of the gyrocompass

G. Teacher, author, consulting engineer pioneering industrial time-and-motion studies

H. Jewish scholar and educator; established Yeshiva University in New York

I. Priest and missionary in California

J. Physicist awarded Nobel prize for his measurement of the electron's charge and his work on the photoelectric effect

K. Signer of U.S. Constitution; founder of the University of Georgia

L. First secretary of War; in charge of artillery under George Washington

M. Aviation pioneer who worked with Lawrence Sperry in developing Verville-Sperry R-3 Army Racer

N. Continental Congress member; signer of Declaration of Independence

O. New York–born lawyer active in World Wars I and II; wrote *A Plan for Peace* in 1950

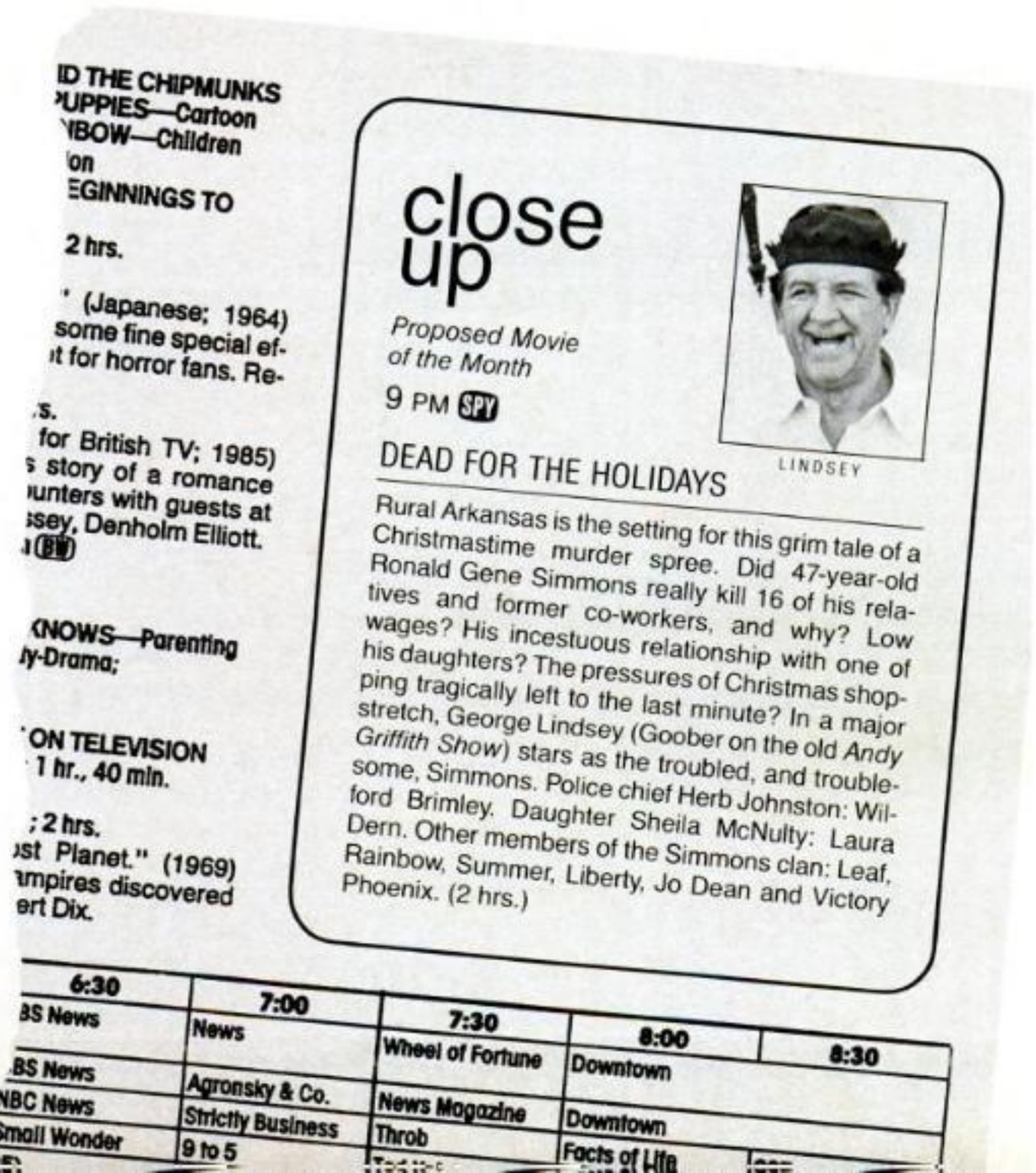
P. New York–born social reformer and author who wrote the lyrics to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

Q. Kentucky legislator and orator; Whig Party leader

ANSWERS: **1 (E), 2 (Q), 3 (D), 4 (K), 5 (L), 6 (A), 7 (P), 8 (N), 9 (C), 10 (B), 11 (M), 12 (J), 13 (O), 14 (F), 15 (G), 16 (I), 17 (H)**

SCORE: **0–5: Reasonably well adjusted citizen. 6–12: Buff of some sort and almost certainly a member of the New-York Historical Society. Some cause for alarm. 13–17: Philatelist. Unfit for decent adult society.**

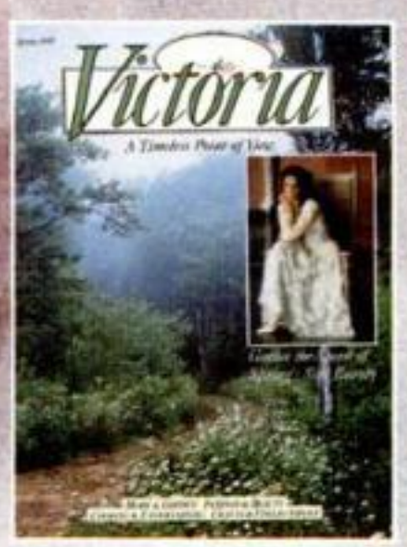
—David Galef



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Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

I was already working at the hospital. . . . Mr. Judge Lasker, please for my own sick {sic} help him."

JUDITH FREDE LOVE, fundraiser:
"He was always ***polite****. He was always* ***encouraging and optimistic****, and* ***warm and personal****. . . . I always felt that Mr. Boesky* ***respected me as a professional and as a human being****, not as a stepping stone. . . . I hope this letter will help you to decide with leniency in his favor."*

People Without an Obvious Pecuniary Interest

THE REVEREND CHARLES P. PRIDEMORE, assistant for pastoral ministries, the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine, in whose Crisis Center Boesky served, after his conviction, as a volunteer counselor:
"This assignment has given Mr. Boesky an unique opportunity for exposure to . . . persons whom society has excluded from so called guaranteed minimum living standards.

"The determination of many of these persons in trouble . . . has obviously enhanced and deepened Mr. Boesky's understanding of human nature. His ***new understanding*** *. . . would seem to have* ***changed his outlook*** *on right and wrong and good and evil.*

"I commend to whomever must contemplate the future of Mr. Boesky, that ***his isolation would be a loss to the community*** *of our city."*

CHARLES D. LIEBER, president, Hebrew Publishing Company:
"{Ivan} has looked to redeem himself in his own eyes and those of the world, ***wasting not a moment on self-justification****. His commitment to pursue a different course seems to us very real. . . . If the purpose of incarceration is to teach the sinner a lesson, no such lesson is needed here. Ivan intends to rehabilitate himself and is well on his way to doing so."*

DANIEL M. CLARK, attorney, Birmingham, ►

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



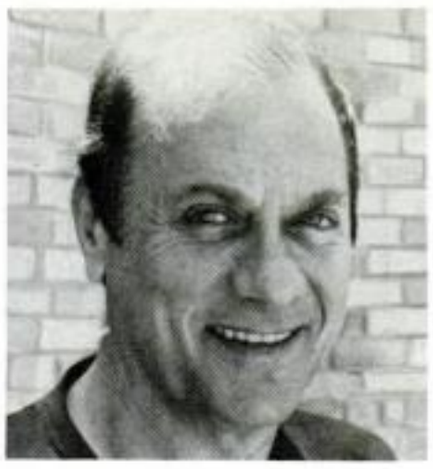
Dr. Ruth Westheimer . . .



and Robert Blake?



Frank Rich . . .



and Tony Curtis?



Cosmonaut Yuri V. Romanenko . . .



and giant baby Raymond Wegrzynek?



ANSWER: JAMES COBURN AT NIGHT

elan

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER IN A NUTSHELL

The New York Observer—you know, that renowned, newly cost-conscious arbiter of taste and trends that has everybody talking—is redefining *retro*. In a style coup worthy only of a monograph unafraid to search the centuries in its quest for the perfect headline, the *Observer* has adopted an Elizabethan tone—yes, unmistakably Elizabethan—in the banners atop its weightier pieces.

From the Stratford-on-Avon school of journalism

WHENCE THE CURRENT CRISIS IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS?
(December 12, 1987)

A CRUEL BRACE, WHERE ONCE THERE WAS A FINE GRACE
(November 30, 1987)

UKRAINIANS EYE MILLENNIUM
(November 23, 1987)

IT'S NOT THE FAULT OF THE CITIZENRY
(November 30, 1987)

TRANSLATING THE STUFF OF IDEAS INTO GLASS, STEEL AND STONE
(November 23, 1987)

Sizzling white-hot off the presses

THE OBSERVER POLL: GIULIANI POPULAR, BUT SO IS MOYNIHAN
(December 28, 1987)

CLINTON LEADERS SEEKING INPUT
(December 7, 1987)

RIVER WALK PLAN LIKELY TO SPARK A HEATED FIGHT
(November 30, 1987)

CITY BLAMED FOR RATS
(December 28, 1987)

Something in a Fabergé egg for Junior, perhaps?

STOCKING STUFFERS AT HOLIDAY AUCTIONS
(December 14, 1987)

Slow news week

WERE THE SIXTIES REALLY SO WONDERFUL?
(November 30, 1987)

—Rachel Urquhart

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good fortune will follow.



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Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Michigan (writing to the Honorable *Boris* Lasker):
"I write not so it will result in additional humiliation for him . . . not at the expense of his human dignity . . . but as a friend who has broken bread with him, as one who has played an ***enjoyable round of golf****, man to man, meeting the challenge of our own handicaps against the course and each other, as a friend who knows of his* ***pride*** *in the* ***fine family*** *he and Seema have reared, and the accomplishments of their wonderful children. . . .*

"My prayer is that you. . .not further add to the lament or cynicism which the record may call for, but rather that you exercise your independent judiciousness by granting him a probation of your own discretion."

Financiers, Traders and Others He Did Business With

—

Big-Time Show Biz Pals

JULE STYNE, composer:
"In this crazy world we live in, crazy things happen. Ivan made a big mistake. . . . I believe Ivan Boesky would better serve his debt to the Community by being allowed to continue to help others to the fullest extent of his ***considerable energy and dedication****."*

SAMMY CAHN, composer:
"I have known Ivan Boesky for over twenty-five years. . . . He is ***almost like part of my own family****. . . . I promise you your Honor, no matter what his punishment, it can never equal the punishment he has inflicted on himself, {which} will endure for as long as he lives."*

CLAUDE LANZMANN, producer and director of *Shoah*, which was broadcast on PBS largely as a result of Boesky's financial support:
"I am aware of the fact that what I have to say has no connection at all with the offences he may have committed. . . ."

Judge Lasker sentenced Boesky to three years in jail. Boesky is due to begin serving his term on the 23rd of this month. ▸

THE SPY TRIP TIP:
Come Back to Centralia



Season-wise, March is a dreary transitional month, and for pent-up New Yorkers that means cabin fever. Planeloads of young professionals and college kids will jump the gun on summer and head for feculent, muggy Caribbean isles, where, drunk on rum punch, they will be served curried dog at nightmarish package-tour luaus. But why go to all that expense? There's a delightful natural spa smack-dab in Pennsylvania coal country (not far from where Joe Biden's ancestors once labored), and it's a veritable Keystone State Kingston—complete with steamy grottoes venting mysterious, possibly therapeutic gases. How much would you expect to pay for a bone-warming weekend at a fascinating resort like this? Would you believe it's absolutely *free*?

Centralia, Pennsylvania, is one paradise where they don't take American Express *or* Visa. In fact, they don't even take cash, because there are no businesses there—only a firehouse! Since 1962 a plentiful vein of anthracite has been burning uncontrollably beneath this peaceful hamlet, and there's simply no way to turn off the heat. Over the years most of Centralia's residents, unwilling to adapt to a tropical life-style, have departed for nippier climes. Of the original population, fewer than 100 people remain—which means plenty of elbowroom for tourists.

Centralia offers more natural wonders than any other place east of Yellowstone. The topography is constantly changing as the earth consumes itself beneath your feet, so visitors must be alert for news of the latest hot spots. A colorful panorama of blowholes—rusted metal cylinders belching wispy vapors—lets you know you've stumbled on an *active* area, as surely as windmills tell you you're in Holland, Michigan. Lawn chair botanists will find that Centralia's wilted vegetation—mostly lichens and scraggy weeds—makes for a vast, one-of-a-kind terrarium. And you can take a load off in the comfy bedrock of the friendly communal sauna-caves, where nature's furnace relaxes taut, aching, urban muscles.

A sight-seeing trip can be arranged to nearby Ashland, home of the "world's largest" bronze statue of Whistler's Mother. Here you can also tour a real coal mine that's not on fire—for now! *—Jack Barth*

Take I-80 west from New York City for 130 miles to I-81, then go 27 miles south to Route 61. Take Route 61 ten miles northwest to Centralia.

TEST YOUR FASHION IQ

The two Avedonesque photographs at right come from the same recent issue of *New York Woman*, the postfeminist monthly magazine that wanders wide-eyed, like an addled minister without portfolio, between fashion and fashionable social concern. One photograph depicts a fashion model in a $477 Norma Kamali outfit, and one illustrates an article called "The Young and the Homeless," which describes homelessness as the "unseemly slip from respectability into disrepute." We challenge you, our discerning readers, to tell them apart.



Answers: (left) **homeless person.** (right) **fashion model.**

DEATH BE NOT CARDIGAN-CLAD

***Dan Rather*. To right-wing, direct-mail fussbudgets, the name is synonymous with left-leaning East Coast media perfidy. But is the natty anchorman really telling us that government is bad, religion dumb, nuclear weapons goofy? Reading between the lines of the *CBS Evening News* reveals a message far more sinister. Consider this partial list of sponsors from a recent newscast: Super Poli-Grip, Sunsweet pitted prunes, Maalox Plus, Kellogg's 40% Bran Flakes, Geritol Complete, Sominex, Rolaids.**

What Dan Rather really wants to drum into your head is that your body is imperfect, that its decay is inexorable, that one day—maybe even this one—no matter how desperately you try to squeeze out the last dollops of youth from the toothpaste tube of corporeal existence, *you will die*.*—Bruce Handy*

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When Mikhail Gorbachev first spoke to the Western World he started with a four-letter word.

For the first five months following his appointment as the new Soviet leader, Mikhail Gorbachev refused all requests from Western journalists for an interview. But when, in August 1985, the time came to speak, his choice was clear: "I took counsel with my colleagues in the Soviet leadership—we decided to respond to the request put in by TIME."

For Mikhail Gorbachev and his colleagues, and for the 29 million readers of TIME worldwide, there's no substitute.



TIME

There's no substitute.

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"MR. PRESIDENT, JERRY VAN DYKE ON LINE ONE"

The SPY *Guide to Who's Supporting Whom*

They used to call Washington "Hollywood on the Potomac." But that was when politicians were treated like movie stars—not like movie extras. This election year, the presidential candidates need all the name recognition they can get. No wonder the 1988 campaign has turned into the most has-been–laden casting call since *The Towering Inferno.* (By the way, who *is* Tina Louise supporting?)

From actors and mad scientists to generals and ex-jocks, there's a part for everybody. Here's the complete roster of candidates and the superglamorous registered voters behind them.

Republicans

	GEORGE BUSH	ROBERT DOLE	PIERRE DU PONT	ALEXANDER HAIG	JACK KEMP	PAT ROBERTSON
THESPIANS	Charlton Heston, Shirley Temple Black, John Gavin	Clint Eastwood, Joan Collins, Lynda Carter	Arnold Schwarz-enegger	Billy Dee Williams	Robert Conrad, Mary Hart, Mike Connors, Chad Everett	Mr. T, Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Jane Russell
ENTERTAINERS	Mickey Gilley, Jimmy Dean			Mort Sahl		Pat and Debbi Boone, Gale Storm
JOCKS	Nolan Ryan, Ted Williams, Walt Frazier	Earl Monroe	Fran Tarkenton	George Allen	35 former NFL players and Jeff Kemp	Roosevelt Grier, Tommy John, Rocky Graziano
MEN IN UNIFORM	Chuck Yeager, P. X. Kelley			George Patton Jr.		
FAT CATS	Anna Chenault, Morris Zuckerman	Merv Griffin		W. Clement Stone	Saul Steinberg, Roger Enrico	Joseph Coors
NONE OF THE ABOVE	Arthur Laffer, Alvin Toffler, William French Smith	Elizabeth Dole, William Simon		Richard Nixon, Henry Kissinger, Barry Farber	Edward Teller, George Gilder	James Watt 

Democrats

	BRUCE BABBITT	MICHAEL DUKAKIS	RICHARD GEPHARDT	ALBERT GORE	JESSE JACKSON	PAUL SIMON	GARY HART
THESPIANS	Robert Redford 	Sally Field, Harry Hamlin, Leonard Nimoy, Ally Sheedy, Jack Nicholson, Ed Begley Jr.		Morgan Fairchild 	Meryl Streep, Elizabeth Montgomery, Robert Blake, Bernie Casey, Kris Kristofferson	Robert Foxworth, Eddie Albert, Christopher Reeve	Warren Beatty
ENTERTAINERS	Pearl Bailey, Dan Fogelberg, Al Franken	Art Garfunkel 			Aretha Franklin, Willie Nelson, Stevie Wonder, Roberta Flack, Melba Moore, Eddie Murphy	Barbra Streisand, Paul Simon, Whoopi Goldberg 	
JOCKS		Marvin Hagler, Bobby Orr	Stan Musial		Magic Johnson, Isiah Thomas		
MEN IN UNIFORM	Bobby Inman						
FAT CATS		Norman Lear, Barry Diller	Charles Schulz	Armand Hammer	Bill Cosby, Quincy Jones	Hugh Hefner, Christie Hefner	
NONE OF THE ABOVE	Lester Thurow	Judith Krantz, Tom Hayden, Oliver Stone	Erma Bombeck, Richard Moe	Abigail Van Buren, Martin Peretz, Tipper Gore, Charles Peters	William Sloane Coffin Jr., Mrs. Sammy Davis Jr.	Ann Landers, Robert Nathan, Charles Manatt	

—Bill Thomas

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

WHO'S NEWLY WHO, WHO'S NO LONGER WHO, VOLUME IV [K-L]

Who's Who in America contains about 75,000 names. On average, 12,000 names each are added and dropped with each new edition. Among the people purged from or permitted into the 1986–87 edition are the following.

Who's Newly Who

Frank Kermode, literary critic; Tracy Kidder, writer; Bernard King, basketball player; Perry King, of TV's Riptide*; Nastassia Kinski, high-strung actress; Michael Kinsley,* TNR*'s TRB; Morton Kondracke, soft, fuddy-duddy commentator; Bernie Kopell, of TV's* Love Boat*; Tony Kornheiser,* Washington Post *sportswriter; Alan Landsburg, author of* In Search of Extraterrestrials*; Gene La Rocque, peacenik admiral; Lyndon LaRouche, litigious political nut; John Larroquette, of TV's* Night Court*; David Lean, movie director; Denise Levertov, poet; Kenneth Lipper, failed New York politician; Shelley Long, actress; Lucille Lortel, theatrical producer; Greg Louganis, good diver–bad actor; Susan Lucci, of TV's* All My Children*; Joan Lunden, of TV's* Good Morning America*; Mike Lupica,* Daily News *sports columnist.*

Who's No Longer Who

Marvin Kalb, ex–TV reporter; Victor Kiam, Remington shaver spokesman; Evron Kirkpatrick, political scientist and husband of the grizzled warmonger Jeane; Sonny Kleinfield, New York Times *reporter; John Knowles, author of* A Separate Peace*; Kenneth Koch, poet; C. Everett Koop, U.S. Surgeon General; Jerry Koosman, ex-Met; Leo Kottke, guitarist; Christopher Kraft, the onetime voice of NASA; Irving Kristol, neoconservative; Moon Landrieu, weirdly named ex-mayor of New Orleans; Rod Laver, name on tennis shoe; John Philip Law, actor; Ivan Lendl, current U.S. Open champ; Al Lewis,* SPY *coverboy and Tama Janowitz look-alike; Tony Lo Bianco, actor; Gary Lockwood, actor; Trini Lopez, dimple-chinned, guitar-playing oddity.*

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TIME

There's no substitute.

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Naked City



Max *Punch* *Abe*

THE WILLIAM H. HONAN Award for Indescribably Stupid Behavior goes to the great man himself this year—Bill Honan. As you might have guessed, the competition was fierce. Former *Times Magazine* editor Ed Klein, no doubt carried away by the spirit of the event, overstepped even the lax competency guidelines the *Times* sets for its bum-kissers and got himself fired, thereby disqualifying himself from competition. (Lately Klein has been seen in the building and nearby at Orso, terrifying sensitive female reporters with his wet smile.)

Former executive editor Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal competed for the 1988 honor with his usual flair. His horribly written, egomaniacal column shocked readers with irrefutable proof of just how pedestrian a mind had been running *The New York Times* for ten years. (Employees at the paper, once abjectly terrified of Rosenthal's erratic temper, rarely even think of the silly little man anymore. When his name was dropped from the paper's masthead at the beginning of the year, Abe's official and *very believable* explanation was that *it was done at his own request*.) Abe also competed by merging with bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord. The marriage has since relaxed to the point where the two principals now engage in highly entertaining screaming matches across society dinner tables.

For his part, Honan capped a particularly jaunty year of Honanish mishaps with a delightful year-end goof-up that began innocently enough with executive editor Max Frankel's edict that his editors read the competition. Eager to please the boss, Honan was wading through a copy of the Sunday *Daily News* when he happened on a story about a professor of criminal justice at Rutgers who was claiming that five paintings confiscated by the Nazis were now in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The next morning, Honan sprang into action. He summoned Douglas C. McGill, his aw-shucks art-beat reporter, and ordered him to write a 1,000-word news story on the professor's claims for Tuesday's edition. The *Daily News*'s reputation as something less than a model of accuracy did not faze Honan the newsman at all. And if he was aware that *Times* publisher Punch Sulzberger had recently been named chairman of the Met's board of trustees, he did not show it. For this was a *new* Bill Honan—one not afraid to discomfit the powers that be. He had a ripping good yarn on his hands, by God, and he wasn't afraid to go with it.

When McGill turned in his story, Honan pitched it—unsuccessfully—as front-page material at the 5:00 p.m. meeting, got page C19 instead, then went home to beat his breast about his exploits before an adoring family.

By next morning, however, Honan and McGill's story had come completely unraveled. The Rutgers professor's research was discovered to have been scandalously slipshod. The Met produced documents proving that it had bought three of the five paintings from their rightful owners. The museum had never even owned the other two. Back to work for poor, soldierly McGill, who was forced to report and write yet another 1,000-word news story for Wednesday's edition, recanting all the tantalizing charges against the Met that he had showcased the day before. Accompanying McGill's retraction was one of the longest Editor's Notes ever published—one that admitted the *Times*'s unfairness in proceeding with the story on such flimsy evidence and all but spanked its own editor and reporter. Bravo, Bill.

Speaking of Met-basher Doug McGill, he provides a convenient entrée to a far more significant subject than simple incompetence at the *Times*, and one that has plagued the cultural department for much of the past decade: namely, conflicts of interest. In a Critic's Notebook he wrote last November, McGill made very favorable mention of the Vintage Contemporary Artists book series, published by Random House. The line, consisting of monographs on the likes of Eric Fischl and David Salle, has been received tepidly, at best, by other reviewers. Nothing wrong with giving the new series a nod and a wave in the *Times*, mind you—unless, of course, like McGill, you are rumored to have lobbied its editor, Elizabeth Avedon, for a chance to write a book for the series.

Conflicts of interest take many shapes at the paper of record. Was it naughty, for instance, of daily book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt to give a virtual rave review to short-fingered vulgarian Donald Trump's *The Art of the Deal?* Of course not—just lame critical judgment. The greater naughtiness lies in the fact that Lehmann-Haupt is a Riverdale friend of coffee achiever, ultra-opportunist and former journalist Tony Schwartz, who coauthored the Trump book, and that Lehmann-Haupt offspring baby-sit Schwartz children when Schwartz is in town aggravating former colleagues. One could have badgered him about the advisability of writing the review if one had attended the vulgar party for the book at Trump Tower—for Lehmann-Haupt was there, to the amazement of many.

—J. J. Hunsecker

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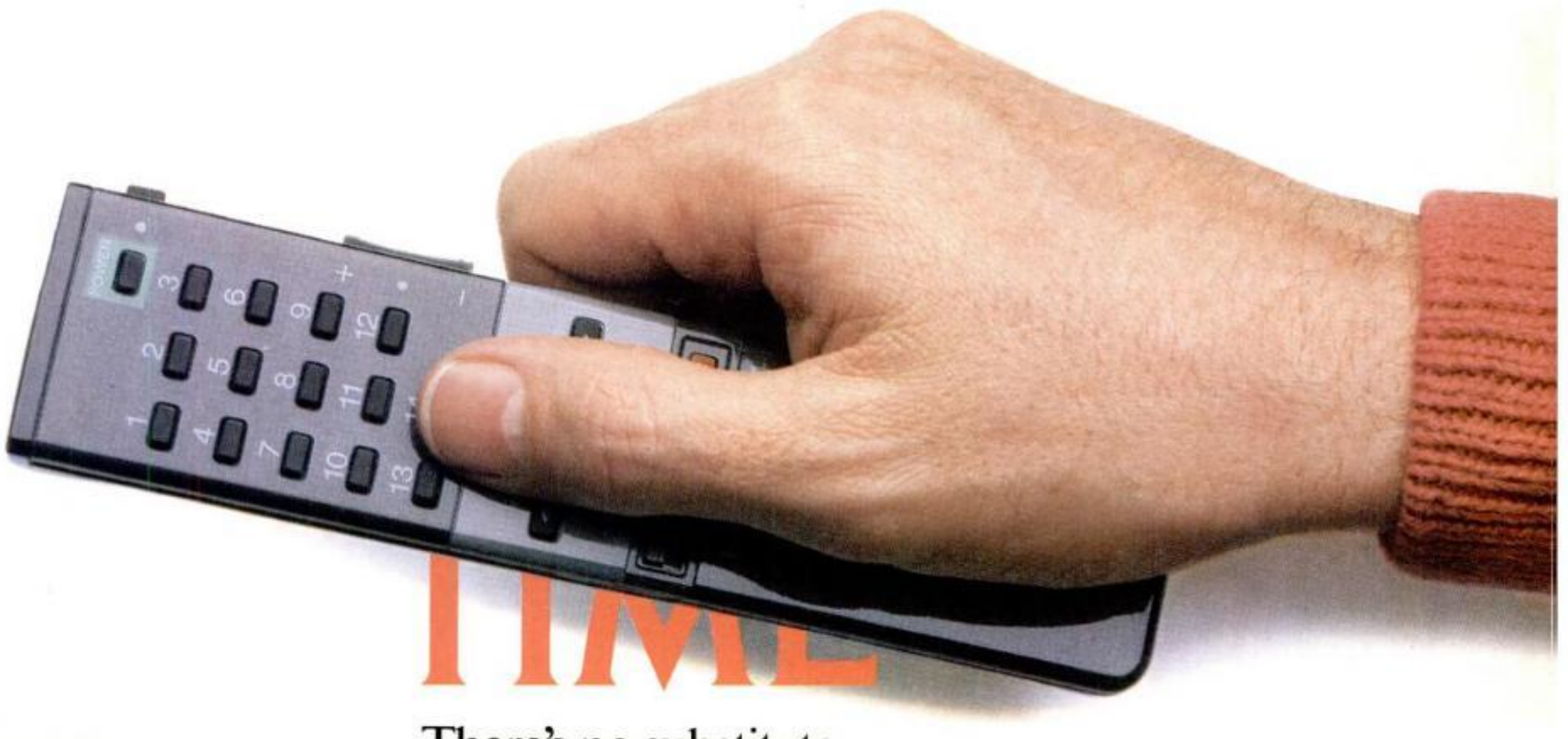
60 Minutes. L.A. Law. Cheers. NBC Nightly News. Not one of them reaches as many professional/managerial adults as we do.

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TIME	*6,105,000
Cheers	4,745,000
60 Minutes	3,507,000
L.A. Law	3,355,000
NBC Nightly News	1,411,000

*Professional/Managerial Adult Audience



TIME

There's no substitute.

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"Crown Royal cocktails for everyone in the house!"

"Jim, there are only four of us here."

"Well, it's the thought that counts."

Crown Royal Cocktails. The fun is back.



MANY ARE CALLED, MANY ARE CHOSEN



SPY *Takes the Taxi Driver Exam*

Under Jay Turoff, the Taxi and Limousine Commission's prison-bound former chairman, the rejection rate for driver applicants was a whopping 1 percent. This may help explain why during that cab ride last year from East 82nd Street to Penn Station you were driven past historic Fraunces Tavern and both stock exchanges. Under the new chairman, Gorman Gilbert, the process has become more of a challenge—only 70 percent pass. SPY *wanted to know what it took to make the grade as a cabbie and sent* LYNN SNOWDEN *to run the gauntlet. Here are some of her observations.*

According to the TLC, 85 percent of driver applicants are foreign-born, making the new English-proficiency exam the bane of the ambitious modern-day immigrant. With 26 correct answers out of 31, you pass. If you fail (as 22 percent do), you can take the test again. If you fail a second time but still feel that a life without hacking is a life not worth living, you must take an English-as-a-second-language class at a state-accredited school. Of course, if your English is bad enough to make any of this necessary, *you won't be able to understand what you must do to improve it.*

TLC instructor: "Listen to the tape. You will hear people say addresses like those you might be given in a cab. You will hear each address two times and only two times. Circle the address you hear on the tape." Tape: "*Driver, 42nd Street and Broadway. I'm in a hurry.*" Students: "We can't hear the tape." "Forty-second. And. Broadway." There follows murmuring as each applicant says all four possible answers out loud to see if any sound familiar.

A man with bats tattooed on the backs of his hands shields his paper with one hand as he circles his answers.

If you pass, you are fingerprinted (to screen out fugitive felons) and given forms to complete (to screen out illegal aliens and people with certain medical conditions or invalid driver's licenses). Survivors must then attend a 20-hour course at the prestigious Taxi Driver Institute.

There are 60 students (two women) in this Institute class. Only five have ever been passengers in a taxi.

Useful rule for the nonhacking public to know: the *passenger* controls the radio—whether to play it and what to play.

The instructor, scratching on a blackboard, figures that, based on 40 to 43 trips in a 12-hour shift, the 22 percent rate hike, and 12.5 percent for tips (less gasoline and leasing a cab from a fleet), drivers stand to make approximately $83 during the day and $115 at night.

A sample from the student manual:

You pick up a young couple at the Plaza hotel. The woman explains that they are tourists, and she asks you to recommend a nice, romantic restaurant. What do you do?

(a) You give them your tuna fish sandwich and offer to drive them around Central Park.

(b) You offer to take them to a cozy little restaurant in Sheepshead Bay.

(c) You take them downtown to your brother's new restaurant.

Choice (d)—the right one?—is missing.

The manual also has a section on "taxicab drivers' relationships with passengers," reminding students, "One way to increase your TIPS . . . is to make the trip more pleasant for your passengers." *But how?* "Start with a friendly greeting"; "Provide alternate routes in a friendly and helpful manner"; and "Always leave on a positive note." A checklist is provided (presumably to post on the dashboard): "1. Eye contact. 2. Friendly greeting. 3. Repeat the destination. 4. Ask for favorite route," and so on, through "7. Avoid profanity" and, when all else has failed, "9. Stay calm."

One man raises his hand and demands, "What if I have problems at home? Why should I be nice if I don't feel like it?"

About 8 percent fail the Institute exam. The rest fill out forms for their licenses and attach the photos that will soon be glaring back at passengers from dashboards. Unless, of course, the light is broken and it's nighttime. Which, as any cabbie can tell you, is a violation of Section 405 in the TLC rule book ($25 penalty, no personal appearance required).



CELEBRITY SPORTS STATISTICS

Portraits of the Famous as Young Jocks

(1) Burt Reynolds's Football Career

Reynolds made the Florida State varsity team as a freshman and had an auspicious beginning.

		RUSHING				RECEIVING			
Year	Team	Att.	Yds.	Avg.	TD	No.	Yds.	Avg.	TD
1954	Fla. State	16	134	8.3	2	4	76	19.0	0

He also played in the defensive backfield, where he had one interception, which he returned seven yards. The team finished 8-4 and was invited to the Sun Bowl. After the season ended, Reynolds badly damaged his knee in a car accident. He missed the next two seasons. His lame comeback doomed him to a lame career as an actor.

1957	Fla. State	3	12	4.0	0	2	0	0.0	0

(2) Bill Cosby's Football and Track Careers

The grim, unavoidable TV personality played one season of football for Temple University and has spent the rest of his life talking about it.

		RUSHING		
Year	Team	Att.	Yds.	Avg.
1961	Temple	36	125	3.47



According to the school's sports information director, Cosby was used primarily as a blocking back. He dropped out of Temple during the 1962 season. Cosby also competed in several track events, including the low hurdles, shot put, broad jump, discus, javelin and high jump. He won the Middle Atlantic Conference high jump championship one year and demonstrated the feat on *The Tonight Show* ten years later. Cosby's current athletic career consists of badgering underlings and entering a dog he co-owns in kennel club shows.

(3) Chuck Connors's Basketball and Baseball Careers

TV's Rifleman, using his real name, Kevin, played center for the Boston Celtics during two seasons.

Year	Team	Games	FGA	FGM	Avg.	FTA	FTM	Avg.	Points	Assists
1946–47	Bos.	49	380	94	.247	84	39	.464	227	40
1947–48	Bos.	4	13	5	.385	3	2	.667	12	1

These were not the best seasons for the Celts, who finished at 22-38 and 20-28, respectively. Connors, calling himself Chuck, then took up baseball.

Year	Team	G	AB	R	H	2B	3B	HR	RBI	Avg.
1949	Bklyn	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	.000
1951	Chicago	66	201	16	48	5	1	2	18	.239

The Cubs finished last, winning 62 and losing 92. Connors is apparently versatile enough to be marginal at whatever he does.

(4) Mark Harmon's Football Career

The actor (and son of former all-American Tom Harmon) played quarterback for UCLA in 1972 and '73.

		RUSHING			PASSING				
Year	Team	Att.	Yds.	TD	Att.	Comp.	Yds.	TD	Int.
1972	UCLA	98	521	7	70	30	574	6	7
1973	UCLA	74	545	7	30	13	271	3	2

The Bruins had an 8-3 season in 1972 and finished 9-2 in '73. Both teams finished second in their conference, although the '73 team was ranked ninth in the nation.



(5) Tommy Lee Jones's Football Career

Jones played offensive left guard for Harvard in 1967 and '68, his junior and senior years. He missed part of his sophomore season with a knee injury but thereafter distinguished himself with his durability, playing every game in 1968, when the team went 8-0-1 and was the Ivy League co-champion. That season, Jones was selected to the following honorific teams: Coaches' All-Ivy, AP All-Ivy, UPI All-Ivy, AP All–New England, UPI All–New England, AP All-East and AP All-America (Honorable Mention).

(6) Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley's Track Records

Bradley, the dullest mayor of any major U.S. city, competed in track for UCLA between 1938 and '40. Although Bradley consistently placed second or third when he ran in the 880, his best event seems to have been the 440: he finished first in that event at one meet in '39 and at three meets in '40 (with times of 49.1, 49.0 and 48.6 seconds). Bradley also usually ran a leg of the four-man mile relay.

(7) Representative Morris Udall's Basketball Career

In spite of having a glass eye, Udall was a high-scoring forward for the University of Arizona basketball team in the 1945–46, 1946–47 and 1947–48 seasons and played professional ball during the 1948–49 season for the National Basketball League (forerunner to the NBA) Denver Nuggets. However, neither the University of Arizona nor the present-day Denver Nuggets nor the NBA Hall of Fame nor Udall's office has statistics on his performance.



(8) Sam Hall's Diving Records

The wacky contra mercenary who spent six weeks in a Nicaraguan prison last winter was a champion diver for Ohio State. In 1959, his junior year at OSU, Hall participated in both the 1-meter and 3-meter board competitions. Hall finished first in both events in the Big Ten finals, second and first place respectively in the NCAA championships and fourth place in the 3-meter in the national AAU championships. In 1960 he was elected team captain. He finished first in the 1-meter board and the 3-meter board at the NCAA championships. Later that year he participated in the Olympic Summer Games in Rome and won a silver medal. Between 1966 and 1979 Hall was a drug addict.

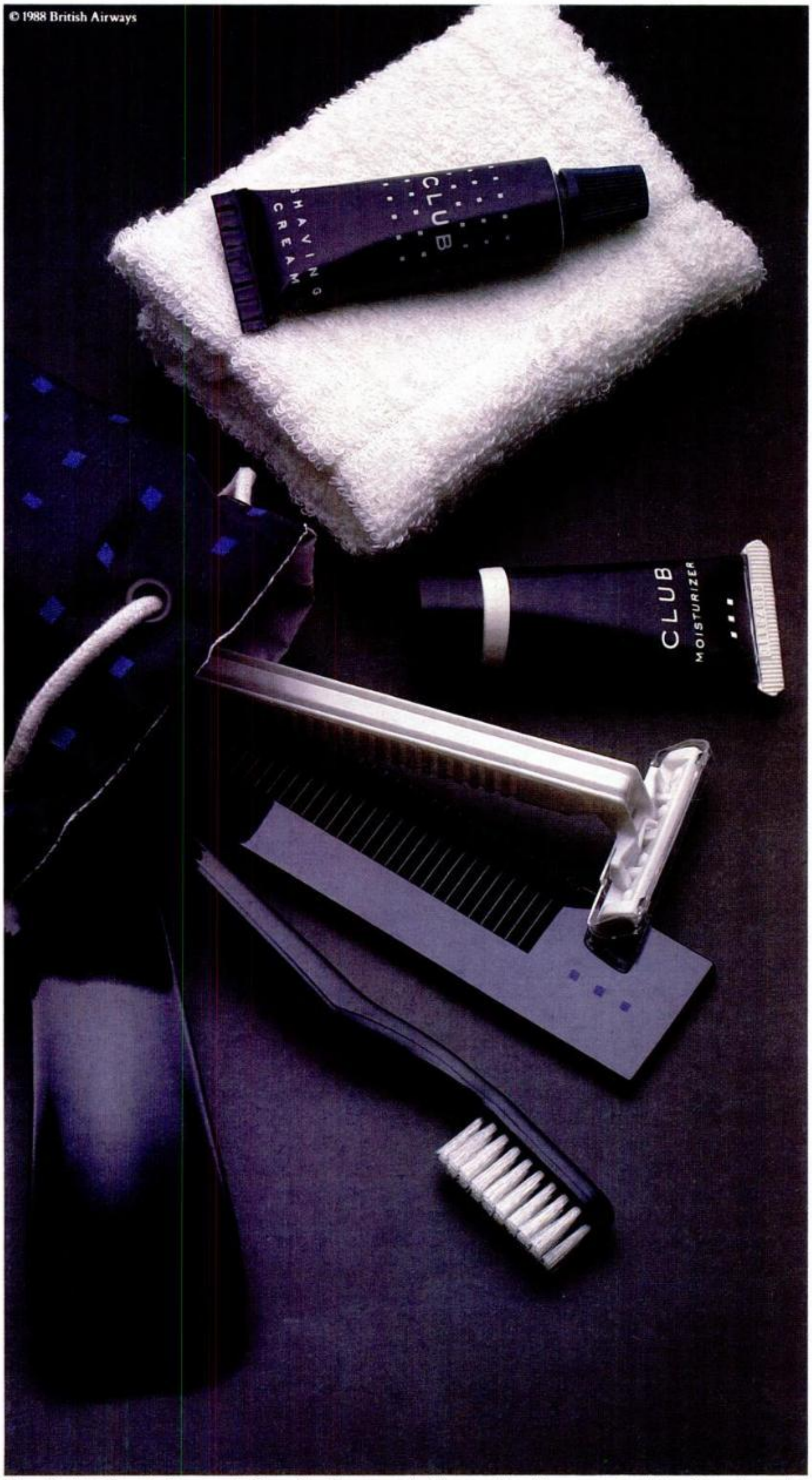
(9) Stanley Friedman's Basketball Career

Former Bronx Democratic Party leader and current felon Stanley Friedman played varsity basketball for CCNY in the mid-1950s. CCNY hasn't kept the statistics from those seasons, so we have no record of his points, assists or rebounds, nor any record of his steals until the recent municipal-corruption convictions.

—Jamie Malanowski

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Celestial Hindsight

SPY's *Horoscope for Skeptics*

Astrology has been given a bad rap for too long. Sure, one might ask naive questions such as "How can the few sentences addressed to each zodiac sign possibly apply to one-twelfth of the world's population?" But how else to explain all those *weird* phenomena, and what better way to pass a slow Thursday morning at the office? Besides—and this is really the point—horoscopes are in fact remarkably accurate, as this spot-check of the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days proves.

Subject: Gary Hart
Sign: Sagittarius (b. 11/28/36)
Date: May 2, 1987



Notable Activities: Left D.C. townhouse after allegedly spending the night with political consultant Donna Rice; exchanged words with *Miami Herald* stakeout team
Horoscope: "Others may misinterpret your friendliness for something else. Your love life is full of interesting experiences and people."—Joyce Jillson, the *Daily News*

Subject: Robert Bork
Sign: Aries (b. 3/21/27)
Date: July 1, 1987
Notable Activities: Was nominated to the Supreme Court of the United States
Horoscope: "This could be a time of emotional outbursts and recriminations, unless you are prepared to alter your position. However, perhaps you have sacrificed enough and feel you must fight on to the bitter end."—Patric Walker, the *New York Post*

Subject: Joseph R. Biden Jr.
Sign: Scorpio (b. 11/20/42)
Date: August 23, 1987
Notable Activities: Plagiarized speech of British Labor Party leader Neil Kinnock in debate at Iowa State Fair, adding nail to coffin of his presidential bid
Horoscope: "You now can make [a] fresh start."—Sydney Omarr, *The Washington Post*

Subject: Congressman Mario Biaggi
Sign: Scorpio (b. 10/26/17)
Date: November 5, 1987
Notable Activities: After not taking the stand in his three-week trial, pleaded innocent in 20-minute speech at sentencing; was given 30 months in prison and fined $500,000 for accepting an unlawful gratuity and obstructing justice
Horoscopes: "You may have felt reluctant to speak up lately, but you'll soon be able to say anything you like."—Wendy Hawks, the *National Examiner*; "If you feel encumbered by your material possessions, they may be taken away. On the other hand, if you need a loan, now is the best time to apply."—Laurie Brady, *Star* magazine

Subject: WCBS anchorman Jim Jensen
Sign: Scorpio (b. 11/13/26)
Date: November 2, 1987
Notable Activities: On the air, asked Bree Walker, his co-anchor on *Channel 2 News at Five*, whether her parents would have aborted her had they known she would be born with deformed hands and feet
Horoscope: "Be direct, independent, creative, get to heart of matters."—Sydney Omarr, *Newsday*

Subject: Jessica Hahn
Sign: Cancer (b. 7/7/59)
Date: December 2, 1987
Notable Activities: Was subject of news conference at which former madam Roxanne Dacus insisted Hahn worked for her as a prostitute 1977–78
Horoscope: "Your love life will be a source of great joy. . . . Vocational interests are also emphasized."—Wendy Hawks, the *National Examiner*

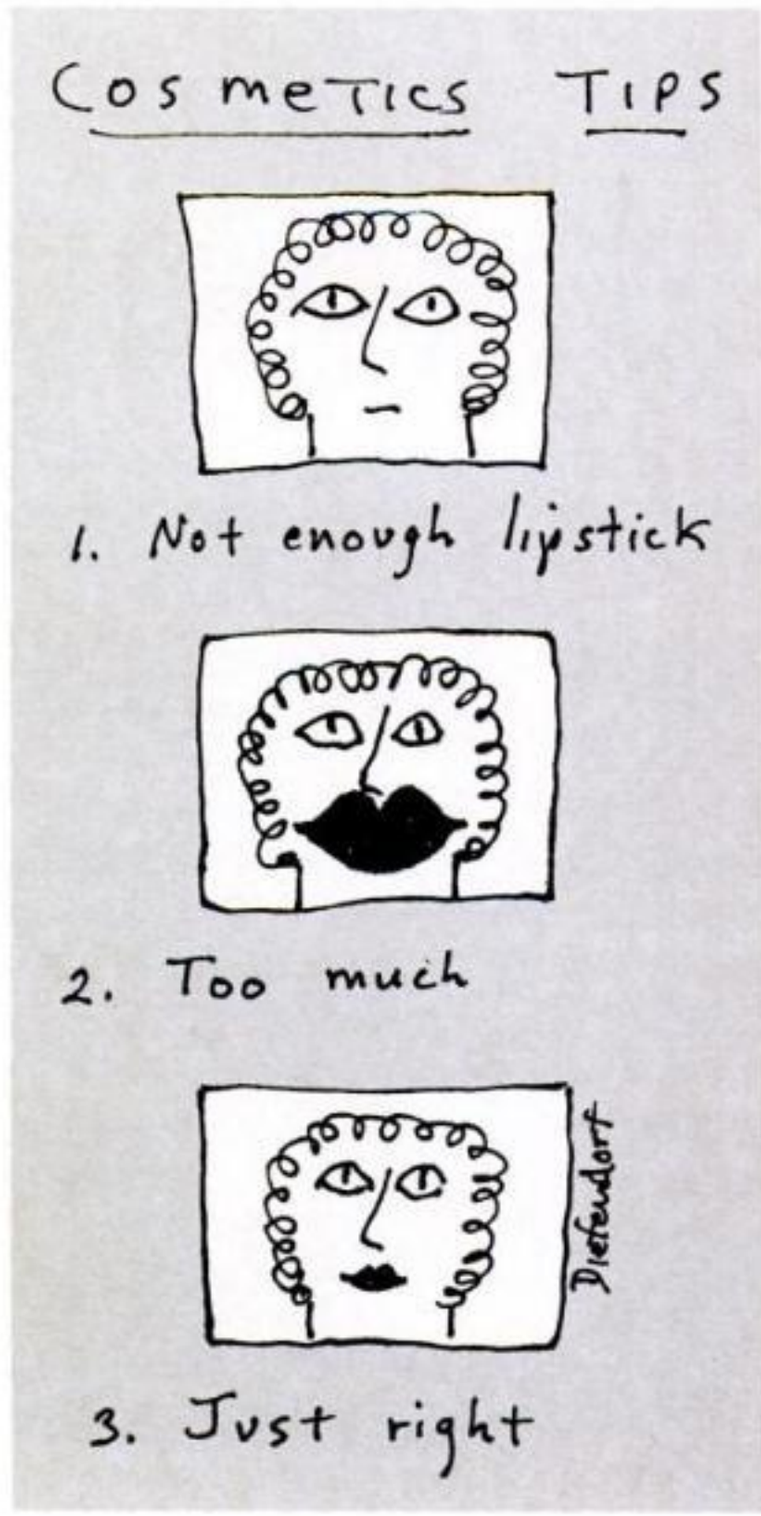
Subject: actor Eric Roberts
Sign: Aries (b. 4/18/56)
Date: December 3, 1987
Notable Activities: Arrested for criminal trespass, attempted assault, resisting arrest and possession of what police said appeared to be cocaine, heroin and marijuana
Horoscopes: "You're in the mood to present your sophisticated, artistic side to the world."—Wendy Hawks, the *National Examiner*; "Your courage is admirable as you deal with problems in a creative, jovial style."—Usha, *USA Today*

Subject: Donna Rice
Sign: Capricorn (b. 1/7/58)
Date: December 15, 1987



Notable Activities: Was fired as "chief spokesperson" by No Excuses sportswear
Horoscope: "Take any setbacks or delays in stride. Learn from your mistakes. . . ."—Jeane Dixon, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

Subject: Gary Hart
Sign: Sagittarius (b. 11/28/36)
Date: December 15, 1987
Notable Activities: Formally entered the New Hampshire presidential primary; announced, "Let's let the people decide"
Horoscopes: "Go with the first good idea that comes to you."—Joyce Jillson, the *Daily News*; "You are now ready to break totally free of old and tired restrictions in your life and to pursue beckoning travel, visions and ideals."—Jane Gaskell, *Town & Country*; "Be prepared for a variety of responses from others. Some see you as elusive and hard to pin down, others take you seriously."—Wendy Hawks, the *National Examiner* —*George Mannes*



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Naked City

THE NEW POSTLITERACY

About once a decade, Americans love to be told how deficient they are, and, in a display of self-congratulatory self-abasement, we reward our critics handsomely. In 1978 enough of us acknowledged the sterility of our existence to send Christopher Lasch's *Culture of Narcissism* to the best-seller lists (although I doubt we asked him out for drinks afterward), and our concern for dangling participles did the trick for the more cuddly Edwin Newman. This time across-the-board ignorance is the growth industry, and the major beneficiaries are Allan Bloom and E. D. Hirsch Jr.

Professor Bloom's *Closing of the American Mind* neatly showcases a mind that actually finished the complicated process of closing several decades ago. [See "Mabellene! Why Canst Thou Be True?," November 1987.] Professor Hirsch's *Cultural Literacy* advances a truly dangerous notion: that it's not enough to know how to read, you've got to understand what you're reading. The book's crux, a 63-page appendix titled "What Literate Americans Know," lists 4,500 names, dates, events and phrases known by the educated. It unexpectedly became a huge best-seller.

But Hirsch begs the question, what do *post*literate Americans know? We too have our universal mythology, allusions, geography and events—indeed, an entire cosmology of cultural illiteracy. Whereas Hirsch uses a brain cell to store *divine right of kings*, for example, the postliterate uses it to store *Divine*—leaving three spaces to describe the multitalented show-biz powerhouse. And in place of *Plato*, I, for one, have the homophonic *Play-doh* filed away.

Herewith, a comparison of further items drawn from Hirsch's list with entries extracted from the forthcoming monograph "What Postliterate Americans Know."

Culturally Literate	Postliterate
1066	1010 WINS
Antony and Cleopatra	Tiny Tim and Miss Vicky
Aphrodite	Dr. Ruth
Apollo (mythology)	Apollo (Creed)
Arnold, Benedict	Arnold Ziffel
aurora borealis	lava lamp
Bacchus	Backus, Jim
Burr-Hamilton duel	Thrilla in Manila
Charlemagne	Charlie Callas
Chartres, cathedral of	Crystal Cathedral, the
coat of many colors	tour jacket
Conan Doyle, Sir Arthur	Conan, the Barbarian
Copernicus	Erich von Däniken
Corinthian order	Corinthian leather
crossing the Rubicon	*¡Entran las cucarachas, pero no salen!*
cubism	Garden State Brickface
da Vinci, Leonardo	John Gnagy
deficit financing	"I will gladly pay you Tuesday for a hamburger today."
Don Juan	Don Pardo
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde	the Nutty Professor
fossil record	CD
golden calf	Golden Arches
Golgotha	Hoboken
Heisenberg uncertainty principle	Heimlich maneuver
hieroglyphics	bumper stickers

Culturally Literate	Postliterate
Jackson, Andrew	Jackson, LaToya
justification by faith	"Survey says . . . !"
Mark Twain	Andy Rooney
Medici, the	pledge drives
MIRV	Merv
Morgan, J. P.	Morgan, Jaye P.
nepotism	Huey, Dewey and Louie
Omar Khayyám	Victor Kiam
Pericles	Grecian Formula 16
Ponce de León	Oil of Olay
purgatory	limbo, the
recombinant DNA	Fizzies
rhetoric	color commentary
Rivera, Diego	Rivera, Geraldo
Saint George and the dragon	monster trucks
sign of the cross	applause sign
Sirens	Pointer Sisters
Star Chamber	*Star Search*
Trappist monks	Sister Bertrille
Truman [vs.] MacArthur	Steinbrenner vs. Martin
Turner, Nat	Turner, Tina
Uncle Tom's Cabin	Log Cabin syrup
Versailles	Playboy Mansion
vulcanization	"He's dead, Jim."
Where are the snows of yesteryear?	Who can turn the world on with her smile?

—Roy Harley

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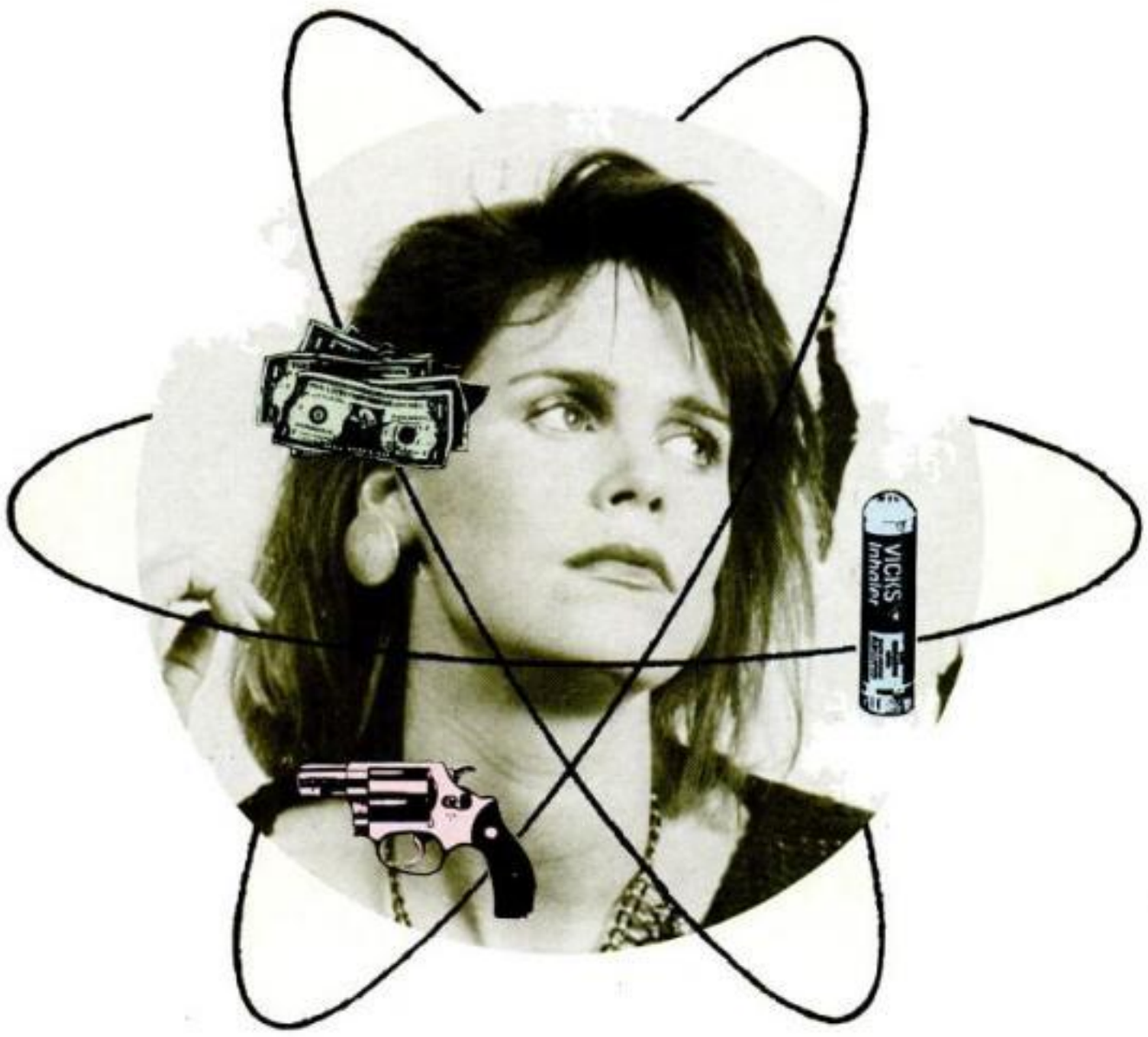


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MILANO! *City of opportunity for naive, pretty Americans pursuing modeling careers and for rich, piggish Italian playboys pursuing naive, pretty American models. Add drugs, drink and* very *late hours, and the potential for sleaze is high indeed, as Terry Broome (naive, pretty American model from South Carolina) discovered when she got mixed up with Francesco D'Alessio (rich, piggish Italian playboy). After one of Italy's most celebrated recent trials, Broome is in an Italian prison, convicted of reducing the world's supply of rich, piggish Italian playboys by one.* ANTONY SHUGAAR *spins this thoroughly seamy, delightfully sordid tale.*



Arrivederci,



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Sleazeball!

At dawn on June 26, 1984, a wealthy Italian racehorse owner and professional gambler named Francesco D'Alessio propositioned his last American model of the night—and of his 40 years of earthly existence. ¶ Early-morning traffic noises from Milan's swank Corso Magenta filtered into the high-ceilinged ground-floor apartment and competed with the melody of a Cat Stevens tape, D'Alessio's own garbled playboy English and the American-girl mumble of his quarry—a beautiful 26-year-old aspiring model from South Carolina named Terry Lynne Broome. ¶ Neither D'Alessio nor Broome was particularly steady of foot or clear of speech that morning. Several lines and a small pile of very pure cocaine were on the living-room table, and a bottle of bourbon dangled from Broome's

right hand. Another American model, who sat slumped in the living room, 21-year-old Laura Marie Rojko, couldn't even tell whether Broome and D'Alessio were speaking to each other in Italian or English. But when the six-foot-three, 208-pound D'Alessio leaned over the five-foot-ten Broome and said, "Want to go to bed?," adding that he could call some friends if "one man wasn't enough" for her, the response was as concise as it was unexpected: Terry Broome dropped the bottle of bourbon and drew a chrome-plated .38-caliber pistol from the pocket of her black Fiorucci jacket, held it at arm's length and fired repeatedly at D'Alessio.

There was a brief tussle for the gun, but as his blood loss weakened him D'Alessio's grip on the pistol loosened. As he fell to the floor Broome stooped over slightly to hold the revolver four inches from his head and fired a final shot into his left temple. The fourth bullet emerged just above his right eye and fell, spent, to the floor. Blood and brains spattered the carpet.

Broome's memory stopped, she said, just before the last shot. "Then I remember being in the living-room area, trying to get all the circuits composed . . . and I had the gun in my hands, and I was just standing there staring at the gun as if it were—trying to *get* where I was, because the girl [Rojko] was on her knees and she was screaming, 'Please don't shoot me. Please don't shoot me,' and I was like 'Oh, God,' you know, 'No, of course not. Of course I won't shoot you.' I was just, like, trying to calm the girl down, because the poor girl, I can imagine that she was frightened to death. . . . I didn't know what had happened, or—so I left, I ran out the door."

Stumbling over D'Alessio's body—and accidentally smearing her white running shoes with blood—Broome left the apartment and, like many an American tourist in Europe, could not immediately figure out how to open the front door. She stood in mute panic, finally found the buzzer and emerged into daylight.

"I was completely numb, I had no idea where I was, I don't know how long I walked. . . ." She remembered seeing a boy sweeping the sidewalk. Then a cabstand. She got into a taxi, wordlessly handed the driver a blue card with the address of her Italian boyfriend's residence, and went home.

Meanwhile, Francesco D'Alessio lay, supine, bleeding from head, chest, back and mouth. He was still alive, though his only vital sign was increasingly shallow breaths. Perhaps a quarter of an hour after the shooting, a portly, silver-haired 40-year-old man in a bathrobe and wire-rim glasses entered the room. Glancing at the body of his friend, houseguest, business partner and companion in innumerable cocaine-fueled romps through Milan's nights, Carlo Cabassi saw that "there was nothing to be done for Francesco," as he later told police.

But there *was* housekeeping to attend to, and, while D'Alessio bled and panted on the floor, Cabassi—owner of the Corso Magenta townhouse, a black Ferrari parked outside, the country estate where D'Alessio and Broome had made each other's unfortunate acquaintance, a game reserve in Tanzania, a share in Riccardo Gay (one of Milan's most successful modeling agencies and a branch of the American Elite agency), and owner and user of a great deal of cocaine—bustled about the apartment, setting things in order. Righting the bottle of whiskey that had dropped from Broome's fingers, Cabassi moved to the table in the living room, where he carefully used a rag to sweep away the cocaine. He then did away with an aluminum-foil packet containing more cocaine, presumably by flushing it down the toilet. Cabassi's lawyers said that he instinctively removed the cocaine to protect the reputation of his dying friend (though Cabassi was later to smear that memory extravagantly during the trial, to the point that D'Alessio's father asked plaintively in court, "Who's on trial here?"). Cabassi's lawyers also claimed he had a sense of the *incongruity* of drugs in the presence of "the awful majesty of impending death. . . ."

The court that tried Cabassi for possession and distribution of cocaine and obstruction of justice was unable to substan-

THE PRINCIPALS

Francesco D'Alessio
Playboy, racehorse owner, gambler, obscene gesturer, corpse

Terry Lynne Broome
Model, second-degree murderess, folk heroine

Carlo Cabassi
Playboy, modeling agent, spontaneous scene-of-the-crime housecleaner

Giorgio Rotti
Playboy, artisan, dangerous driver, manufacturer of what just might be cocaine paraphernalia, Terry Broome's second boyfriend in Milan

Donna Broome
Model; Terry Broome's younger, more successful sister, notorious for willingness to expose breasts for photographers; now working in New York

Laura Marie Rojko
Model present at the murder

Giorgio Santambrogio
Playboy, modeling agent, Donna Broome's boyfriend in Milan

Riccardo Gay
Modeling agent and self-described stay-at-home who nevertheless knows at 7:30 a.m. whom Terry Broome was out with the night before

Claudio Caccia
Playboy, Terry Broome's first boyfriend in Milan

Ben Hecht
Author of well-chosen quote serving as introduction to second part of this article



The night of the murder: Donna and Terry Broome, Rotti at Caffè Roma

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tiate what he was charged with doing next: stealing D'Alessio's work notebook of bets, debts, winnings, odds and the names of bookies and (presumably) of cocaine contacts. Both D'Alessio's father, Carlo, and his widow, an American ex-model named Cheryl Stevens, testified that Francesco was never separated from his notebook, but it was never found.

Finally Cabassi got around to calling an ambulance. Rojko told police that she looked on incredulously while Cabassi and his butler pored through the Yellow Pages for the number of an ambulance service instead of calling 113, the emergency police hotline. D'Alessio died en route to the hospital.



Milan's Finest at the tidied-up scene of the crime

Terry Broome was arrested later that day in Zurich, where she was holed up in the Bahnpost Hotel, just across the street from the local prison.

BEN HECHT WROTE IN 1954, "As a newspaper reporter, I interviewed some 20 women murderers. My memory is that nearly all of them had been urged to their deed by [the] same quality—a genius for being persecuted." If Terry Broome possessed that genius, it unerringly led her to Milan—and straight into the arms of a small and very professional crew of persecutors of women, dubbed *i playboy milanesi*.

The esteem in which these self-adoring playboys are held by their countrymen can be gauged to some extent by the heroine's welcome that Broome received when she was extradited to Milan. In the city's dank and overcrowded municipal prison, hand-lettered streamers reading EVVIVA TERRY!! fluttered from the bars of the cells. The fashion world was abuzz about Terry "Boom Boom" Broome, avenger of the downtrodden and photogenic. One enthusiastic magazine editor proposed arming American models and forming the "Broome Brigades." Armed models! An Italian playboy's nightmare.

But just who—or what—are these playboys? They are the descendants of the great Italian sleazeballs who populated the French and Italian Rivieras of the 1960s—cutting notches in their bedposts, wining and dining Brigitte Bardot and Bardots manquées. The five leading Italian playboys of that era were Franco Rapetti, Rodolfo Parisi, Beppe Piroddi, Gigi Rizzi and Gianfranco Piacentini—though Piacentini would have regarded himself as the only Italian to rank with the Aga Khan and Porfirio Rubirosa. Piacentini, now in his sixties, knew Francesco D'Alessio casually and said, "Naw, there are no playboys anymore. D'Alessio was a naive kid. Real playboys are hard-boiled."

Milan is small enough, or weird enough, to be a hotbed of coincidences, and so we have photographic documentation of the birth of the Milanese modeling business, the second stage in the evolution of playboy culture. The next time you're in Milan and see a box of Perugina Baci chocolates—the ones in the light-blue box—look closely at that *Gone With the Wind*–style couple about to lock in a kiss. The man with the muttonchops is Signor Giorgio Piazzi, a former model who founded the Fashion Model agency back in the late 1960s after he was too old to pose for money.

"The girl was on her knees screaming, 'Please don't shoot me,' and I was like 'Oh, God, no, of course I won't.'"

Riccardo Gay's sister, Lucetta, worked as a booker at Fashion Model in Milan early on, and she reputedly made off with a client list, allowing her brother to set up *his* agency—the Riccardo Gay agency—in around 1970. (Remember the Riccardo Gay agency? Partly owned by Francesco D'Alessio's boon companion, landlord and sometime housekeeper, Carlo Cabassi?) The Fashion Model and Gay agencies pretty much reigned supreme in Milan from then until the early 1980s, when two of Gay's top bookers, Marcella and Beatrice, left to set up their own agencies.

When Beppe Piroddi, one of the playboy pantheon, retired from freelance sleazedom, he founded Milan's Caffè Roma. In the early 1980s it was one of the main hangouts for men over 40 and women under 20 in the giddy whirl of playboys and models. The night of the shooting, Terry Broome and her Italian boyfriend, Giorgio Rotti, had gone to Caffè Roma and run into Francesco D'Alessio. They went on to the Nepentha, another club on the circuit, and again encountered D'Alessio. These clubs—others were the Vogue, Amnesie, Nazionale, Il Banco—were curious places, mainly because of the remarkable gaps in age and beauty between the men and the women.



Rojko at police headquarters

One unexceptional incident can help illuminate the playboy weltanschauung and the atmosphere in these clubs. Several years before the shoot-

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TAKI'S GUIDE TO THE PLAYBOYS OF THE WESTERN WORLD

	ITALIANS	FRENCH	SOUTH AMERICANS	ENGLISH
Age Range	30–45	40–50	20–65	35
Height	5'9"	5'8"	5'1" to 6'	5'11"
Specimens	Beppe Piroddi, Paolo Rassallo, Gigi Rizzi, Roberto Rossellini	"Arky" Busson, Jean-Nöel Grinda, Philippe Junot, Eric Rothschild, Thierry Roussel	Pedro Aguinaga, Luis Basualdo, Jorge Guingle, Roberto Scarpa, Antenor Mayrink Veiga	Andrew Bossom, Dai Llewellyn, Michael Pearson, Sebastian Taylor
Working Tools	Fast motorboats (called Maltese Magnums)—and cocaine	Active, snakelike tongue—and cocaine	Fast polo ponies—and cocaine	Upper-class accent—and cocaine
Background	Trastevere hustling and construction	Pharmaceuticals, construction and invented nobility	Polo grooms and cocaine planters	Eton, Harrow, Winchester (except Taylor)
Modus Operandi	Inordinate obsession with chambermaids	Tendency to paw only women with important names (they become playboys in order to marry money)	If retired, selling list of rich American and European women to younger playboys	Upper-class accent—and cocaine
Career Goals	Farmhouse in Tuscany, sailboat in Sardinia, penthouse in New York and a personal cocaine dealer	Large and verdant Greek island, Boeing 727, apartment on avenue Foch	An estancia within 100 miles of Buenos Aires; a house on Lake Worth, Florida (with helicopter pad); and a membership in the Brook Club in New York	To become one of the 25 dukes
Favorite Toys	Ferraris and Maltese Magnums	Lear jets and private Greek islands	Stately homes in England and Palm Beach	Purdey guns, Range Rover and an upper-class accent
Favorite Book	Ford model book	*The Story of O*	*The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*	*Debrett's Peerage*
Whom They Despise	The Swiss	The poor	Other men	The Italians, the French, South Americans and, of course, the Americans
Whom They Envy	The Spanish	The English	The Italians	The sexual prowess of the Italians, the French, the South Americans and, of course, the Americans
What They Have Never Done	Fought; worked	Been polite, except in the presence of money; worked	Pronounced the word *circumlocution* correctly; worked	Made love like the Italians, the French, the South Americans or, of course, the Americans; worked
Attitude Toward Art	Like it, as long as they can sell it	Like it, as long as it's French	Have none	If it's their own, general disdain (unless Sotheby's is interested in it)
Heroine	Rowena Riggs Powell, the sexagenarian New Jerseyan who posed as Christina Onassis	Christina Onassis	Margaret Thatcher	The Queen Mother
Hero	Gianni Agnelli	Gunter Sachs	Porfirio Rubirosa	Any of the 25 dukes
Favorite Game	Chemin de fer	Horse racing	Poker	Riding, fishing, shooting
How They Avoid Getting Killed	By not offering cocaine to over-the-hill models	By speedily giving in to terrorist demands	By moving to England	By practicing safe sex with old school friends
How Most of Them End Up	Broke, with a nice young woman from the wrong side of the tracks; also, with a deviated septum	Rich (from previous marriages), with a middle-aged, middle-class woman; tend to run to fat rather quickly	On the run from the law or in an automobile accident in homeland	In self-imposed exile in "Chiantishire" (Tuscany); with gout

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ing, Carlo Cabassi walked into Il Banco—the least exclusive of the fashion hangouts—with a tall and very showy blond on his arm. A young, handicapped man who was often at the bar said, sarcastically and audibly, "Some things are reserved for those with money," clearly referring to Cabassi, who is neither tall nor blond nor showy. Cabassi's response was to smack the man around and toss him into the Via Pontaccio.

Perhaps the hair-trigger reactions of these model-tycoons can be attributed in part to the substances they use—Giorgio Santambrogio, the boyfriend of Terry Broome's sister, Donna, was arrested last fall at Milan's Linate Airport with several grams of cocaine. Chronic cocaine use may help explain why these people tend to be so territorial about their women and go into full-fledged feeding frenzies around models—especially American ones.

Almost all the models interviewed about the murder recalled the odd experience of finding phone messages from total strangers at the hotel reception their first morning in Milan. One aspiring playboy was known for greeting incoming flights with an empty suitcase to look the part as he mingled with passengers, offering them rides into town.

The competition for the girls from Mobile and Stockton and Duluth is intense. Giuseppe Della Schiava, the 50-year-old owner of Italian *Bazaar* and *Cosmopolitan*, has worked with Carol Alt, Iman, Brooke Shields and many other big-name models. "No," he said, "I have never sent bunches of roses to models—I know they receive lots of roses." Not long ago Della Schiava, accompanied by his two dachshunds, walked past several dozen models on a balcony. Carrying his portable telephone and using the handset as a swagger stick, he indicated which models would be used in a photo shoot. "You, yes; you, no; you, no; you, yes . . ." Della Schiava laughed when he was asked to confirm the details of the scene. "Waving my telephone? Never. Now, a whip, maybe . . ."

Models talk about the pressure to attend agency parties and dinners. One British model who turned down three invitations until her agency indicated she "had better attend" said, "I remember one of the playboys sitting next to me. I had never seen a 45-year-old man act like that before. I mean, he could have been my father, and he was talking baby talk to this poor girl. He looked like a fat James Caan." She laughed and added, "Now I guess they'll all be looking in the mirror, wondering if they look like James Caan."

Jo Champa, an American-born, Rome-bred model turned actress, said, "I didn't exactly love Milan. It got so I wouldn't even answer the phone at night. Once, after an agency party, I did answer, and there was one of the agency playboys going, 'I really like you. . . . I want to see you again. . . . I can't wait. . . . I want to see you *right now*.' I was disgusted. These aren't healthy people."

Healthy they're not, but wealthy they often are, and they're pals of the owners of the agencies as well—when they're not the owners themselves.

RICCARDO GAY SAID UNder oath during Terry Broome's trial, "I don't go out at night, I need my sleep," but when Carlo Cabassi made his early-morning phone calls to find out who had shot his pal, one of the first people he called was Gay, who told him—at 7:30 a.m.—whom Terry Broome had been out with that night, and where. Broome and Giorgio Rotti hadn't even set foot outdoors until well after midnight—when Gay was supposed to be long since tucked in.

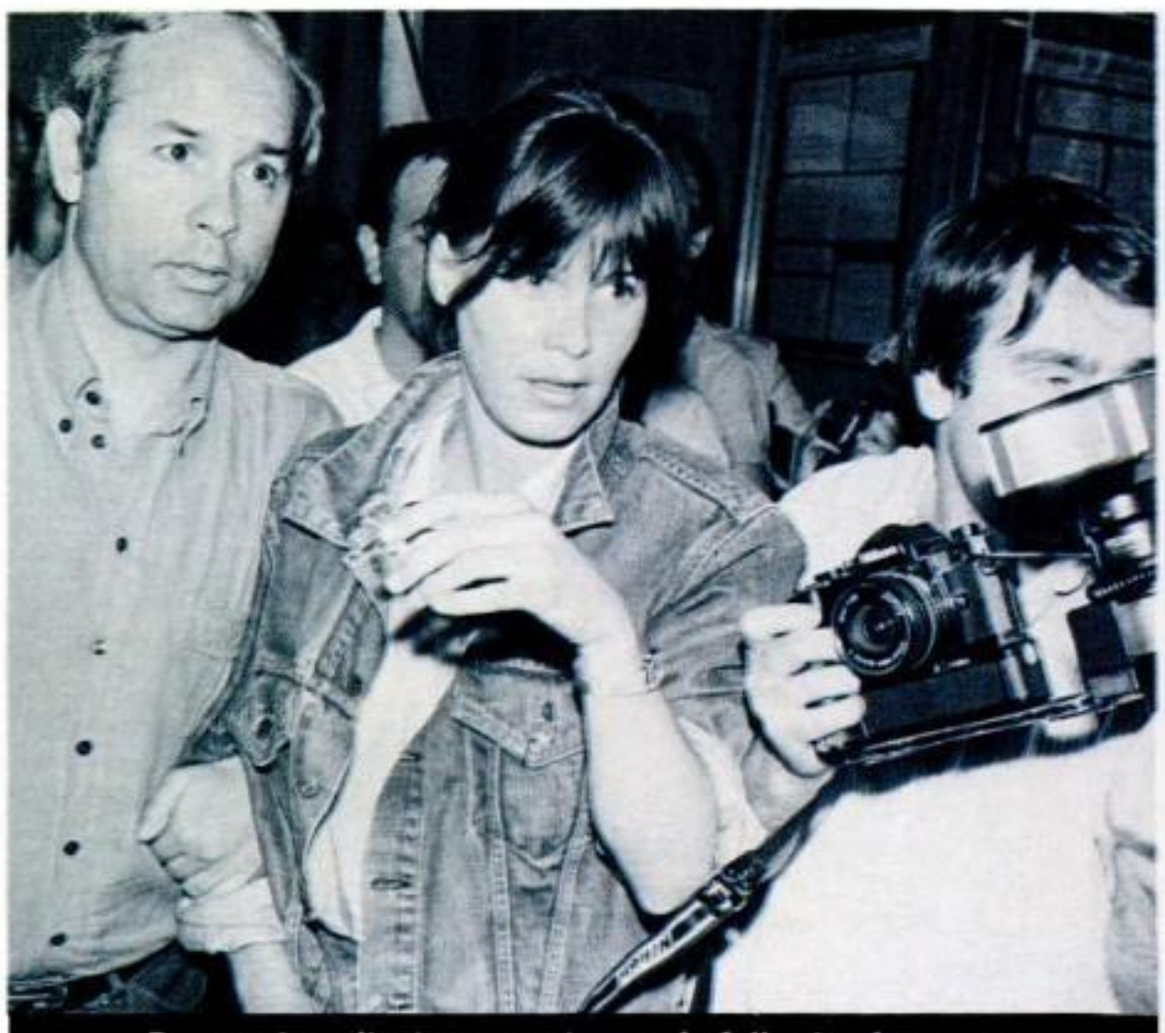
That same night, Cabassi had invited Laura Marie Rojko home from an agency dinner. Rojko left Cabassi's in a dudgeon after he made "extreme advances." On her way out she met D'Alessio, who *also* made advances, she said later, although "less extreme ones." And so she accepted his hospitality for a while—for the rest of his life, as it turned out.

A few months before the shooting, the Italian publisher Longanesi brought out a low-rent docunovel titled *Sotto il vestito niente* (*Under Her Clothing, Nothing*), about sex, drugs, models, the Mafia and death in the Milanese fashion world. The cover bore a photograph of an American model named Donna Broome, Terry's younger and far more successful sister.

After the shooting, Donna was touted by the Italian press as a top model—not quite accu-



D'Alessio's father identifies the body.



Broome in police/paparazzi custody following her arrest

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The Concorde to London was packed but I immediately spotted the tall man with the John Weitz luggage, and the smashing blonde. He was Arko, their most dangerous

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rately. After the shooting, in fact, Donna stopped working for a few years—"I think my last name kind of scared bookers," she said—and put on a considerable amount of weight. In 1986 she went off to New York to work for a fat-models agency called Big Beauties. If she was successful in Italy before the shooting, it was because of her real modeling ability, the fact that she photographed well, her notorious willingness (it was said) to take off her shirt for the camera, and the pull of her playboy boyfriend, Giorgio Santambrogio, 40, part-owner of



Broome, handcuffed, with a *carabiniere*

Fashion Model. It was Donna who sent Terry a plane ticket to Milan, and it was Donna's idea to launch her elder sister, then living with their family in South Carolina, in modeling. Behind her, Terry left an eight-year cocaine habit, a penchant for heavy drinking, a short-lived marriage, a gang rape at age 16, a brief stay in Bellevue's psychiatric ward, a little-used and long-expired modeling contract with Ford Models and an adolescence dominated by a brutal, boozy Air Force sergeant father.

Santambrogio later told police that initially he had been against Terry's trip to Milan in the spring of 1984 because of the difficulties involved in "getting her situated" in the Italian fashion capital. He was relieved when, shortly after her arrival, Terry established a relationship with one of Santambrogio's friends, Claudio Caccia, 37, thus excusing Santambrogio from a solo role as feeder and caretaker.

Love, however, was not destined to survive a fit of drunken, hysterical biting and scratching that came over Terry one evening and much of the ensuing night. To Santambrogio's—and Caccia's—relief, an overweight understudy who could take Broome off their hands was waiting in the wings: Giorgio Rotti. Rotti made up for his appearance with a Mercedes equipped with a cellular telephone; a large apartment at the flagship model-and-playboy hotel, the Principessa Clotilde; and large quantities of very fine cocaine. Guests at his parties recalled a Heineken can brimming with white powder. Broome remembered a counterfeit Vicks inhaler likewise used as a cocaine repository. She told police that Rotti often sniffed while driving, steering with his right knee; he admitted using his knee to steer but said that it was only so that he could use his car telephone.

Rotti branched out from the family business ("I'm not a jeweler—I am an *artisan*") by setting up an atelier for the manufacture of what just might be cocaine accessories—vials, gold spoons and necklaces with sniffing tubes. He may have missed his true calling: revealing a talent as an unwitting comic, Rotti, during an interview, once pointed to a gold tube and cried, "This isn't for cocaine! You can't put cocaine in that! It isn't closed at the ends. It would fall out!"



Handsome and swanky Rotti—note attractive zipper pockets

Asked about a glass-and-gold vial from his workshop, he shrugged: "Sure. If people want, they *could* put coke in it. It's not up to me. They could put strychnine in it too."

ON THAT HOT JUNE NIGHT in Milan four years ago, Terry Broome sat up late working on crosswords, snorting cocaine and drinking. She felt tense and nervous, and relaxing was out of the question. Her late-in-life career (26 is old for modeling) was going nowhere fast; somebody was spreading vile rumors about her sexual proclivities; and her fat, rich Italian boyfriend had just demanded the return of his engagement ring and gold necklace and trundled off to bed.

A few days before she killed D'Alessio, Broome posed for test shots with no-longer-fashionable fashion photographer Guido Cegani, a close friend of Giorgio Rotti's. Broome recalled the loopy session: "Giorgio was giving me lots of coke, and Guido was giving me white wine to try to relax me. I was really wound up."

By 5:00 on the morning of the murder, the weekend's five grams of cocaine were used up, the bottle of wine was empty, the crossword puzzles were still all impenetrably British, and Terry Broome was pacing like a caged cat.

She found a few battery-operated video games but soon tired of them. As she recalled, "They were little kiddie electronic games. When I was living in New York, I had had more professional sorts of

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Keep New York City Clean.



CHARIVARI

What is expected of New York is the unexpected.

Byblos Washed Silks, Spring 1988

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games for bigger kids, so I started looking in his [Rotti's] closet where he keeps a lot of games. And I saw a jacket. First I checked the jacket, because that is where he keeps his cocaine. And bingo, he had another vial of cocaine. And I kept searching, and felt plastic, and kept looking, and felt *something* and I felt it and I picked it up, and I didn't even have to pick it up—heavy, and it was hard and steel. And I put it back down. And I knew it was a gun."

She also thought she knew who had been spreading those stories about her—Francesco D'Alessio. And somehow the gun made her think of him.



In court, Broome behind bars . . .

What did Broome think of when she thought of D'Alessio? "Well, um, Europeans are very sneaky, and say things behind your back. Maybe what caught my attention about Francesco was that he was—um—a bit blunt."

A bit blunt. The first time she'd met D'Alessio, in the grand billiard room of a country villa just two months earlier, he'd walked up to her, suggested they have sex and, opening his fly, extracted his erect penis and begun manipulating it vigorously. Broome had left the room and told his friends, assembled in another room, that "Francesco was really sick." They told her not to worry about what a district attorney later called D'Alessio's "none-too-urbane gestures."

Later that same evening, Broome—fairly bloated with wine, food and cocaine—had gone to bed with two men: Carlo Cabassi and Claudio Caccia. D'Alessio had tried to join in on the festivities with such insistence that he had to be restrained in another room. Early the next day, he tried to lay claim to some manorial jus primae noctis of the morning after but was again rebuffed.

A bizarre, Burroughsesque courtship ensued; instead of billing and cooing, there was grabbing and yanking. Each time Broome encountered D'Alessio over the following two months—by her count, some two dozen occasions—she says, he feigned ostentatious and enthusiastic masturbation, fly closed but both hands working. Friends and acquaintances of D'Alessio's, when queried, confirmed this behavior or simply rolled their eyes. "Well," said Caccia, "Francesco sure did grab his crotch a lot." Francesco's father insisted that it was only the tic of a semipro tennis player, and he produced four embarrassed witnesses who testified to that effect in court.

A bizarre, Burroughsesque courtship ensued; instead of billing and cooing, there was grabbing and yanking

D'Alessio also began a vicious whispering campaign about a six-man, one-woman orgy at the villa; he added, for good measure, references to supposed lesbian experiences in Broome's past. Broome later said that she sensed and feared some barely concealed violence in D'Alessio that reminded her of her teenage gang rape—"a sort of low growl in the back of his throat."

So Broome thought of D'Alessio and his blunt manners, took the revolver down from its hiding place in the closet and peered down the barrel to make sure it was loaded.



. . . Carlo Cabassi and a more decorous Rotti in front of them

She then telephoned him and, using a false name, invited herself over. Putting the pistol into a beige plastic purse and the vial of cocaine—disguised as a Vicks inhaler—into her pocket, she jotted down D'Alessio's address on a scrap of paper.

In her addled state she took a cab to the wrong address—No. 48 on Milan's elegant Corso Magenta instead of No. 84—and, after realizing her mistake, hobbled 400 yards (she had a sprained ankle) to her destination. En route she stopped to sniff cocaine in a phone booth next to Bramante's Santa Maria delle Grazie. Farther along, perhaps at the Fizz Bar, she tensed as a police car sailed by.

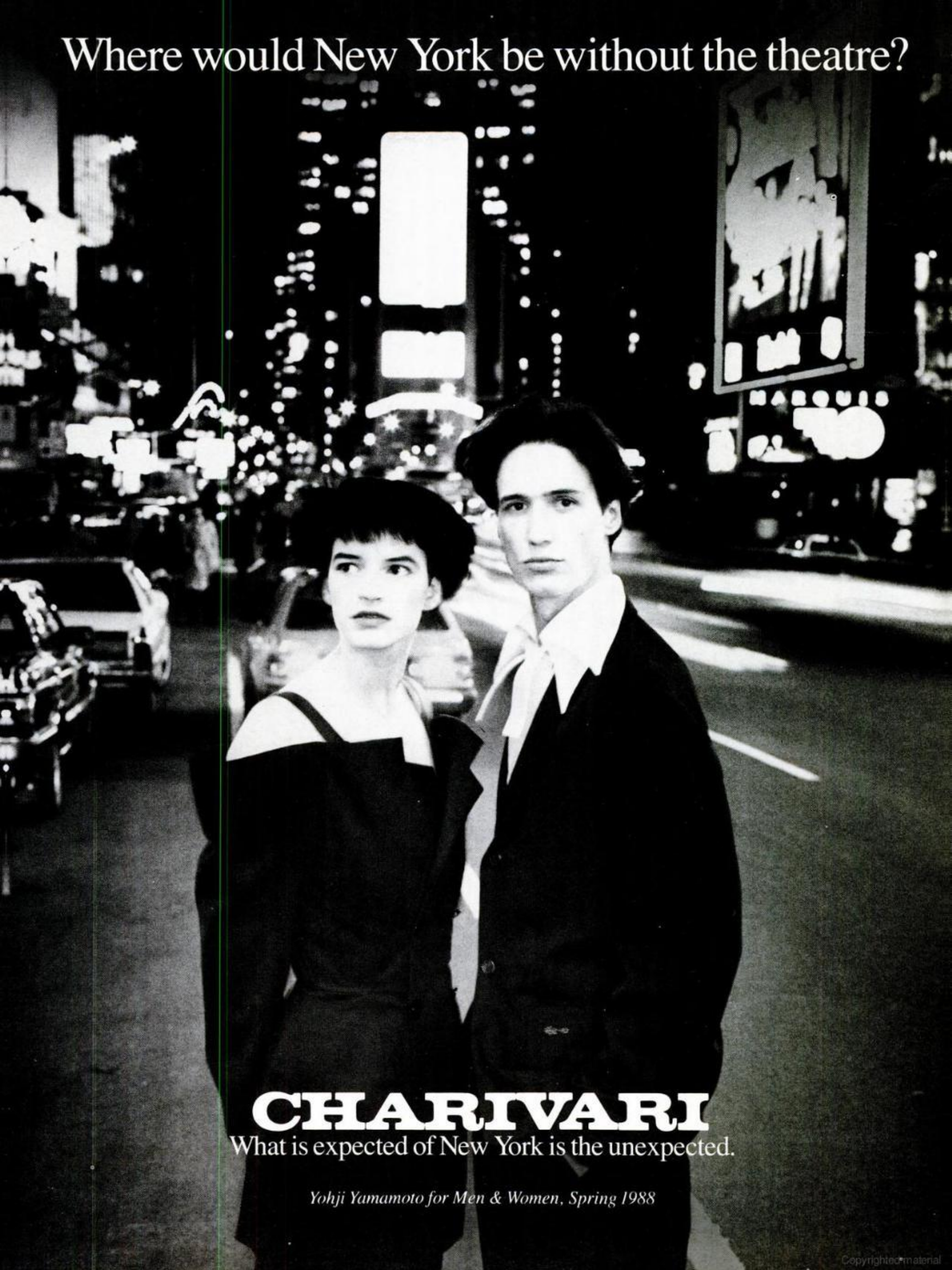
At No. 84—an imposing red-brick structure with elaborate terra-cotta window frames—she pressed the buzzer and announced herself as Diana, the name she had given over the phone. She was buzzed inside by D'Alessio, who said he'd been expecting *her*, after all. He then introduced her to Laura Marie Rojko, who sat, somewhat drunk, in the living room.

Broome asked to use the bathroom, snorted yet more coke, emerged and began to argue with D'Alessio. Going to the kitchen, she transferred the pistol from the plastic purse to the pocket of her jacket. By now D'Alessio was standing, alone, in the bedroom. As Broome entered the room, D'Alessio suggested, with his special gift for the inappropriate comment, that they have sex—adding, as we know, that he could call some friends if "one man wasn't enough for her."

She thereupon took out the five-shot Smith & Wesson Chief Special, held it at arm's length with both hands and fired the first two shots. One

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Where would New York be without the theatre?



CHARIVARI

What is expected of New York is the unexpected.

Yohji Yamamoto for Men & Women, Spring 1988

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bullet hit the bedroom wall, but the second ripped through D'Alessio's chest and left lung. Powder burns on his shirt indicate that the revolver was less than an inch from his chest; the angle suggests that D'Alessio was moving toward the gun rapidly, leaning forward, when he was hit. A defense lawyer suggested that D'Alessio, a compulsive gambler, thought he could wrest the pistol from Broome's hand, adding that "he lost the last, desperate gamble of his life."

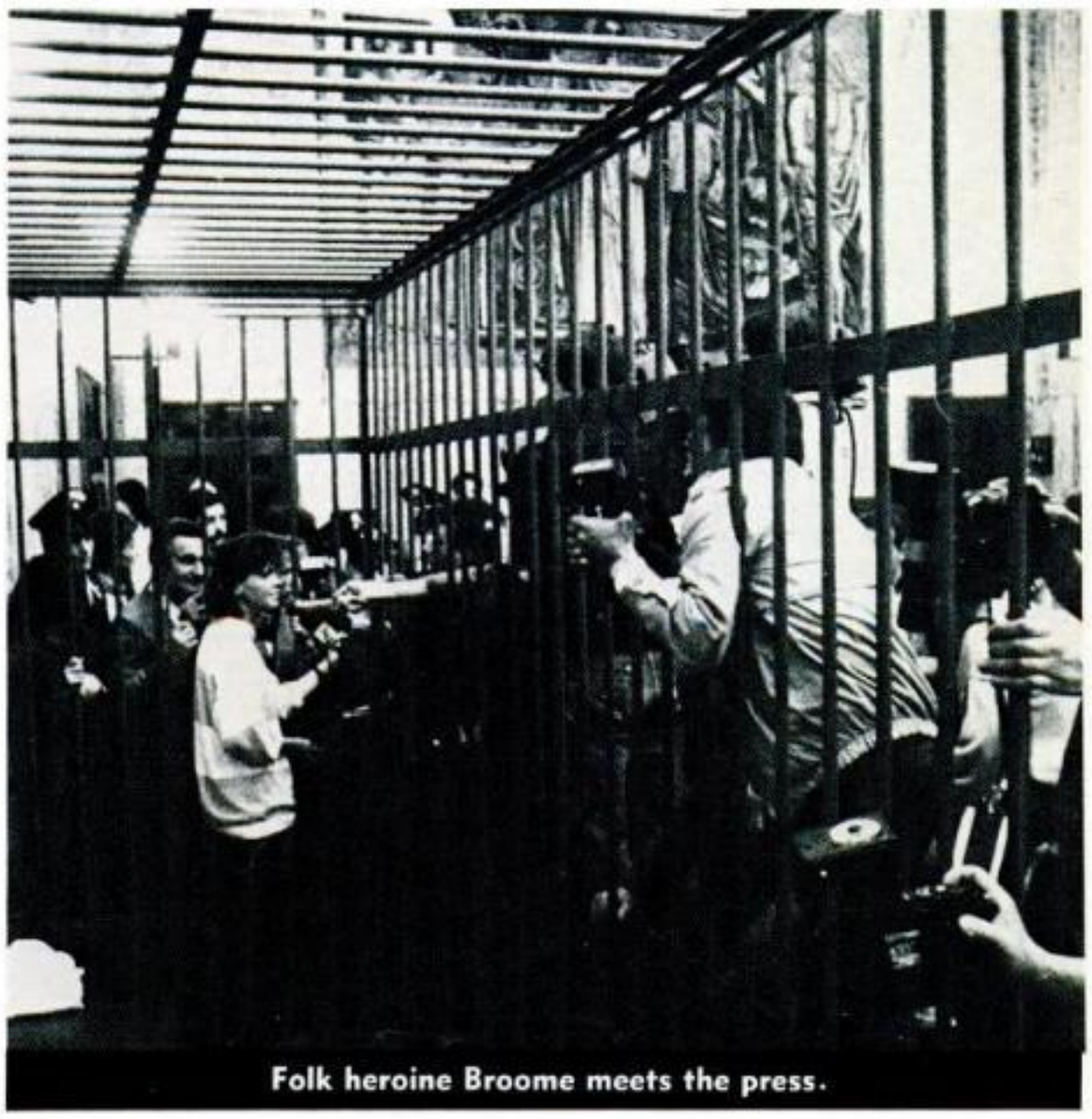
TERRY BROOME, THOUGH, won the heart of the man in the Milanese street. When she came to trial, Milan's *New York Post* equivalent, *La Notte,* ran a red-and-black banner headline proclaiming her innocence. Her defense lawyer's summation was met with such rollicking applause from the gallery that the judge threatened to clear the court.

When the prosecutor finished his summation in Broome's first trial and her translator—leaning against the steel bars of the courtroom cage—explained that he had requested a sentence of just 14 years, a smile broke across her face. "That's wonderful!" she exclaimed.

Terry Broome was found guilty of second-degree murder (the verdict thus assumed no premeditation) in June 1987 and sentenced to 14 years in prison. An appeals court reduced her already rather lenient sentence to 12½ years—a record low for murder in Italian judicial history, tantamount to a handshake and a certificate of appreciation.

Carlo Cabassi was acquitted of obstruction of justice and theft and was given a suspended sentence of 21 months for possession of cocaine.

Giorgio Rotti—Broome's sleepy ex-boyfriend—was found guilty of aiding and abetting, obstruction of justice, and possession and distribution of cocaine and was sentenced to 22 months, also suspended.



Folk heroine Broome meets the press.

The court was clearly pulling its punches (or handslaps), perhaps in part because the defendants—with the exception of Broome—were rich and influential. Cabassi is the kid brother of Giuseppe Cabassi, one of Italy's most powerful financiers and, at the time, owner of La Rinascente, a chain of department stores. Rotti is heir to a thriving jewelry firm that specializes in providing rich women with high-quality copies of heavily insured originals too valuable to be worn in public.

AS ACTRESS JO CHAMPA recalled, "Um, I think that after the shooting the models were pretty much left alone for a year or so."

But it has been more than three years since Broome shot D'Alessio. As another American model puts it, "the playboys are on the warpath again."

"After the shooting the models were pretty much left alone for a year or so."

And their path runs right through the reserved-seating area of a new Euro-goofy Milan night spot—the Rock Star Cafe. A shameless clone of the Hard Rock Cafe right down to the menu, the place is owned by Peppo Vannini, former part-owner of New York's Xenon. The Rock Star Cafe has the same male-to-female age and beauty ratios as the Caffè Roma had at its most feverish.

Daniela Morera, the surely very busy "Milan correspondent" for *Interview* and the wife of one of Milan's more visible playboys (Fabio Belotti, a manufacturer in the designer-apparel industry), insists that the Rock Star Cafe is not an incarnation of the Caffè Roma. "There are so many *exciting* young people—all Americans and *young* Milanese. It's all absolutely *new*—there are *none* of the people from Caffè Roma—this is a new scene." But then, Morera has a certain quasi-proprietary interest in the place. "I introduced Peppo to the investors who put up the money," she admits proudly. And models? "Oh, yes—me, my husband and my friends often take out new arrivals. . . ."

Peppo Vannini, his enormous belly barely contained by a blue Izod shirt, sings the glories of his new club. "We had Egon von Furstenberg here the other night, and at the inaugural party the guest of honor was Carmen D'Alessio [no relation] of Club 54." How *marvelous*, Peppo (although wasn't it called *Studio* 54?). And how about the crowd from Caffè Roma? Vannini's eyes dart about a little, and then he smiles. "All the same people. Every last one of them."



Happy at last: Broome in prison

Aside from a brief period of fear in Milan—*Armed models! Playboy, don't let the sun set on you here!*—the party never stopped. The weekends in Carlo Cabassi's country villa go on, the cocaine still pours freely, and dumb young models are still arriving, a dozen at a time, still desperate to make it in Milan. ◗

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Filofax madness



Living Life by the Book

CLEARLY THE UNIVERSE IS AN ORGANIZED PLACE. Thanks to organization, atoms form molecules, which in turn constitute chairs, tables and floors—the miracle of solidity. Gravity, organization on a cosmic scale, allows us to *use* chairs, tables and floors. In fact, it's organization that makes us *us*—and keeps us from drifting through some timeless, spaceless void like a bunch of pre–Big Bang losers. ✓ Still, that's hardly reason to get fetishistic about it. And yet the devotees of personal planning systems like Filofax and its ilk do. They're always jotting, jotting, jotting, seemingly intent on committing to paper every facet of their existence and systematically cramming it all between the covers of their bulging "planners." Filofaxes, like Tony Lama boots, come bound in calf, ostrich, lizard and shark. They're supple, pleasant to heft. They hold credit cards and condoms. They have six rings, color-coded paper, foldout maps, special leather-care polish. ➳→

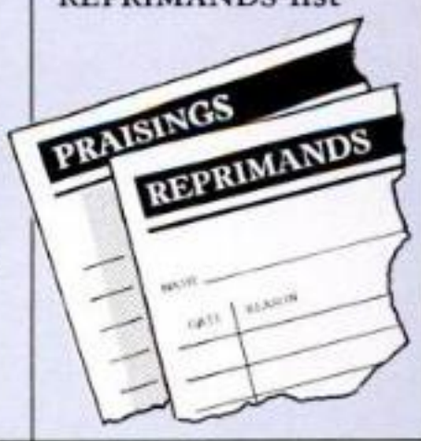
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Here's Control-A to Control-Z

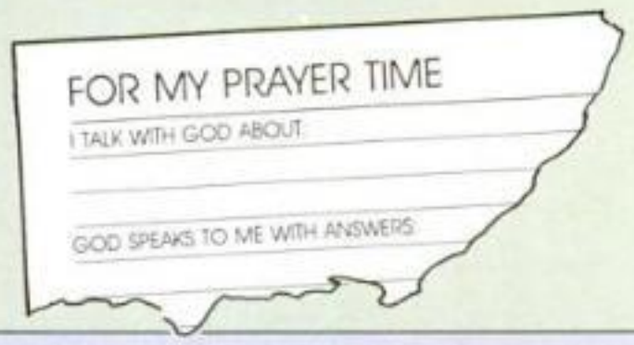
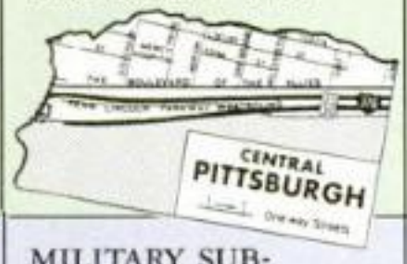
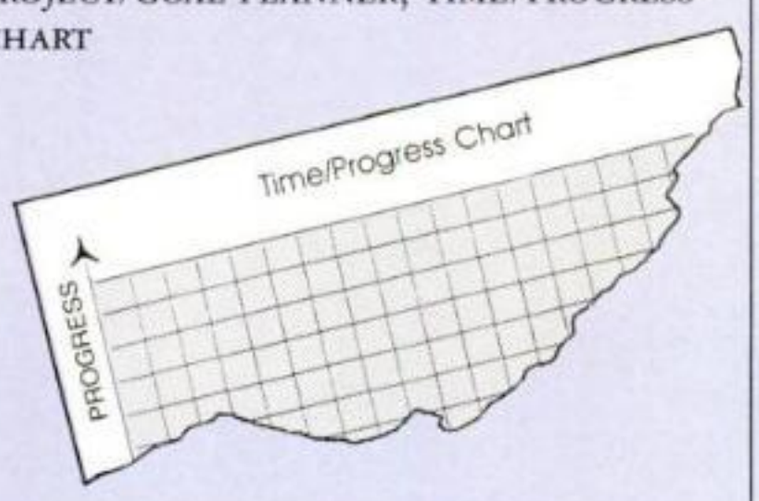
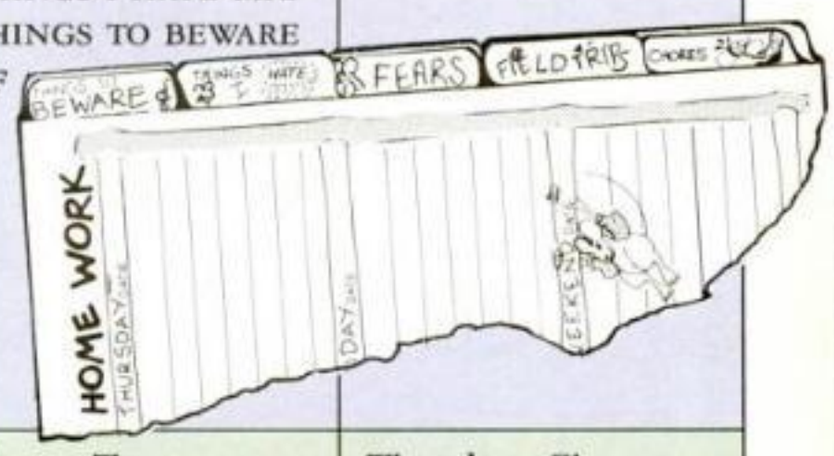
They're tucked pertly in the purses of Reeboked career girls on Park Avenue, brandished smarmily by Vuarneted agents in L.A., gripped manfully by Robert Halled Sears execs in Chicago. We hear that Prince Charles gives them as gifts, as do Eileen Ford and Steven Spielberg. They must be newsworthy; vital. So *New York Woman*, a newsworthy and vital publication, devotes a regular column to them: The Filofax File.

Glorified date book and low-tech PC all in one, Filofax currently has more than a dozen competitors, all of which more or less promise, as Day-Timers does, to empower you to "act with a clarity of purpose you never thought possible.... You'll be able to master time instead of time mastering you." Why be a mere puppet to the fourth dimension when you can be a puppet to a three-pound planner? Day Runner, a particularly aggressive brand, plans to get an early grip on potentially lifelong customers by introducing the Play Runner, a planner for children—*children*—that shows the ulcer victims of tomorrow how to "make time for schoolwork, fun, plans and friends"—as if 12-year-olds didn't organize their lives around *Gilligan's Island* reruns. And for teenagers, Virgin, the English company that already sells records and runs an airline, has just introduced the Pop Fax, which lists rock stars' birthdays and keeps a discography of Queen at pubescent fingertips.

Yes, users say, a planner can make your life easier to manage, although why a $260 Filofax is proportionately more equipped for the task than a $12 appointment book is unclear. "Well, uh...well, it's got this leather cover," notes one testy Filofax owner. She swears (as do many others) that it was a gift. ▸

	LEFAX (Oval model, in lizard)	POCKET DAY-TIMER
Price	$425	$17
Weight	13 oz.	9 oz.
Texture of cover	Sleek and lizardy	Greasy vinyl
Object the cover might otherwise be	Ivan Boesky's loafers	Buick upholstery
More or less genuinely useful features	Manhattan street plan–subway–districts map; world map; travel-expenses sheets	"5-in-1" design: every page has an appointment book, project planner, "tickler reminder," work diary and expense reminder
Loopiest features and accessories	Storyboard sheet; genealogical chart; HEADS-OF-STATE list; FRENCH SAINTS' DAYS; FOOD ADDITIVES list; *New York Woman*'s Guide to Getting Out	*Win*, "the Day-Timer magazine of achievement through self-management"; world holiday self-stick labels
Most insanely neurotic accessories	MENSTRUAL CALENDAR 	Six-year planning pages; PRAISINGS/REPRIMANDS list 
Planner personality	Catherine Deneuve	Tony Randall
Why its user most wants it	Can't remember first names of maître d's	Thinks it will increase chances of being promoted to senior assistant financial planner
How user justifies the planner to friends	"Alors! *More time for shopping!*"	*"Jack over in Accounting recommended it"*
Self-description	"Lefax is ... serious ... a functional working tool ... designed to answer to the individual, to changing needs over the long term"	"Eliminate 'schedule overload' and free your mind for the projects that matter most"

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EXECTIME (Rio de USA)	**STUFF** (I.D/ Design)	**FILOFAX**	**DAY RUNNER** (Harper House)	**PLAY RUNNER** (Harper House)	**LOOSE-LEAF**
$48	$39	$160	$49	$18	$5
15 oz.	11 oz.	1 lb.	Equivalent to a small child	13 oz.	2½ lbs.
Faux crocodile	Industrial rubber	Cozy and supple	Spongy synthetic	Shiny and vinyly	Nubbly
Imelda Marcos's party shoes	Snow tires	A saddle	A vinyl car roof	A beach ball	Blue jeans
International-dialing codes; commonly used toll-free numbers; mortgage rates	Calendar; address book	Computer stationery; two-part carbonless memo sheet; coin purse	Page-marking TODAY ruler; emergency-phone-call coin slot	Rainbow pencil; instruction manual/ coloring book featuring Winston and Butler, perky talking mice	Manila pockets, bind-in ruler, pencil case; class schedule on inside cover 
Exectime and Stuff share The Preference Collection of Inserts: BABY SITTER NOTES; MEAL PLANNER; SPIRITUAL PLANNER 		BIRD-WATCHER'S CHECKLIST; PLANT-HARDINESS ZONE MAP; PITTSBURGH/ CLEVELAND MAP 	Separate index tabs for LEISURE, PLEASURE and SOCIAL; CLASSIFIED-SOURCES page; the MEMO-RY™ section for "items on standby"; toll-free user hotline	Personal-facts page with a space for thumbprints	Webster's three-hole-punched dictionary
PROJECT/GOAL PLANNER; TIME/PROGRESS CHART 		MILITARY SUB-UNIT PERSONNEL QUALIFICATIONS; HOME ENTERTAINING (including guest list, drink preferences, what the hostess wore, seating chart)	OBJECTIVE section, divided into Career, Future and Self, with a place to note "Benefits and Obstacles" 	Index tabs for FEARS, ALLERGIES, THINGS I HATE and THINGS TO BEWARE OF 	None
Baba Ram Dass	Joan Jett	Ralph Lauren	Donald Trump	Donny Trump	Theodore Cleaver
Tired of being late for therapy sessions	Thinks it looks bitchin'	To have an excuse to buy the special Filofax leather-care polish	Because of the authoritative *thud* it makes when tossed onto a table	Thinks it will facilitate admission to Harvard's class of 2004	Cover is perfect for in-class doodling of WWII aircraft and tanks
"The sixties are over"	*"It looks bitchin'"*	*"Oh, you know. . . . It was a gift from the Prince of Wales"*	*"It helps me be me"*	Has no friends	*"Hey, Whitey, check out these Panzers"*
"The Time Mastery System"	"The combination of design engineering and hi-tech materials creates a product that is both user friendly and highly functional"	"A system for personal organization that can be tailored to fit individual needs"	"Day Runner becomes your portable office, your action planner, your total life management system"	"Play Runner users . . . have fun while learning calendar and telephone book skills, as well as idea organization, for the first time"	"Back to school bargain"

—Tad Friend

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It makes sense that the Filofax craze followed on the heels of the cocaine craze: both appeal to the ambitious young, both are expensive, both can be carried discreetly, both give the user an illusion of control. The point is, the Filofax way of life goes far beyond simple utilitarianism. Intent on carrying around the equivalent of a personalized encyclopedia–cum–glove compartment, the Filofax user demands instantaneous access to restaurant lists, libel law, photo exposure records, wine-tasting notes, planting times, seating charts and much, much more. What was once ephemera—what could have been happily ditched in file cabinets, shoe boxes or the deepest reaches of jacket pockets—has become increasingly essential. As opposed to the homeless people who push around teetering, piled-up shopping carts containing every shred of their sad existences, planner-obsessives carry their whole lives around in ostrich-skin binders—*voluntarily*. One hears these formerly adultlike people fretting that the loss of their "book" would be tantamount to death (note again the triumph of natural design: tucked away inside the trusty head, the brain, nature's Filofax, remains safe from being inadvertently left in a taxi). This is a very real fear: faster than you can say "bad comedy plot device," it would be possible to assume the identity of an overstuffed planner's former owner. Or to send him or her up the river: after gunning down his ex-girlfriend in front of thousands

How Do the Contras Stay on Schedule?

A Troubleshooter's Guide to the News

CONTRAS

Organizational Problem: keeping track of money flow from Swiss bank accounts

Contra Spokeswoman Marta Sacasa's Explanation of Organizational Principle Employed: "I don't think the contras use Filofax. They're too expensive"

Solution: Congress has authorized $8.1-million in nonlethal aid to the contras—enough for 50,625 nonlethal Filofaxes

WOLLMAN RINK

Pre-Trump Organizational Problem: keeping track of city subcontracting loyalties; fishing bulldozers out of nearby streams

Parks Department Spokesperson's Explanation: "We don't use any Filofax system. We rely on daily reports from our contractors"

Solution: get a Filofax or, failing that, a pushy Queens-born casino operator

GORBY'S VISIT TO WASHINGTON

Organizational Problem: according to Wing Pepper, a member of the White House advance team, "I've found in dealing with [Party members] that you set all this stuff up and plan it up to the last minute and then it all caves in, and they kind of do what they want anyway.... They think all the organization is silly"

State Department Assistant Chief of Protocol Bunny Murdock's Explanation: "I didn't have a Filofax. I do my own indexing. I use a three-ring, loose-leaf binder, and I do my own tabs and my own separations"

Solution: have the U.S. Government Printing Office create reproduction Filofaxes; issue to all civil servants except those named Bunny and Wing

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL

Organizational Problem: in 1987 an estimated 1,060 reported near midair collisions and 20 actual in-flight collisions

FAA Newschief John Leyden's Explanation: "I don't think [air traffic controllers] use Filofax. They have FAA manuals, but their situation is so dynamic that it's not a job you can plan day to day or even hour to hour, like an executive's job"

Solution: get a Filofax with plenty of special HALF HOUR APPOINTMENTS pages

CITYSPIRE, AN UGLY NEW CONDOMINIUM TOWER

Organizational Problem: keeping track of pesky zoning regulations so developer Bruce Eichner doesn't end up building a tower eleven feet higher than the city allows and being forced to tear it down

An Eichner Properties Assistant's Explanation: "His assistant handles everything for him. He really doesn't have the time to look into minor details"

Solution: get a Filofax

BIG PAUL CASTELLANO'S RUBOUT AT SPARKS STEAK HOUSE

Organizational Problem: keeping track of slippery capos—who's loyal, who's not—without leaving a paper trail

Assistant U.S. Attorney's Explanation: the Mafia doesn't rely on "corporate minutes and organization charts—all of this is exclusively oral. You won't find memos from the boss saying, 'We should be extorting more money next week'"

Solution: get a Filofax with special "erasable-marker memos" —*Rachel Urquhart*

A SPY TIME LINE: KEY MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF GETTING ORGANIZED

by Jamie Malanowski



300,000 B.C.: *Man discovers the sun. Its rising told him when to wake; its setting told him when to sleep. The sun was joined by hunger pangs (time to eat), the moon (time for fertility rites) and beasts (time to sharpen the spears) as early organizational aids.*

3500 B.C.: *The gnomon, a primitive sundial consisting of a stick and its shadow, appears in Egypt. Built-in limitations—no snooze button—eventually rendered it obsolete.*



2697 B.C.: *Writing with one's finger (dipped in blood or plant juice) goes out of style, as pens are invented. The earliest were reeds dipped in carbon soot mixed with lamp oil containing gelatin of donkey skin. Like word processing, the new technology took a while to learn, and many older scribes refused.*

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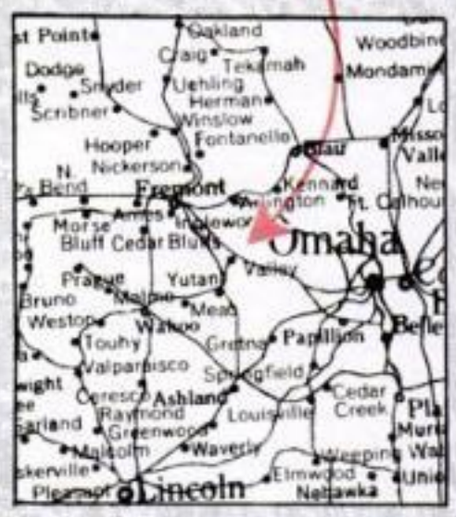
of witnesses on a Grand Central subway platform, John Royster compounded his troubles by leaving behind his date book, which led police to his doorstep.

The genius of Filofax is the genius of Barbie—a seemingly self-contained product that instills an insatiable urge to accessorize. The dedicated Filofax user who wants to remember the one about the Polack and the Jew or to keep a list of whom Trigger has slept with can't simply write it down on a piece of paper; he or she learns to buy special JOKES/ONE LINERS or HORSE'S STUD RECORD inserts—$3 each for 20 pages—designed by Filofax expressly for those purposes. The process could be called the bureaucratization of the self. Why worry when you can compartmentalize? Even Reagan couldn't resist the temptation to make up a new Cabinet department, the Department of Veteran Affairs; similarly, legions of addicted retentives await each year the announcement of new Filofax supplements, eager to chart formerly unchecklisted aspects of the human condition. But it took rival planner Exectime to offer the ultimate: the FOR MY PRAYER TIME insert, with a space to fill in after "I talk with God about:..." and another to record His no doubt businesslike answers; after all, you'd hate to waste valuable quality time with Yahweh.

For American coffee achievers, part of the attraction lies in Filofax's British origins (the calendars quaintly list even the mustiest of Anglican holidays, such as Rogation

Valley, Nebraska:

The Town That Time-Management Systems Forgot



AS WE ALL KNOW, no savvy urbanite would be caught dead without that miraculous hybrid of luggage, stationery, fashion and office equipment—in a word, Filofax—that allows him or her to face every contingency boldly, bravely and personally organizedly.

But in Valley, Nebraska (pop. 2,500), a terribly different picture emerges.

Like the residents of many other tranquil, provincial hamlets, the people of Valley are still very poorly organized. In a chilling commentary on the cultural and technological estrangement of America's bedrock communities, a poll of Valley's leading citizens showed not only indifference to the Filofax life-style, but also an unembarrassed ignorance of the existence of personal-planning systems.

"How do you spell it?" asked Joe Lathrop, the pharmacist.



"Never heard of it," said Donovan T. Ginger, the high school principal.

"A *what?*" said police chief A. Gene Brummet.

And they blame the farm crisis on Washington.

Others confessed similar ignorance. "I haven't heard of it because I am not interested in them," Mayor John L. Sullivan said. School superintendent Gil Kettelhut, who probably reads a lot of magazines, had never heard of the remarkable accessory, either. Nor had assistant principal and activities director Jo Ann Stevens. And Mary Lou Johnson, administrative secretary to the manager of Valley's 3M plant, said, "I deal directly with [the manager's] staff, and as far as I can tell I haven't seen anything like that out here."

How, then, do people in this sleepy, poorly personally organized hamlet cope? Some, it seems, use simple notepads. "We have other things like that—wallets," said Lathrop. "I use the desk right in front of me," Kettelhut said. Should we be charmed? Or alarmed?

When the nature of the Filofax was finally explained to these rural folk, did any of haute Valley feel such a product would make a positive contribution to community life in their town?

"Not for me," said activities director Stevens. "No use out here," said the mayor. "Well, we're a pretty small town," said police chief Brummet.

Alone among Valley residents, Kettelhut said he could envision a moment in the future when the Filofax might find a niche in a community such as his, where family, the soil, cornhusking and high school football are still more important than being personally organized.

"The basic nature of man," said Kettelhut, "is such that if something works in one big city, it should work in cities in the Midwest. How's yours working out?"

—Joe Queenan

1367 B.C.: *King Akhenaten of Egypt has a secretary. This is one of the earliest-documented* human *personal organizers, an alternative that remains popular today.*

120 B.C.: *A Roman prisoner discovers that scraping a nail on a brick cell wall at the rate of one stroke a day is a handy way to measure time spent in confinement.*

A.D. 300–900: *The Mayan time-management system is developed, centering on a complex calendar composed of two independently revolving stone wheels. Unwieldy.*

1086: *William the Conqueror orders up the Domesday Book, a census of the people and lands of England. This marks the first effort to put into one book all the information needed to rule one's domain, and references to plowing capacity of various shires become the direct antecedents of the gardeners'* SEASONAL REMINDER *inserts available to today's Filofax user.*

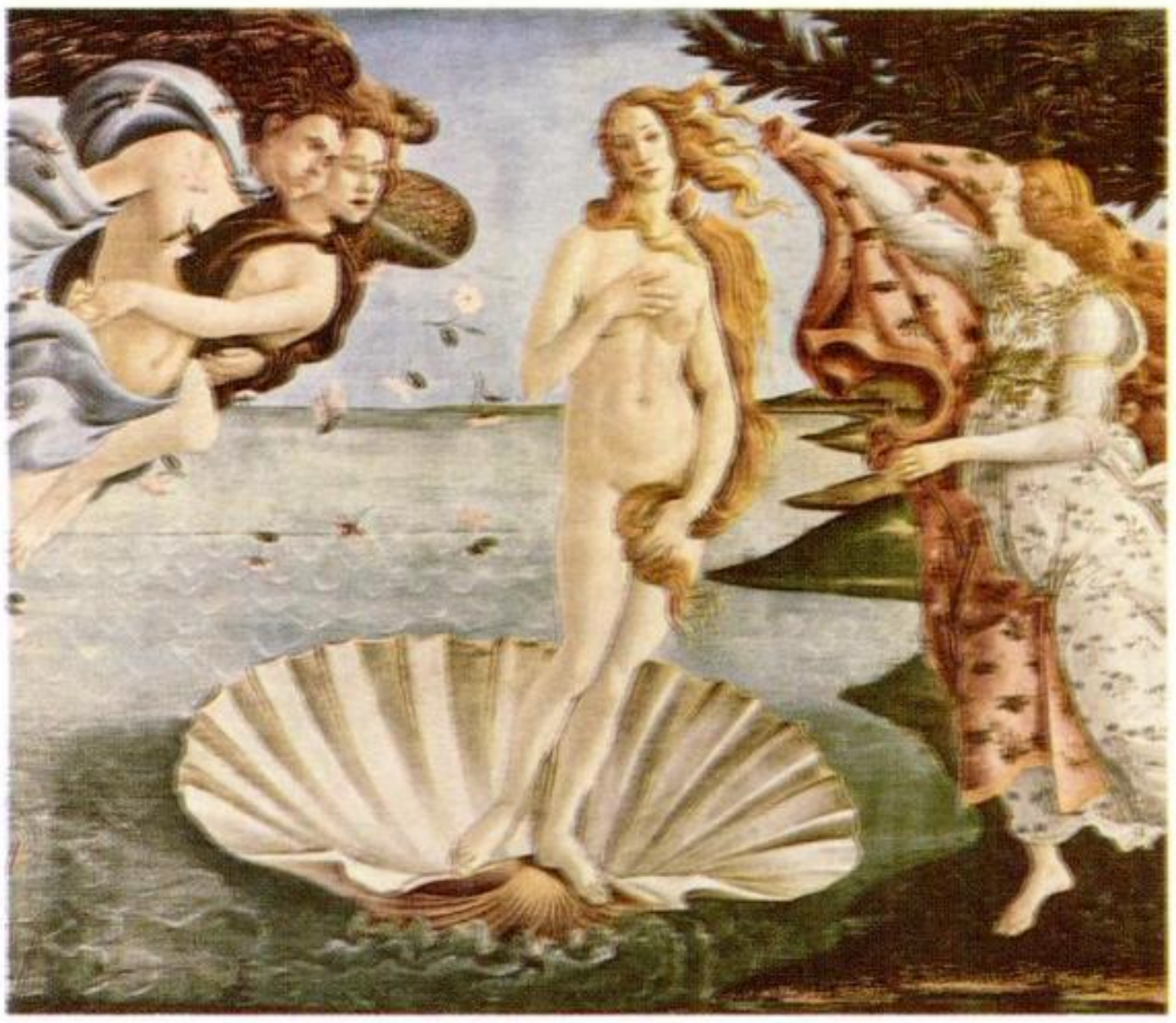


FOURTEENTH CENTURY: *Medieval ladies collect books of hours, devotional date books embellished with illuminated letters by monks shut up in dreary solitary confinement.*



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Every three thousand years or so, Italian waters make a special contribution to health and beauty.





Many millennia ago, in the days of the Roman Empire, Caesar sent his wounded soldiers to a volcanic spring in Tuscany, Italy. To soak in the warm, mineral and plankton-laden waters. To bathe in the natural pools and cascades. To take the cures Nature herself offered up. To heal. Soon, others found the waters to offer new life. And a spa sprang up. Called Terme di Saturnia. Three thousand years later, a second spa has arisen from the same waters. A spa that combines their essence with ancient therapies and modern American fitness techniques. A haven called the Doral Saturnia. At Doral Saturnia, Terme di Saturnia's fango mud treatments and hydrotherapy peacefully coexist with electronic exercise equipment and stress management classes. Strong, experienced hands give facials and massages in private rooms, while others operate biofeedback equipment and demonstrate the preparation of Doral Saturnia's Spa Cuisine. The same sumptuous fare based on a revolutionary caloric and "fat point system" of nutrition is enjoyed in the spa's two elegant restaurants. The blend of old Italy and modern America permeates the spa. From the 48 guest suites, where the touch of a finger can fill a marble bath or switch on the VCR. To the courts where the ancient sport of lawn bowling is practiced only steps from the modern games of golf and tennis at the adjacent Doral Hotel and Country Club. It took hundreds of the best minds from the world's best spas to create Doral Saturnia, but it can serve as sanctuary for no more than 96 guests at any one time. We urge you to write or phone for more detailed information on the spa and its rapidly dwindling available dates. Soon. Another spa like this may not arise from Italian waters for another three thousand years.





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Sunday and Saint George's feast day). Despite the name's 1950s-ish ring, Filofax was invented in 1920 and first found fame as a favorite of such can-do, empire-building types as clergymen, explorers and military officers (*March 27, 1945: Invade Burma, avoid death, dinner with Dickie Mountbatten*). The company still offers a full line of military inserts. But "change the times did," notes a press release, "and with them came an increased demand for the British fILOFAX [perverse company spelling] System." Imported to America on a large scale only since 1981, the Filofax mystique quickly became cross-pollinated with Hollywood myth: the company makes a big deal out of its entertainment industry clientele, and the multitalented Diane Keaton is said to have suggested the coin-and-currency insert (they named it "the DK"). It's no wonder Filofaxes are popular: there's no other product in the world redolent of both power breakfasts and starched khaki shorts—except for maybe tinned marmalade.

Not every planner has quite that sort of cachet, and not every planner user aspires to be Edward Fox. There's more to planner-obsessiveness than just snob appeal—even the very classy snob appeal of wielding, like a deadly weapon, physical proof of a schedule that's far, far busier than yours. For urbanites who live unencumbered by traditional notions of community, there's something reassuring, even self-validating, in having a record of absolutely everything.

I DO MY THING AND YOU DO YOUR THING, AND IF WE MEET, IT'S SCHEDULED AND CROSS-INDEXED IN ADVANCE

BEYOND THERAPY:

A Filofax Fantasy by Roy Blount Jr.

"Everyone has enough money, but nobody has enough time."

—Helene Furst, of the Londonhouse Corporation, U.S. agent for Filofax

What we are seeing is that people are beginning to perceive either themselves or their Filofaxes—the distinction is not crucial—as breaking down. Not mechanically. Everyone is still working out, and Filofaxes' rings still snap shut like a Mercedes door. But conceptually. Let's listen in.

"I had the ultimate self-management system," says H.L. (not her real initials) of New York. "Utilizing inserts by Day-Timers, Day Runner, Lefax, I.D/Design, Bond Street, Mundi, Sandi's Super System and Rio dè USA, as well as self-created ones like my 'How My Face Is Looking' table calibrated from PUFFY to HAGGARD in intervals of tenths of an hour, I had all my personal, physical, business and spiritual concerns organized at the flip of a few pages and all *handily portable* in basic caressable Filofax-blue-calf.

"And yet . . ."

"I was keeping bees in mine," says Kim of the U.K.

"How do you mean, 'keeping bees in it'?" asks the group facilitator, but his voice is drowned out.

"I had it all," says Gary of Cincinnati (yes, *Cincinnati*). "Four hundred different inserts, many of them leaves that opened to double, triple and quad length, in 24 different colors. Before, I'd never known there *were* so many colors. Now there were not only all these new colors in my life but also 1,638 employees whom I'd hired (I'm a mason) just because I found I could keep track of them and their performance with such ease. And yet . . ."

"I guess it was sort of like that old saying," says someone else, "'I got my act together, and then I couldn't lift it.'"

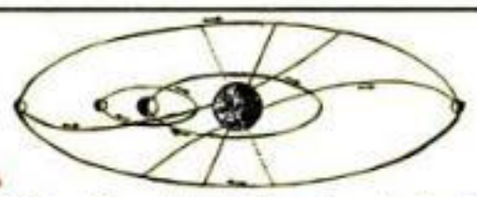
"No, that's not—"

"*Physically* I could lift it. Physically I had it all there, my life: it really only weighed 17 ounces. Because for all the incredible wealth of ordered detail, the pages, though durable and erasable, were—if not of onionskin, for tracing—of premium banker's bond: light, so light, yet so strong. And yet—"



"I had one Filofax for actual daily life, one for *me* that made it easier to like myself, one for the IRS and one for posterity. All photocopied hourly in case of loss or theft," says D'Arcy of Connecticut.

Which brings up another problem: what we have been finding is that the criminal element is getting involved. Muggers originally took Filofaxes only for resale, but then they started thinking, *Hey, no wonder these people are better off than me. This thing could pull my whole operation together.* So now we have scum budgeting time for drugs, running, downtime, viciousness. The perfect productivity tool turned to evil purposes. ➟



1543: *Copernicus's* De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium *locates the sun as the center of the universe and the Earth in orbit around it. With this macro-organizational question settled, people were freed to focus on scheduling jousts, assignations and wars.*

1582: *Pope Gregory XIII issues a bull changing the calendar. The Gregorian calendar drops ten days, leaving a total of 365.2422 per year, an uneven number that Gregory finessed by establishing a leap year every fourth year, except in those years ending in a double zero, unless they can be evenly divided by 400.* Much *simpler. All that to improve on the Julian calendar, which was off by only 3.12 days every 400 years, or one long weekend every 16 generations.*

1660–69: *Samuel Pepys writes his famous diary in shorthand to prevent his wife from learning of his tawdry rendezvous with chambermaids.*





LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: *The big desk is invented. English furniture-makers took a chest of drawers and added an upper section containing little cubbyholes in which to store and organize papers.*

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It makes up for the fact that when your next-door neighbor thinks about you, if at all, it is in terms of knocking down your common wall and turning your home into a larger dining room and an extra study. *I must be important. It says so here.*

You can hold it all in your hand, that's the thing. *Lee Iacocca's life fit into a book and so does mine!* In a slightly pathetic, repressed kind of way, filling up a planner is like ad hoc autobiography. It's writing a journal without all that dreary, Virginia Woolf–y introspection. It's keeping a scrapbook without the pressed corsages and trailer park connotations. It's a bid for immortality.

There's a novel by the Swiss writer Max Frisch, *Man in the Holocene* (assigned in at least one college existentialism course), in which an elderly widower, fearing senility, writes down everything he ever knew on scraps of paper and pins them to the wall, desperate to make his life somehow tangible and lasting. Imagine an entire house covered floor to ceiling with slowly yellowing memos. In the book this odd passion is heartbreaking. In real life it's silly—after all, a doted-on Filofax, chock-full of informational flotsam, is different from Frisch's Post-it note house only by degrees of tidiness and upscale frisson. Thanks to personal planners, even the least flamboyant of individuals—especially them—can take the stuff of their lives and make wonderful little self-actualized messes with pride. Ever see a baby playing with its ca-ca? *—Bruce Handy*

And yet, says Norton of Westchester, "evil wasn't the problem. I had a tabbed divider for EVIL. I had EVIL no more or less in hand than APPOINTMENTS. The problem was TIME."

"No, it was AGENDA. AGENDA became an end in itself. *Sheer* agenda."

"Oh, I could lift it, all right. I could carry my life anywhere, even into the pool. But it was as if my stuff—"

"Time," says Liz of L.A., a macroeconomist, "*is* the problem. I own, *on paper*, an absolute *age*—but when can I spend that time? I find myself devoting too much time to saving time. Turning time over. Moving great blocks of time from one color-coded . . . "

And, of course, Filofaxes fell into the hands of madmen.

"Well, I wouldn't say 'madman,'" says I.L. of Atlanta. "But you know my daddy sits around all day believing he's a Confederate general? He was doing it way back before Ceil gave him that Filofax for Christmas. But it seems like now that he can run three campaigns at one time and remember exactly when and why he gave each of his lieutenants a rawhiding or a pat on the back.... Well, it gives him more time to call in to the radio shows, and that in turn gets him so worked up because he'll start tearing into Jeff Davis's interference and hollering about Shiloh, and when they cut him off he calls me up and says, 'It's here in muh appointment book. It's right here, I could show it to um. It's as plain as day!' And it is too."

"Not only did I have my act together, but in ostrich-grain Italian pigskin—"

"Did you have Velcro closure?"

"Of course I had Velcro closure. Specially adapted for my needs. I had my act together in ostrich-grain Italian pigskin with specially adapted Velcro closure right there in my suit coat pocket. I could *feel* it, I swear, *throbbing* in there."

No sooner are people on top of their priorities, it seems, than their priorities are on top of them. And you know human nature.

"We were a one-Filofax family. But you know how kids are. Testing, always testing. They would come and ask to borrow it for the weekend. So we got them each a Play Runner by Harper House, with its colorful five-tab section, ziplock pouch, neon ruler and over 75 illustrated labels allowing children to make special places for everything from FIELD TRIPS to FRIENDS to HEROES. And my wife got to the point that she wanted sex only when it *wasn't* booked. So how could we book it?" says Porter of Boston.

"I had my act together and—"

"I had a section for PASSION," says Maeve of Sydney (Australia). "But when I turned to it, it was there, but I was . . . spent."

"...Throbbing in my suit coat pocket.



But was it *my* life? Was it *its* life? Was it life as we have known it, or was it some new form of life that perhaps required a whole new mastery system? And would this system, in turn—"

"Let's get back to this woman over here," says the group facilitator. "Do you mean you were keeping *actual bees* in yours?"

"I—I—don't know."

"Was there honey?"

"Yes—yes, a *form* of honey."

"Was it sweet?"

"I—I don't know."

What we are seeing now is that people are carrying fake Filofaxes. Perhaps entirely blank, or all one color. Or hollowed out, containing only a sandwich.

"I had PLANT-HARDINESS ZONE MAPS. Yet I had no plants."

"I had my act together . . . and it was lifting me."

"Yes. Yes. Exactly. And I couldn't come down."

This just in: Elvis didn't have one.

1740: *A Frenchman discovers that a string tied around the index finger can serve as a powerful memory aid.*



1910: *Lefax is invented.*

1920: *Filofax is invented.*

1938: *The Rolodex Corporation is founded, on Long Island, by Arnold Neustadter. The company's first product was a metal pop-up phone directory. In 1950 the company invented and patented the Rolodex, the desktop rotary filing system.*

1952–59: "It was 8:55.... We were working the day watch out of homicide." *On* Dragnet, *Sergeant Joe Friday's emphasis on the critical importance of locating oneself in time and place raises personal organization to an Orwellian apotheosis.*



1980: *3M introduces Post-it Notes.*

1984: *The Borland Corporation, of Scott's Valley, California, introduces the SideKick computer software program, which features a notepad for important stray thoughts, calculator, phone directory, auto-dialer and daily appointment schedule.*



1988: *Projected sales of Filofax, Day-Timers, Lefax, other personal planners: 6 million.*

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For people who don't like to fiddle.

When Aiwa asked people what they wanted most from a personal stereo, they heard two things over and over. Not surprisingly, when someone spends $200, they demand gutsy, full-range sound. And right after sound quality came convenience. Couldn't someone make a personal stereo you don't have to fuss with?

So Aiwa went away and made the Rechargeable Walkabout. It has the sound-quality features you demand: four-band graphic equalizer. Built-in Dolby™ B noise reduction. One-point stereo microphone. An anti-roll mechanism for flutter-free music while you exercise.

And now you'll spend more time listening to music than playing with buttons. Preset your three favorite FM stations, and tune them in instantly (good news for joggers). Cassettes auto-reverse in both recording *and* playback, so you never have to flip a tape. Best of all, this is one personal stereo that doesn't eat batteries. It recharges them instead.

So the music never stops.



THE SHARPER IMAGE®

Call 800-344-4444 (operator 9755) to order, or for the address of the store nearest you.

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A SPY MAP OF New York SMELLS

By Michael Rips

Illustrations by Philip Anderson

AROMA THERAPY

Ann Keane Skincare, *29 East 61st Street, Suite 320. Ann Keane offers massages with aromatic oils intended to alleviate tension.*

1

VINAIGRETTES

J. Mavec & Company, *52 East 76th Street. During the reigns of George III and George IV, women wore silver boxes containing vinegar-based perfume around their necks. Upon entering a stench, one lifted the box to the nose and opened it and inhaled the contents.*

2

MÛRE ET MUSC (BLACKBERRIES AND MUSK)

Jean Laporte L'Artisan Parfumeur, *870 Madison Avenue (at 70th Street). Perfumes created by Jean Laporte. Simple combinations of unusual fragrances, including blackberries, celery and vanilla.*

3



DOG OR CAT PERFUME

Le Chien, *1461A First Avenue (at 76th Street). Le Chien sells two lines of dog or cat perfume: Christophe for males ($30) and Martine for females ($38.50).*

4

HUMAN FLESH

Inwood. *Last July, Eugene Pogewit was strangled, partially sawed in half, stuffed into a 55-gallon drum and stabbed nearly 50 times. Pogewit's former wife and her boyfriend left the barrel in their apartment, where it fermented until its discovery five days later.*

9



GRIME
HUMAN EXCRETA
DISINFECTANT

Subway station, *168th Street and Broadway. According to the crew that cleans the subways at the end of the day, this is the city's worst-smelling (and thus, arguably, quintessential) station. The reason for this, the cleaners say, is that sick homeless people, released from nearby Columbia Presbyterian Hospital, tend to settle in the 168th Street Station. "You got four basic odors down there," observed one of the crew. "Urine, feces, piss and shit."*

10

PASTRY

Air vent of **Zabar's,** *2245 Broadway (at 80th Street). Odors from the croissant pastry kitchen are funneled out onto the street through a small vent.*

11

WATERMELON
COCONUT
ROOT BEER
LICORICE
GUMMI

Weigh to Go!, *592 Columbus Avenue (between 88th and 89th Streets). Coconut and watermelon confection, licorice, chocolate licorice, cherry licorice, gummi (in the shapes of rats, worms and snakes). The odors of hundreds of candies and coffees are enhanced by the track lights that illuminate the Lucite containers.*

12

BAGELS

H & H Bagels, *2239 Broadway (at 80th Street). Variously, plain, onion, caraway and other smells seep from air vent onto 80th Street.*

13

STERLING SILVER ROSE
FREESIA
STARGAZER LILY
TUBEROSE
GARDENIA
LILAC

West Side Flower Market, *2349 Broadway (between 85th and 86th Streets). Most flowers purchased in New York flower shops have nearly no odor. Refrigeration, which diminishes the fragrance of flowers, occurs en route or in the shop or both. Some of the most pungent flowers are those grown locally and kept out of refrigerated cases—like many of those here.*

14

JAPANESE PAGODA TREES

67th Street *between Central Park West and Columbus Avenue. Odor occurs when the trees bloom throughout August.*

15

AZALEA
HONEYSUCKLE
PRIVET LIGUSTRUM
MOCK ORANGE
LILAC
WITCH HAZEL (CHINESE AND COMMON)
KOUSA DOGWOOD
BRADFORD PEAR
TREES AND CRAB APPLE TREES

Central Park. *The crab apple trees grow by the old pony track between 60th and 61st Streets at Fifth Avenue (along the wall). The pear trees surround the fountain at Grand Army Plaza.*

17

GIORGIO

Giorgio, *47 East 57th Street, and Broadway theaters. The most vulgar odor in New York. There is no need to purchase the scent, since the store has installed a mister that spritzes a cloud of Giorgio onto 57th Street at 20-second intervals. The theatrical lyricist Tom Crisp contends that Giorgio is now the principal aroma of Broadway theater audiences.*

18

YOHIMBE
GUM COPAL
NECRONOMICON

Magickal Childe, *35 West 19th Street. Run by witch priests and priestesses of the Welsh Wica cult. The herbs in the shop are chosen for their magical and ceremonial properties. One of the Wica priests explains that yohimbé, when made into a tea with natural vitamin C, causes the blood to flow to the genitals of both men and women. You might then be stuck with "a three-hour erection that is the biggest you've ever had and won't go down no matter what you do."*

22

THEO PREISS FRAMBOISE EAU DE VIE
AVERNA AMARO SICILIANO BITTERS
ROSEWOOD RARE MUSCAT
PIERRE SORREL UPIE POIRE WILLIAM EAU DE VIE
ZWACK APRICOT LIQUEUR

Union Square Cafe, *21 East 16th Street. Perhaps the most fragrant collection of liqueurs in New York.*

23

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FRENCH RESTAURANT FUMES

La Goulue, *28 East 70th*
5 *Street. The restaurant was sued in the late 1970s by a man who lived next door and was offended by the odors. La Goulue took the position that in light of the multitude of malodors in the city, the plaintiff should have considered himself fortunate. Ultimately the restaurant came to its senses and paid a small out-of-court settlement.*



TUNISIAN OILS

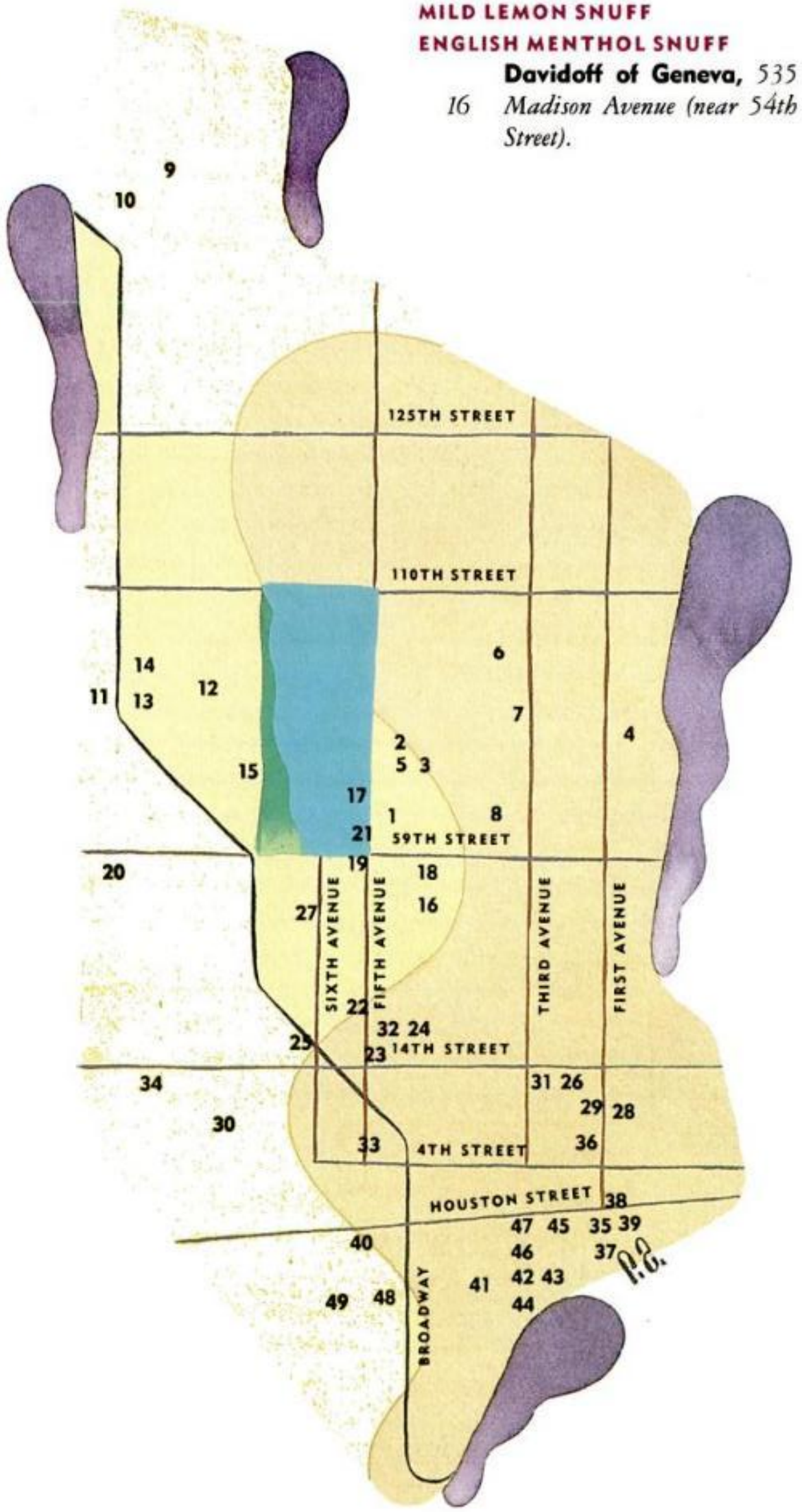
Exotic Fragrances, *1490*
6 *Lexington Avenue (at 96th Street). Oils from Tunisia, including Tunisian jasmine and Tunisian sandalwood.*

TILIA CORDATA
(LITTLE LEAF LINDEN)

Tree *on 79th Street between*
7 *Lexington and Third Avenues. When it flowers in May, the Linden emits a pleasant, limelike odor.*

PERFUME SHOWERS

Bloomingdale's *(first floor),*
8 *59th Street and Lexington Avenue. Customers, upon entering, are sprayed by gaunt shopgirls.*



VIOLET SNUFF
ANISETTE SNUFF
MILD LEMON SNUFF
ENGLISH MENTHOL SNUFF

Davidoff of Geneva, *535*
16 *Madison Avenue (near 54th Street).*

EAU D'HADRIEN (SICILIAN LEMON, CITRON AND CYPRESS)
SABLES (WILD IMMORTELLE, SANDALWOOD AND VANILLA)

Annick Goutal counter at
19 **Bergdorf Goodman,** *754 Fifth Avenue (between 57th and 58th Streets). Annick Goutal, like Jean Laporte, constructs perfumes from unusual materials and simple combinations.*

SYNTHETIC ODORS

International Flavors &
20 **Fragrances Inc.,** *521 West 57th Street. IFF is the world's largest manufacturer of artificial flavors and fragrances. For instance, IFF scientists have "transformed a respectable white wine into a believable margarita without the use of tequila, triple sec or lime."*



FRYING MEAT
HOT DOG WATER

60th Street and Fifth Avenue.
21 *Hot dogs and their steaming pools of muck. Kabobs and sausage. Onions.*

HOT CIDER

Greenmarket, *northwest cor-*
24 *ner of Union Square, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, roughly from 8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m.*



MEXICAN AND DOMINICAN TOBACCO

May Rosa Cigar, *866 Broad-*
25 *way (between 17th and 18th Streets). Cut and rolled into cigars on the premises.*

CRETAN VISION
DEER'S TONGUE
MONEY OIL

Enchantments, *341 East 9th*
26 *Street. Run by a coven of witches. Tarot readings are held in the back room, and incense, oils, scented candles and herbs are sold in the front of the shop as a means of supporting the coven. The oils and incense are blended according to both ancient and contemporary recipes to achieve particular effects. Cretan Vision, a turquoise concoction invented by one of the coven's witches, is extremely aromatic and is used for astral travel and travel into former lives.*

CONTINUED ➤

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A SPY MAP OF

New York

SMELLS

(CONTINUED)

MUSK
SOMALI ROSE
PATCHOULI

Nubian Islamic Hebrews,
27 *Grand Central and Times Square subway stations. The Nubian Islamic Hebrews offer a religion that unifies Islam, Judaism and Christianity. (Finally.) Dressed in long white robes, the Nubian Islamic Hebrews sell incense and oils imported from areas of the world in which members of the sect live, principally North Africa, Indonesia and Jerusalem.*

EGYPTIAN CHAMOMILE
VALERIAN

Angelica's Herb & Spice,
28 *137 First Avenue (between St. Marks Place and 9th Street). Herbs are offered in three grades: standard, organic and wild. The care with which an herb is cultivated greatly affects the odor of the herb—in general, the most fragrant are those grown organically or found wild.*

BREAD

Ninth Street Bakery, *350*
29 *East 9th Street. The bakery sells a variety of breads and pastries, and the smell is strongest when the bread is first brought into the shop, between 8:30 and 9:00 a.m.*

COFFEE

McNulty's Tea & Coffee
30 **Company,** *109 Christopher Street.*

SIBERIAN PINE NEEDLE OIL
YLANG-YLANG OIL
BLACK NARCISSUS OIL
WISTERIA OIL
PINEAPPLE OIL
NEROLI (ORANGE FLOWER OIL)
MUSK OIL

Kiehl's, *109 Third Avenue*
31 *(between 13th and 14th Streets). Kiehl's, a pharmacy dating from the mid-nineteenth century, sells over 100 oils and mixtures of oils. Several oils from Kiehl's are in the Smithsonian, including Kiehl's musk.*

Real musk is a secretion from the abdominal gland of a musk deer. Almost all musk that is purchased in Manhattan, including Kiehl's, is derived from pure oils, rather than from the musk deer. (Similarly, civet is the secretion of the civet cat, and is difficult to find in its natural form.)

STRAW
EARTHINESS

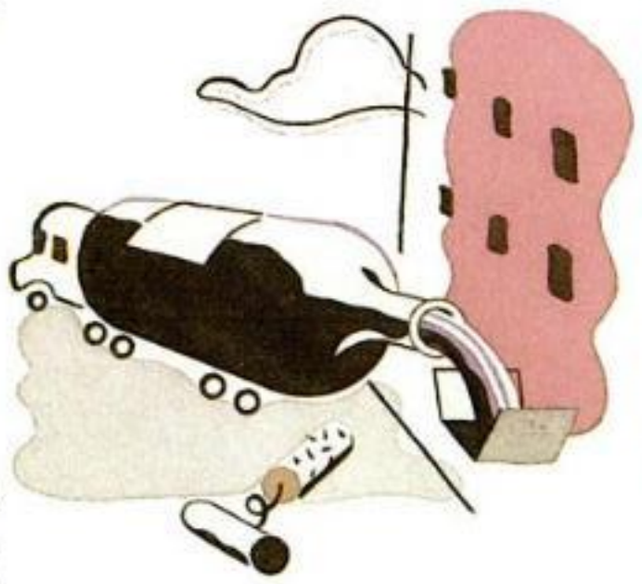
Folklorica, *89 Fifth Avenue*
32 *(between 16th and 17th Streets). Straw mats, baskets and figures from South America and Africa.*

MARIJUANA

Washington Square Park,
33 *Greenwich Village at the bottom of Fifth Avenue.*

BEEF BY-PRODUCTS STEWING IN THE LATE WINTER SUN

Gansevoort Street. *The meat*
34 *district.*



CRUSHED GRAPES
WINE

Schapiro's Winery, *126 Riv-*
35 *ington Street. New York City's only remaining winery. In addition to wine brought in by tankers from upstate, Schapiro's presses grapes on the premises. Half a million gallons of liquid ferment in oak casks beneath Rivington Street. The winery is most fragrant during September and October, when the grapes and wine arrive.*

CUMIN
CARDAMOM
CLOVE
MARJORAM

Indian Restaurants. *South*
36 *side of East 6th Street between First and Second Avenues.*

BAKED GARLIC AND ONIONS

Kossar's Bialystoker Kuchen
37 **Bakery,** *367 Grand Street. Open 24 hours a day, Kossar makes only bialys. Bialys come out of the oven at 6:00 a.m. and every three hours thereafter.*

PICKLED CUCUMBERS
PICKLED WATERMELON
PICKLED TOMATOES
PICKLED PEPPERS
SWEET AND SOUR SAUERKRAUT

Edible Pickle Works, *132*
38 *Essex Street.*

MATZO

Streit's Matzo, *150 Riving-*
39 *ton Street. Onion and egg smells waft from a street-level oven.*

BARBECUE

Tennessee Mountain Bar-
40 **becue,** *143 Spring Street. In the evening, the aroma pervades a two-block radius.*

CUT WOOD

Grand Street Frames, *33*
41 *Grand Street.*

INCENSE
MAZOLA

Eastern States Buddhist
42 **Temple of America,** *64 Mott Street. The burning of incense and Mazola are apparently essential to the worship of Buddha.*

FRESH FISH

Won Chuen Fish Market,
43 *131 Mott Street. The sign out front says it all:* AN EEL MAKES A GREAT MEAL.

DRIED SCALLOPS
SEA CUCUMBERS

Kam Man Food Products,
44 *200 Canal Street. The odor of dried scallops is one of the strongest in the city.*

GARLIC

Vincent's Clam Bar, *119*
45 *Mott Street. The aromas of Vincent's are pumped into the street through a vent 60 feet west of the southwest corner of Hester and Mott Streets.*

PASTRY
ALMONDS
VANILLA
BUTTER
ESPRESSO AND CAPPUCCINO

La Bella Ferrara, *108 and*
46 *110 Mulberry Street.*

ASIAGO
PROVOLONE
ROMANO CHEESE
MORTADELLA
PEPPERED PROSCIUTTO

Di Palo, *206 Grand Street.*
47 *A magnificent blend of odors in this small shop walled with cheeses and hams.*

STEAK FRITES

Odeon, *145 West Broad-*
48 *way, after midnight.*

STABLES

Troop A Mounted Unit, *19*
49 *Varick Street. An unmistakably fecund smell emanates from the stables of the police department. Pine-Sol is used daily to scour the cement floors.*

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Photo: Richie Williamson

THE NAME OF THAT NEW WHITE WINE WAS ON EVERYONE'S LIPS.

LIBAIO

Libaio by Ruffino. Imported by Schieffelin and Somerset Co., N.Y. © 1988.

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On a rainy day last summer, when fog erased the World Trade Center and scandal eclipsed our leaders, I got a package I'd been expecting from an in-

By Philip Weiss

ternational intelligence organization and ripped it open on the desk. Checking that the codes assigned to me–K04, N91, N93–were correct, I read over the enclosed materials. Their meaning

Super

blazed forth. Due to scientific progress, a goal that had eluded society since the beginning of time had in my lifetime come within its grasp: the selection and certification of the smartest people in the world–

Illustration by Paul Rogers

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nerds

Inside the peculiar, sex-starved, high-IQ world of Mensa

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the top 2 percent in intelligence. Assemble this elite, and its brainpower might act as a rudder to society. Events such as Kristallnacht, Vietnam, maybe even Donna Rice, would recede into a distant past, an Age of Ignorance.

Anyway, that was how the founders of Mensa had figured it, and I had joined.

"Congratulations!

"We have reviewed the evidence you have provided as to your level of intelligence [my 15-year-old SATs were over the 1300 cutoff]. . . . We are happy to offer you membership in the society," American Mensa Ltd. had written to me.

I blew into the envelope to make sure I'd gotten everything, and out tumbled a square of cardboard stuck through with a yellow map pin, which, once slipped into my lapel, would announce to the world my selection as a Mensan—or, as Mensans put it, an *M*. Simply by dialing a phone number for the recorded weekly calendar describing all activities of Greater New York Mensa, I was now free to live among the Ms, tour the upper reaches of the human mind, circulate among people like myself without fear that the experience would be tainted by inferior thinking.

Mensans have a jargon not so different from that of other nerd subcultures—computer hackers, say, or the people who play Dungeons & Dragons.



"HONEY, TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES AND PUT your feet up."

I took off my shoes but left my feet on the floor.

"Honey, put your feet up."

Peggy gestured, and I tucked my feet under me on the sofa. There were 17 seats arranged in a circle in the living room of the Turtle Bay apartment, but so far Peggy and I and Bill (who sat across from me under a giant painting of cows) were the only ones—and they lived here.

It was a Saturday-afternoon meeting of first the poetry and then the Wushu SIGs—in Mensa lingo, special interest groups. I had no idea what Wushu was—the telephone recording hadn't said—but from the looks of Bill, it wasn't like haiku. Big and gentle, he had on a TV wrestler's outfit—tight gray shorts, black socks, high-top black Reeboks. And he had his own poetry in his lap.

Peggy and Bill had let me in on two secrets about Ms right off: Ms were terribly self-critical and self-conscious about their braininess, and they often spent years in exile from Mensa.

"I joined 20 years ago," Peggy said. "I didn't come out of the closet until 1975."

She was a dramatic woman with pale, staring eyes, a frozen smile and reddish, swept-back hair.

"Why did it take you so long?" I said.

"I lived with my husband and children in a brownstone. . . . " That smile hovered in the silence.

I filled in, "And a Mensan in that environment—"

"Stultifying." She smiled. "It was *stultifying*. Honey, read a poem."

She gestured at Bill, who picked up his poems.

"Now, the problem with these is they're sterile," he said before he began. "They don't have any passion or emotion or feeling."

Bill read for a while and then the doorbell rang. Peggy freshened her lipstick and went to the door.

Wondering who it was, I tried to form a psychological profile of an M. The only other Ms I'd met had come to a Friendly Friday Group dinner at Kaori-Hana, a Japanese restaurant in Greenwich Village. The Mensa end of the restaurant was clogged with Ms who arrived singly and paid their checks separately, leaving mingy tips, and then dripped out one by one into the rain. Emotionally it was dreary. The Ms said that they regularly got kicked out of restaurants but had managed to hang on at Kaori-Hana for a while.

"One place we got thrown out of because some people drank too much and burst into song," said Greg, a 40-ish M with highly combed-back hair.

"Another place we got thrown out because of someone's Seeing Eye dog. This dog was also an *eating mouth* dog. That was why we got thrown out—he vomited copiously."

"Louie vomited?" Judy said.

"*Copiously*."

"That's discrimination. People vomit, too."

"True, but a restaurant could keep *people* from coming back if they vomited."

"It's not like he can get to the men's room."

"Well, it was *copious*."

So the Ms had ended up at Kaori-Hana, which made many of them uneasy because it was run by Moonies.

"Hi, Ken, how've you been doing?" Greg said to the waiter.

Ken nodded, pouring from a pitcher that spewed water onto the carpet.

He went away and Judy said, "Ken's sort of spaced-out, and I used to think it was Thorazine, but then we found out who runs this place, so now we know why."

"I used to be into Thorazine," Greg said. "People said it would cause problems, but I've *n-n-n-n*"—he pretended to stammer—"never had any trouble."

Then Greg told another joke: "I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy."

It was something I'd noticed: Ms liked puns.

Back in Turtle Bay, Peggy opened the door and there stood Donald, a small guy wearing Invader tennis shoes, a new yellow Mensa T-shirt and a compact-disc player in a holster.

"Honey, read a poem," Peggy said to him.

Donald read a bunch of poems. Peggy draped herself in a white bathrobe and did an Ophelia on the couch.

"The next one is called 'Blackbird Singing in the Dead of Night,' " Donald said.

"Blackbird. Singing. In. The. Dead. Of. Night," Peggy chanted, Ophelia-like.

The poem was long and obscure, about shellac and blackness and surfaces.

"Honey, that was the best one you've read yet," Peggy interrupted.

Donald read the last verse.

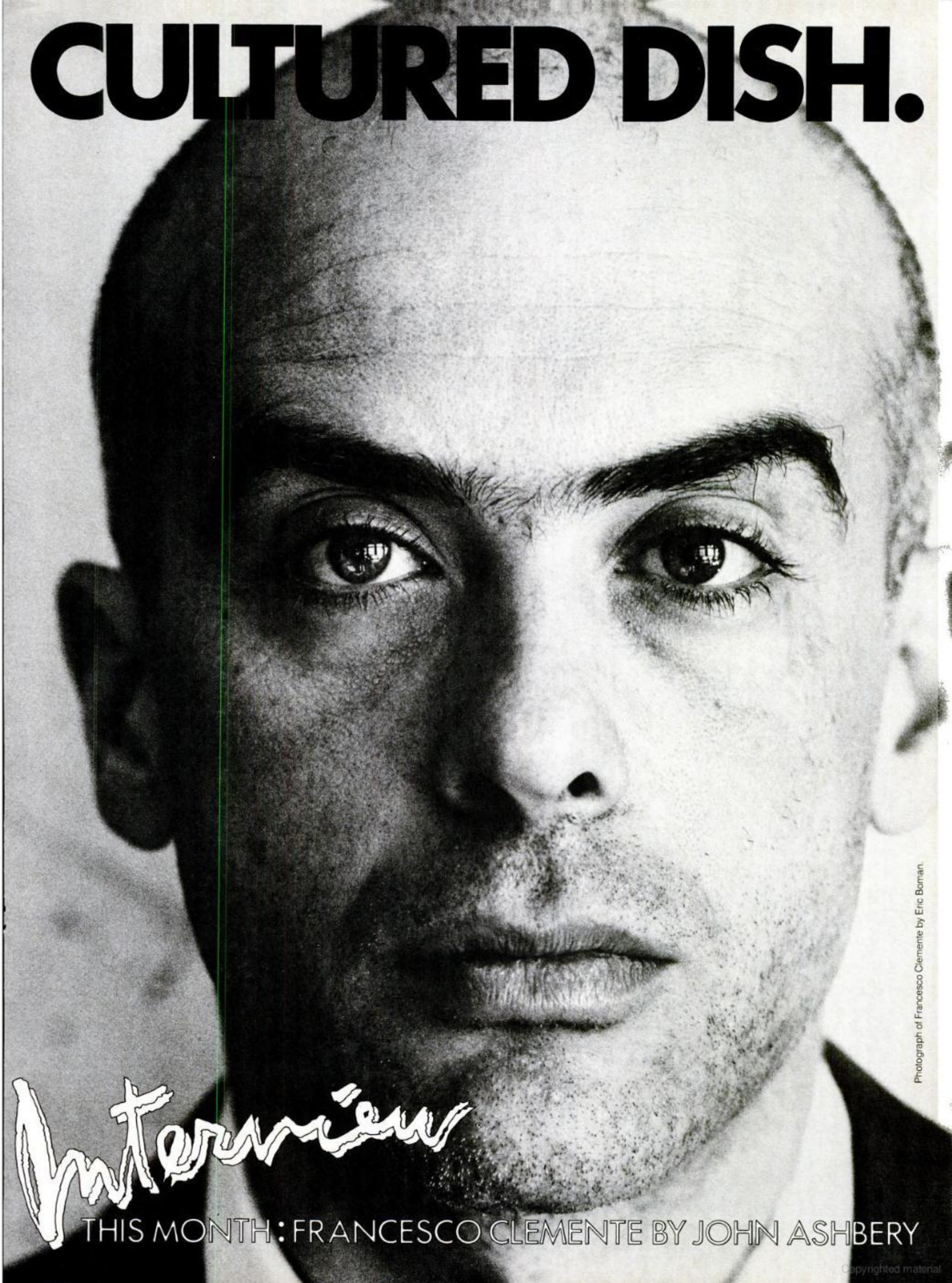
"What did that mean?" Bill said.

"It's from personal experience. I come from a very traditional Italian family. They have the Archie Bunker philosophy. I met a girl. A black girl . . . "

A story of star-crossed lovers. Peggy

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CULTURED DISH.



Photograph of Francesco Clemente by Eric Boman.

Interview

THIS MONTH: FRANCESCO CLEMENTE BY JOHN ASHBERY

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said, "Oh," with a sharp intake of breath.

"What you just said then was more powerful than that poem," Bill said.

"That's true," said Peggy.

"It's not enough to say the world is a terrible place," said Bill. "Of course it's a terrible place. A poem's gotta say what happened to *you* to show it's a terrible place."

"Oh, I knew what it was about from the first line," Peggy protested. "I could *be* that woman. What do you think, Ted?"



In the U.S., Mensa's pie-in-the-sky plans gave way to a far more realistic goal: score boasting. American Mensans called the lower 98 percent "dummies" and "Densa."

She was looking at me.

"Phil," I said.

It was 3:37, and Peggy said we were seven minutes past the time for Wushu. We started moving furniture out of the way, and then the doorbell rang and a guy with long gray hair came in.

"Bob," Peggy said, introducing me, "this is Don."

I grunted through T'ai Chi–like movements for a few minutes and then went to the library to look up old Mensa *Bulletins* and find out something about my new friends.

MENSA BEGAN 41 YEARS AGO IN England when a couple of lawyers who had experience with the Cattell IQ test became convinced that its scores offered meaningful distinctions among their associates. The idea quickly gathered an awful momentum. "Instructed by me, [Roland] Berrill went ahead to test his relatives, friends and acquaintances," wrote L. L. Ware. They would start a club.

Berrill and Ware had grand motives. Nazism was a fresh memory, and the two lawyers believed that the top 2 percent would never be vulnerable to propaganda, racial hatred and conspiracy theories; and so, of course, setting them up in a priestly institution with influence would keep society from coming under the sway of another Hitler. The first order of business was putting together a master list of 600 Mensa names—a "virtual Fifth Estate of which philosophers have dreamt," Ware wrote—that the government could consult by mail on the most pressing policy issues. Mensa was a "mouse that will help lions," Ware went on, and new members got a booklet that was even more emphatic: "At last it is possible for a small aristocracy of high intelligence to become effective in affairs without a constitutional struggle."

Within a couple of years, though, trouble had begun: the founders were already squabbling over whether outsiders could see—or purchase—the master list.

No matter—Mensa had been unleashed upon the earth. And in 1961 it found its bride. That was the year it crossed the Atlantic to the country that had made a religion of what Mensa founders called "the science of mental measurement."

Membership elsewhere in the world stuck at 20,000, but in the United States it has swelled to 55,000, with each M paying $33 in annual dues, which accounts for about 75 percent of the organization's near $2 million in annual revenues. The largest of Mensa's 141 local chapters is in New York, with over 2,000 members; New York is also the site of the national offices, which share a small Sheepshead Bay building with some doctors. Ms everywhere meet once a year at the AG—the annual gathering, the "greatest concentration of intellect in the world," Ms boast—and have lots of RGs (regional gatherings). They also have a jargon not so different from that of other nerd subcultures—computer hackers, say, or the people who play Dungeons & Dragons.

Fables surround Mensa. There was the M who could recite pi to 1,500 decimal places. There was the data-processing M who went bonkers after another man took the blond he was sweet on to a Mensa meeting, and who, inevitably, challenged his rival to a duel. Isaac Asimov is the most prominent M, but F. Lee Bailey, Jill St. John, Ford Motors CEO Donald Peterson and the magician James "Amazing" Randi are also members. Woody Allen gave the group the perverse sort of glory it craved in "The Whore of Mensa," a *New Yorker* short story about people who got off only on intellectual feats. And *The New York Times* was reverent, noting in 1966 Mensa's "unspeakably high intelligence levels."

By then, though, Ms had begun working on what you might call *the law of discounted intelligence*. "To be born with a high I.Q. is to be born with a birth defect as surely as having six fingers on each hand," Yaffa Draznin wrote to the Mensa *Bulletin*. And while Greater New York Mensa bragged that the top professions among members were lawyer, manager, banker, teacher, small-business owner and programmer (the Ms *I* met seemed to be accountants, sales clerks, coaches, medical technicians), Ms did not turn out to be very happy with their work. The law of discounted intelligence says, If you're *that* smart, you are fated to oppression and neglect. And so the disappointed joined Mensa to lock back into that brief shining moment in high school when the No. 2 pencil was a lesser deity and test scores ordained greatness. Ms were incurably, nostalgically adolescent.

"How did you get in?" Greg had asked, fixing me with a stare across the Kaori-Hana table.

"SATs. And you?"

"I qualified with my aptitudes, but I took the Mensa test."

"How was that?"

"Fun. I think it was an Otis-Lennon or"—he hummed contentedly in his throat—"a California Mental Maturity. But it wasn't very good, it was out of date. The pictures. Younger people wouldn't be able to relate, when you have photos of children in fifties clothing."

"You didn't have to take it."

"I like taking tests. I've also taken the Foreign Service officer's test"—he squeezed four fingers together in the air—"and the National Security Agency. That was the best."

"But then what if the Foreign Service or the National Security Agency wanted to hire you?"

"Oh. You just send them back the form, and where they put your name you write DECEASED."

Thus, in the U.S., Mensa's pie-in-the-sky plans gave way to a far more realistic goal: score boasting. American Ms called the lower 98 percent "dummies" and "Densa," got sheepskins certifying their own selection, noted their membership on

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Mensa Heroes

John Anderson

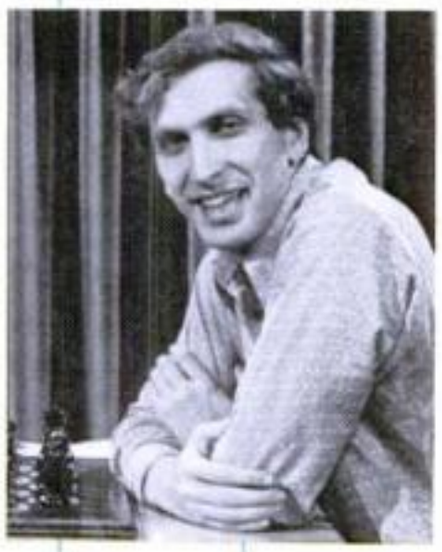
Robert Bork



Victor Buono as King Tut

Amelia Earhart

Mark Fidrych



Bobby Fischer



Alger Hiss

Shere Hite

Elizabeth Holtzman

Leopold and Loeb

Don Martin

Michael Milken

Leonard Nimoy

John Poindexter



Senator Paul Simon

Adlai Stevenson

Mensa Authors

John Barth

Tom Clancy

Hugh Hefner

Stan Lee

Robert Ludlum

Philip Roth

Alexander Theroux

Thomas Wolfe

all science fiction writers

Mensa Hobbies

buying Tandy products

calling toll-free numbers

making photo collages

advanced Rubik products

giving "video murder parties"

writing letters to the editor

cryptology



ham radio

having pen pals

holding caption contests for photographs of nude women



bartering and/or selling unwanted Christmas gifts

yuppie-bashing

clipping newspaper and magazine articles

Mensa Conversation Topics



female wrestling

discrimination against smart people in high school

left brain vs. right brain

sexology

the connection between intelligence and chocolate

whether to bill their Mensa chapter for the cost of photocopying Mensa petitions

whether putting your IQ on your résumé will provoke resentment

whether *elitist* is a complimentary or pejorative term

somatotyping



human anatomy

virginity

the need for a Gifted Children's Bureau in the Department of Education

Mensa Jargon



Bloodies and screws (Bloody Marys and screwdrivers)

joke-offs (parties)

Bawdy Broads (a lonely women's SIG, or special interest group within Mensa)



Beauty & Brains (another lonely women's SIG)

Single Friends of Fur People (a lonely pet-owners' SIG)

SWIG (a SIG for wine makers)

Homogeniuses (a gay SIG)

Pink FLA-Mensans (gay-Mensans-who-live-in-Florida SIG)

Mensa Sports



Yahtzee

Dungeons & Dragons

Boggle



Scrabble

Trivial Pursuit



Mensa Worries

dividing restaurant checks accurately



how to resole their Hush Puppies

how to keep the edges from showing in their photo collages

Mensa Wit



"It's a Japanese restaurant—that's no occident!"

"I work in a camera store; I'm very negative about life."

"I wonder about the meaning of the word *cipe*; is *recipe* to cipe again?"

Achievements Mensans Boast About

Reaching the king of Jordan on their ham radio

Fostering motor skills in their gifted children before puberty

Mating with another Mensan (i.e., enhancing genetic quality in a democratic society)



Having children who aren't interested in sports

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Hop a cab to the Mediterranean

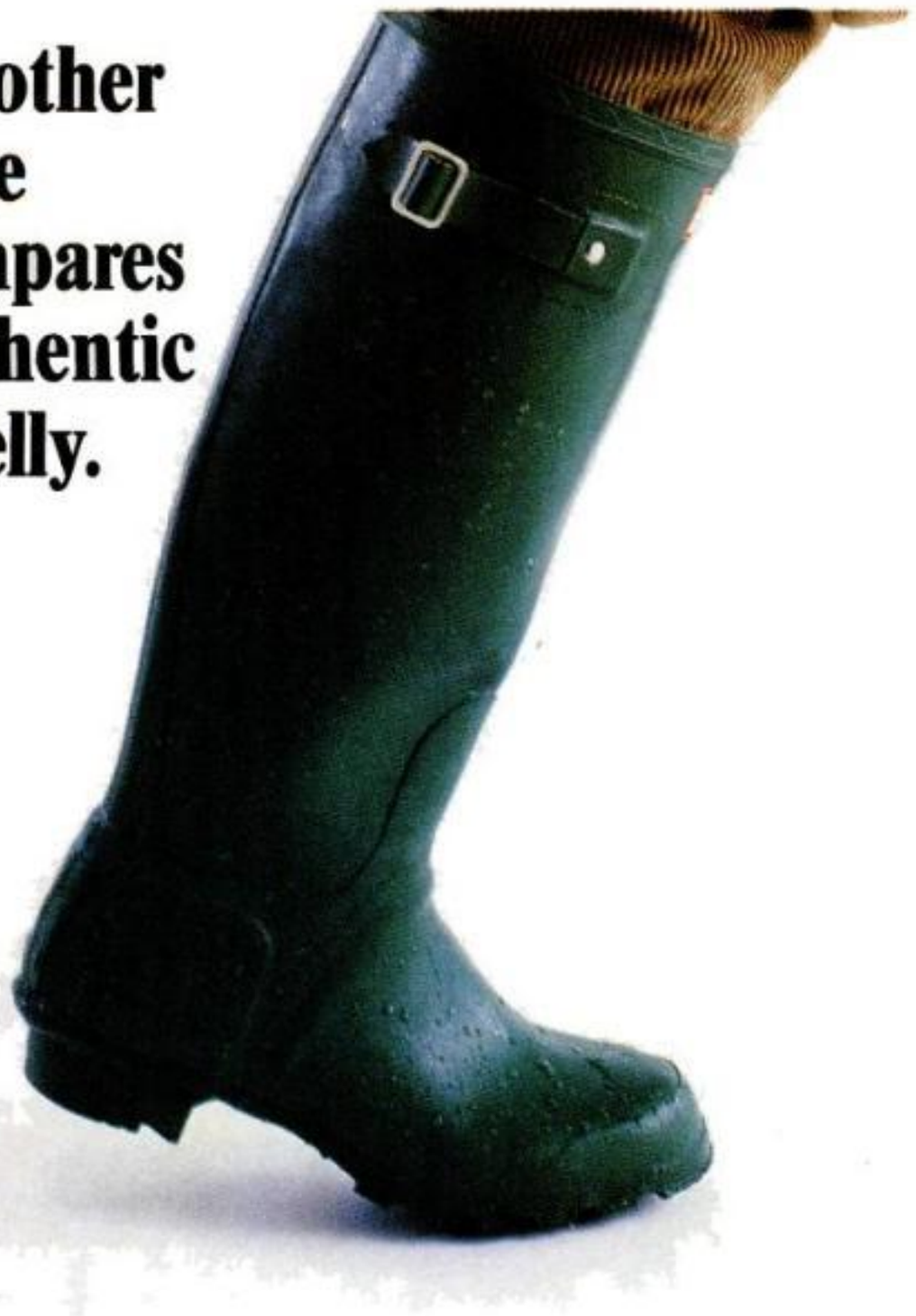


★ ★
Bryan Miller,
NY Times 8/21/87

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Only one other boot in the world compares to this authentic British Welly.



their résumés and bought Mensa yo-yos, belt buckles and license plate frames from the Mensa Boutique in Brooklyn. The Mensa *Bulletin* ran cartoons underlining what it meant to be in the top 2 percent: the mass of humanity shuffled along in one direction while the M strode in the other; a group of cavemen squatted around a stagnant pool to drink while the prehistoric M cantilevered herself off a boulder to get water from the falls.

Mensa's focus turned more and more inward. Questionnaires had once asked the members, *Should Congress have the power to override the Supreme Court?* Now they wanted to know how many times a week Ms had been taken to the office by their fathers and how Ms rated themselves mentally next to their "brightest biological sibling."

Despite the founders' abhorrence of cults, crackpot-ism became rampant among Mensans. Adherents of paganism, men's liberation, Tolkien, UFOs and the "Mend Our Tongue Society" all have their own SIGs; Ms invite one another to ZIP code parties (everyone from the same code can come), "joke-offs" and "Video Murder and Pool Party II"; and the society sometimes seems a collection of underachievers, smart people in very ordinary jobs who feel they are discriminated against for being brainy.

Members correspond about such lie-awake-at-night schemes as the contraceptive sperm-duct valve that would be only "twice as large as a watermelon seed," and New York Ms are consumed with contests to rename *Mphasis*, the local Mensa publication (take your pick: *Mpire Statement*, *Im-Men-City*, *MetroNYM*, *Goth-M Gleanings*). And the *Bulletin* applauds people such as the M who wrote to GM to complain about the use of the term *mileization* in a Chevy ad and got Detroit to reconsider. Somehow, we haven't changed the world.

There, I said it: *we*. I couldn't help it. Though I'd joined Mensa to poke fun at people who got together just to be smart, the fact was, I'd begun to see tics of my own in every M I met.

MERWIN LEVEN HELD HIS ANNUAL MENSA barbecue in his Mamaroneck backyard. The suburbs—you remember: Idle teens drive sisters to the train station in convertible Mercedes and, waiting, strip the tops off Marlboro Lights. Up the hill, a tan wifey drags the hose across the lawn, its end dribbling.

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"First thing, I need your three dollars," Merwin said, accosting me at the door.

Twenty people were there. Out back a big guy in a leisure-suit jacket fingered the cheese-snack items, trying to figure out how they were made. "I think they bake them and cut them in two-inch strips. No, they probably use a nozzle. *That's it*. Inject it into hot oil."

A large woman glopped dip onto her plate, camouflaged it with potato chips, then spooned some into her mouth. It reminded me of the M I'd sat next to at dinner who had murmured "Cholesterol" and then, lifting a pat of butter to his mouth, removed the paper guard and licked it clean. I couldn't stop tuning in on their lack of poise. The loopy M who found a book of crazy facts on Merwin's shelf and was laughing out loud by himself about a chicken that got arrested. The people with avocado bodies. The woman who couldn't stand hot things so she made her husband turn the corncob in the air while she bent over and chewed. Big Les who wore his big jeans cuffed almost to his calves. And me, too—I had a burn on my wrist from ironing my shirt *after* I'd put it on.

I went into Merwin's library, which was arranged according to a decimal system, homemade tabs pasted to the book spines. The M in the leisure jacket had an anatomy book open to a cutaway of the neck and was showing an Amazonian M where they put pacemaker leads. "Here, the vagus nerve, inside the jugular."

A few feet away a powwow was going on. Dissidents of a suburban Mensa chapter were complaining about the people in power there, that they looked down on such activities as tennis and camping and refused to list them in their publication.

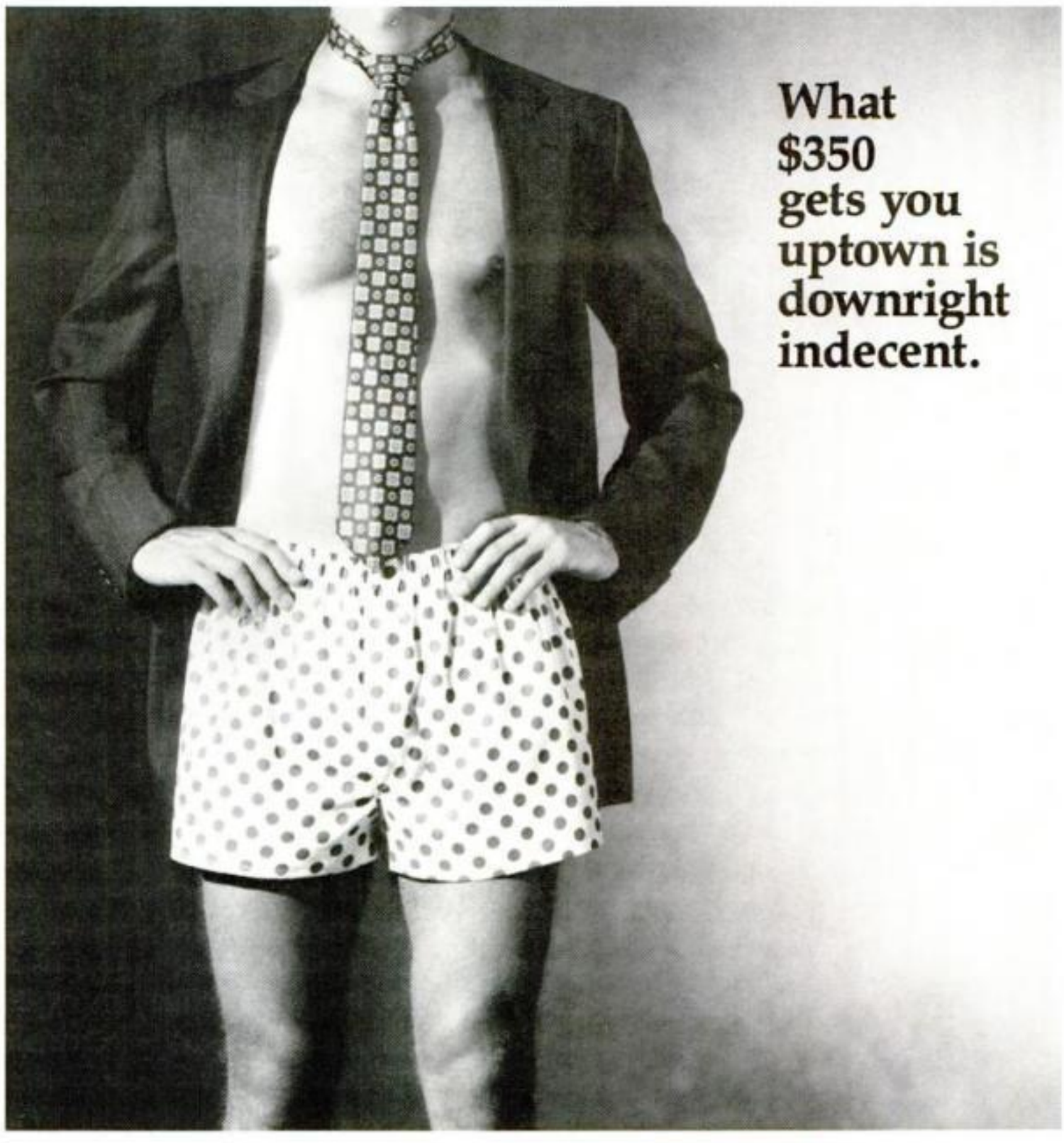
"Nothing athletic or sweaty," said a big blond guy.

"Except a pool party where everyone has to go naked," the woman next to him said.

"Or you go into a party," said a fat guy without socks, "and there she [a local leader] is hanging upside down, naked; she's gotten three or four guys to tie her up. And meanwhile you're bringing new Mensans into the organization? Well, *zzoooop*." He made a funny noise and a dismissive gesture.

"But people want to follow, same in Mensa as anywhere," the blond guy said. "And so it's over the edge and right on down to the rocks, 160 IQ and all."

There was a huge racket. Les's chair had





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collapsed under him. Everybody looked.

I GOT HOME FROM MERWIN'S AND searched the latest *Mphasis* for any sign of the upside-down naked lady. Nothing direct, but on page viii was listed a "Weekend Skinny-Dip Party" in Monroe, New York. You just had to mail in an SASE for directions; the deadline was Friday midnight.

I felt a bit odd mailing it off, but then Mensa in general made me feel odd, as though I'd been dumped back into my adolescence, when social dealings were far more daunting than sitting down to take a standardized test or making puns or using big words. "So you're a virgin," Maureen had said to me at Merwin's, on learning I was a brand-new M, and I'd had awful twinges of that other virginity, the real one, when I used to pray that the girl out there who was willing would somehow present herself, as simple as if I were waiting at a bus stop and a bus pulled up and she got off. A lot of Ms seemed to be waiting for that same bus.

The truth was that with a membership that included only 1 percent of the potential "Fifth Estate," certain other qualities besides being smart had come to define who joined Mensa. Loneliness, for one thing. After all, what was so great about being smart? Vietnam, Richard Nixon, Ivan Boesky—the world had grown cynical and wise. Raw intelligence was marked down, remaindered. Publications such as the *Times* that had taken Mensa so seriously before, regularly reporting on AGs and scribbling obediently when Ms announced they could speak "over the heads of the patriots, the politicians, the governments and the demagogues," were now oblivious. The respectability of the IQ test had mildewed, the very term beginning to give off the same smell as *poll tax* or *swine flu vaccine*.

But Mensa came up with a new promotional angle. A few years ago it began advertising itself as a social organization, a singles group whose lopsided ratio of men to women (65 to 35) made it far more attractive to women than the bar scene. Mensa fables were no longer about the geek who could tell you what day of the week you were born if you only told him your birth date—they were sex fantasies. *Playboy* did a pictorial on the women of Mensa, and the clothed media flipped out over artificial-heart inventor Robert Jarvik's quest last year to marry the world's most intelligent person, Marilyn vos Savant, IQ 228, who belonged to a group that was even more exclusive than Mensa.

Most of Mensa's membership was now single, and its functions had taken on an aura of instant intimacy. Ms who'd never met before greeted one another with the Mensa hug, a big bear squeeze, or sat down to dinner and started talking about sex.

"Why was it a heartbreak if you never met her?" Bobbie said.

"Because she was my *type*," Marc said. "I heard that voice and I was ready to call the photographers. So I wrote her. I put in a poem. 'Unless you call I won't be bolder, but you always have an ear or a shoulder.' Nothing graphic, nothing suggestive."

"Think of the other parts of the anatomy you might have mentioned," Jean said.

There was confusion about the salad dressing, and when it finally got to me, Marc said, "Oil's well that ends well," and then he resumed his story about his personal ad. (Only in this section have the names been changed.)

"Now, if *her* voice sent me into orbit, when I talked to this other one it was nuclear fusion. We talked every day for a week. She was pushing all my buttons, she knew my weaknesses. She would tell me what she was going to do to me. What she said to me, I couldn't sleep at night because of that. She would seduce me on the phone. Of course, you can't catch anything that way. Then once I called her up and I started telling her what I was going to do to her, and she said, 'Why are you talking that way, you're embarrassing me, my mother's standing right next to me.' "

I said, "Didn't you ever see her?"

"I'm getting to that. There were reasons. She had a sick child. The child had an ear infection, bad. Then *she* got sick.

"Now, the third or fourth week I called her and she said could I get her some women's magazines. But she said I couldn't see her, she wouldn't even open the door, she was contagious. Then she said could I bring $25 for her to pay her electric bill. I put it in an envelope inside one of the magazines and I dropped it off. The next week it was $75 and then $78 and then $76. It was $254 in all."

"You were so patient," I said.

"I was so patient, I was a mental patient. I told her that."

"Do people ever tell you the pun is the lowest form of humor?" I asked.

"I like to play with language. It's not a crime. They're not going to send me to the punitentiary."

Jean sighed. "You fall down on your face so much in life, or on other parts of your anatomy, that it's nice to have fantasies. My life is under control, everything's safe, but I'd like a little adventure."

"*She* was adventurous," Marc continued. "She said in our first conversation that *she would go down on a man*. In that hour I told her things I wouldn't tell anyone. And she had a power from that. She knew a fact about me, an embarrassing fact. *You* know"—he looked at Jean and stage-whispered—"what I was and still am.

"But I wasn't in love with her. I wouldn't allow myself to fall in love with someone I had never seen."

"With a phantom," Bobbie said softly.

"I was getting leery. I told her, 'My mother thinks I'm crazy, I have to see you.' She had some other excuse. And then we stopped talking on the phone. I told her I was joining Marriage Concepts, the matchmaking service."

"A story of serial frustration," Jean said with a leaden sigh.

And Marc added, "To which I say, *Cheerio*."

MY SASE DIDN'T COME BACK, BUT WHEN I went to the library, I kept turning up references to nudism among the Ms. They had a soft spot for it—for instance, a questionnaire to members about their height and weight was tacked onto the end of a

Mensa fables were no longer about the geek who could tell you what day of the week you were born if you only told him your birth date— they were sex fantasies.

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tale about a nude beach called "Portrait of a Nude Mensan." Mensa's executive director recently sent out a plaintive call urging male Ms to "do their bit" (as the women had done theirs) by volunteering to pose for a *Playgirl* magazine spread on the men of Mensa. "We're being assured that the female readership of *Playgirl* is very intelligent," she noted.

In some ways the IQ cult resembled the nudist cult, which, I learned (from *Social Nudism in America*), had also been marked by European Utopian roots, factionalism and a ceaseless struggle to find places for cultists to meet. And if nudists sought out any old occasion to get naked with one another, didn't Ms seek out situations that dispensed with the delicate choreography of charm and signals and palaver that it ordinarily takes to get personal? The Sex SIG, where Ms narrate their fantasies, was said to be mobbed. Of course, there's got to be a pseudo-intellectual aura to it, since Ms only feel good about such stuff when it masquerades as anthropology—like the letter to the *Bulletin* from the M who went to see *Deep Throat* for intellectual gratification ("*The film's theme is the repetition, in various permutations and combinations . . .*"). Again I had that queasy feeling of being flung back to my own teen age.

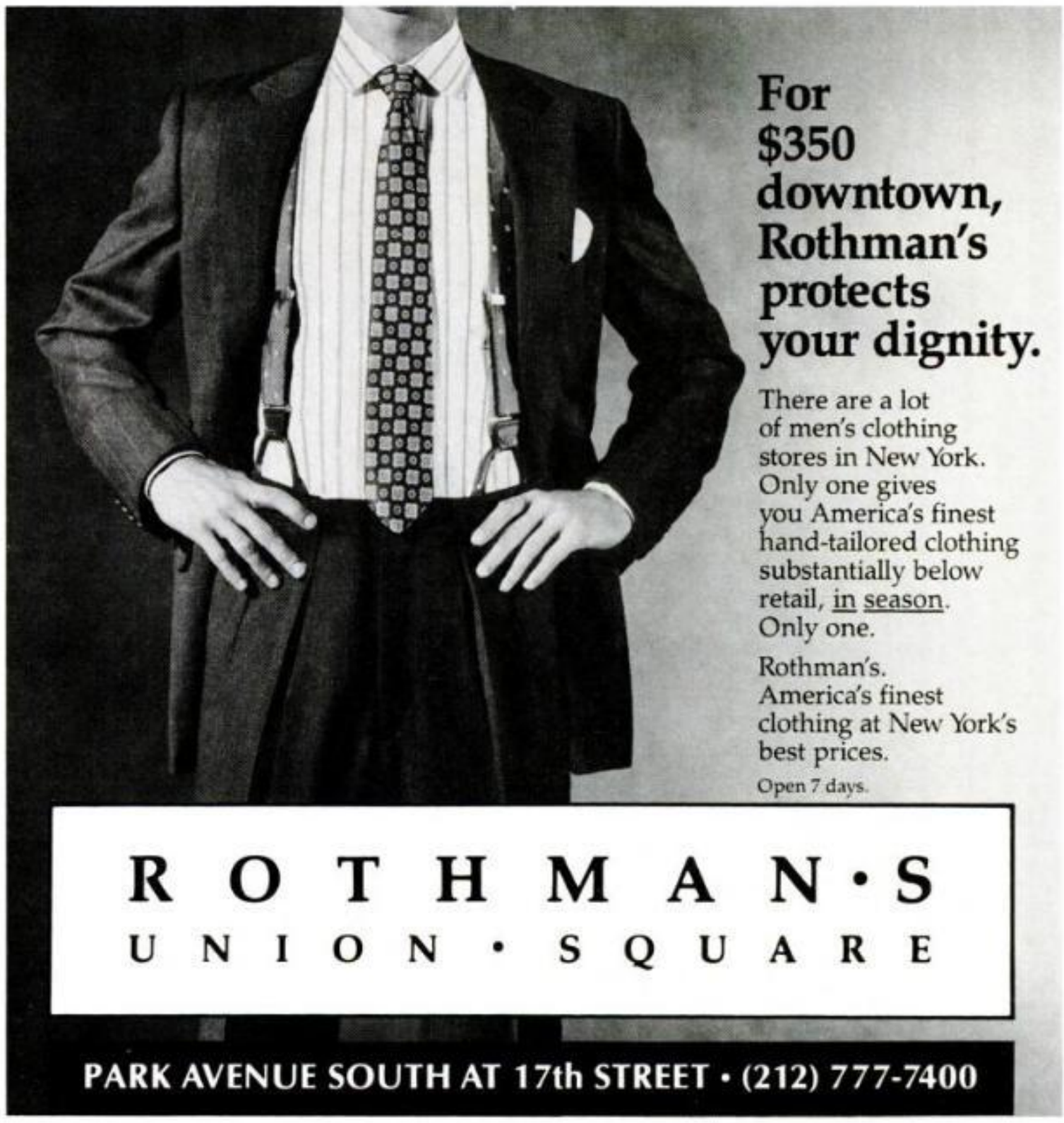
"Both girls turned and presented me at close range with four of the healthiest and most shapely female breasts I have ever seen, topped by two charming 20-year-old faces . . . educated voices . . . no makeup . . . not a hint of embarrassment. . . . I guessed that it can be as natural for European women to go about with naked bosoms as it is for South Sea Islanders."

I'd happened on a 1971 dispatch to the Mensa *Bulletin*, written from a French nudist island, by Raymond Allen, an M with an eye for "penises swinging right and left with military precision . . . scarlet breasts that protruded stiffly downward, like overstuffed salami sausage."

But don't forget, Allen was an M, a cerebral man, and he left the Îles du Levant with his chin in his hand.

"On the whole," he concluded soberly, "the bosoms of the girl holiday makers looked splendid—individual breasts might be large or small, spherical or conical, but almost all were firm and elastic."

Then one day I went to the heart of Mensa. The elevated train wandered out into the middle of Brooklyn and got lost among unisex hair emporiums. Men





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leaned out of their apartment windows right over the platform and wondered what I was doing there. I was going to Greater New York Mensa president Dennis Moore's for a board meeting to decide Mensa electoral policy.

Moore lived in a small house that seemed about to burst open from all his gifted children scurrying around inside. Despite Mensa's great mandate, the only global issue it had really gotten involved with was the care and feeding of gifted children. "Wake up, America!" Moore wrote in *Mphasis* last summer, bemoaning the nation's lack of concern for gifted children. "It is just vaguely conceivable that our great experiment in democracy can be destroyed." Everywhere in the house the Moores' brood was memorialized. Shelves were piled with trophies recognizing gifted swimming and gifted spelling, and the wood-grain-papered walls seemed to sag with the weight of framed medals.

In the kitchen, a half dozen Ms were eating at a huge table while gifted children passed through, laden with food. Dennis was thoroughly impressive. Slightly inarticulate (which was refreshing after all the language wankers), he had a barrel chest, ruddy cheeks, bushy eyebrows and blue eyes, one of which wandered but didn't detract from his heartiness. When his pretty wife, Toby, smiled through an M's endless story about Paul Newman at a racetrack, it struck me that we Ms were living a fantasy that night, dreaming of ourselves as gifted Moore children.

". . . And Newman's wearing *No*mex, which is the *fin*est fiber known to man, and since *New*man is sweating *most* where *most* people sweat the *most* . . ."

I won't describe the meeting. Endless hairsplitting and quarreling, made more ridiculous by the fact that we didn't have a quorum so *it wasn't even official*. Never underestimate the power of boredom as a motivation in human affairs.

When I went to the kitchen for water, Toby said I had to come to the Mensa dinner two nights later—*that* would be fun. But I was scared to sink any farther. Mensa really did resemble those other Utopian experiments of the post-Hitler 1940s—the UN, Esperanto, the promotion of LSD as the key to wisdom—which started out with the idea of changing the world and then skidded off into a talky, self-indulgent alternative reality. And me—had *I* gone skidding along with the Ms? I counted up all the ways I was like an M on one hand—*you live with your grandmother; you remember every faux pas you've ever made the way Reggie Jackson remembers home runs; you touch your face too much in public; you talk to yourself in the second person*—against all the ways I wasn't like an M on the other—*you have a girlfriend; your socks still have elastic at the top; you care more about your work than about your test scores; you*—then I gave Toby $20 and told her to count me in for dinner.

Mensa resembles those other experiments of the post-Hitler 1940s—the United Nations, Esperanto, LSD—that started out with the idea of changing  **the world and then skidded off into a talky, self-indulgent alternative reality.**

Back in the living room, people were jealous of Long Island Mensans, who had lined up a speaker on women's sexual fantasies. Ms only like frivolous speakers.

"When we had the nuclear physicists in, we only got seven or eight people."

"How many times can we have Al Goldstein speak?"

Then a slightly shriveled M with a curving goatee held up a gnarled finger.

"What about Margaret Mead?"

"She's dead."

"Oh, she's dead."

I sneaked out the back door, and when I got home there were directions to the skinny-dip party at "Arthur's Place" in the mailbox.

THE DOORS OF THE HOUSE AND BARN were both padlocked; a dog went wild inside the house, but no one else was home. ARTHUR'S PLACE, said puffy psychedelic letters on a sign lying flat on the porch. It was a drizzly Saturday; the sun was playing peek-a-boo.

You could tell it was a nudist retreat because there was a stockade propped up with four-by-fours on the side of the property within sight of the road. Part of the fence had given way, yielding a clear view of the swimming pool to anyone who cared. "Everyone coming agrees to abide by Arthur's rules; anyone acting in an unsuitable manner will be asked to leave," said my invitation. On the flip side were paeans to nudism, descriptions of "delicious massages on the lawn by the pool."

I sat by the pool and waited for the other Ms, waited for my delicious massage.

There were salamanders lying in the bottom of the pool that now and then made an effort to scale the sloping sides but then slid back down to the bottom. I hoisted a couple out with the leaf grabber, but when I set them on the edge they went back in the water. You could get all the letters for *Mensa* out of *salamander*. Was there a lesson in that? I tried to get them to wriggle their tails off, but it didn't work.

I waited an hour by myself and then I had to do it: I took off my clothes. *I was a nudist M*. I walked around the pool, paraded, really, and couldn't help feeling a wave of goose-pimpled superiority to the people in the neighboring houses who might be able to see me through the fence. So what? They were hung up, they were conventional, they were normals. You're different from them, I told myself, set apart, one in 50, maybe more.

Then that feeling went away and I had some other thoughts:

You really are turning into an M.

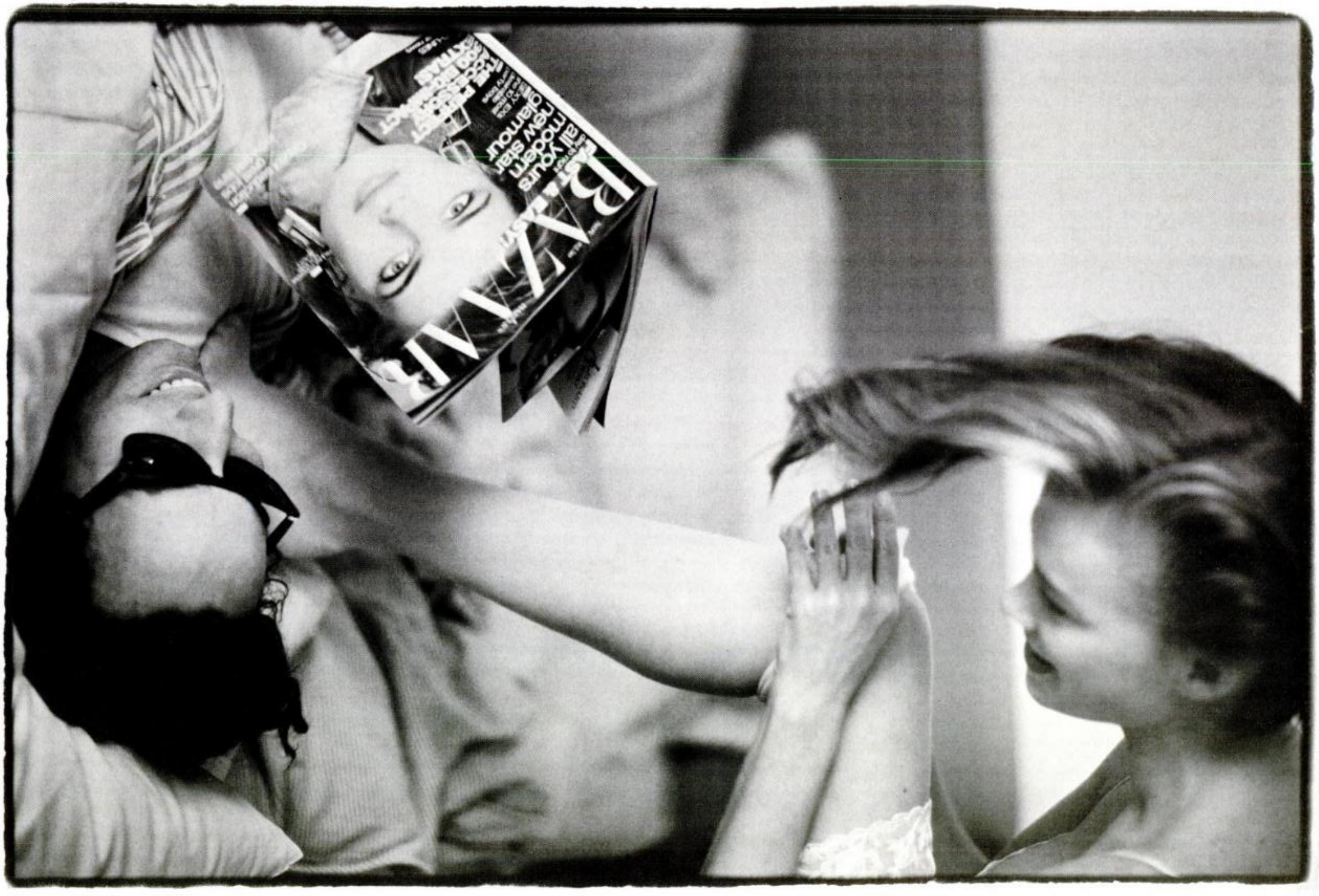
Ms had started out with the brave new idea that these tests meant something and over the next 40 years had gone on to prove that they meant nothing at all, they only tested how pointy people's minds were. And is that what you wanted? Teenage puns? Advice from Al Goldstein? Goose pimples?

Put on your pants.

Quit Mensa.

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CHERYL KORALIK



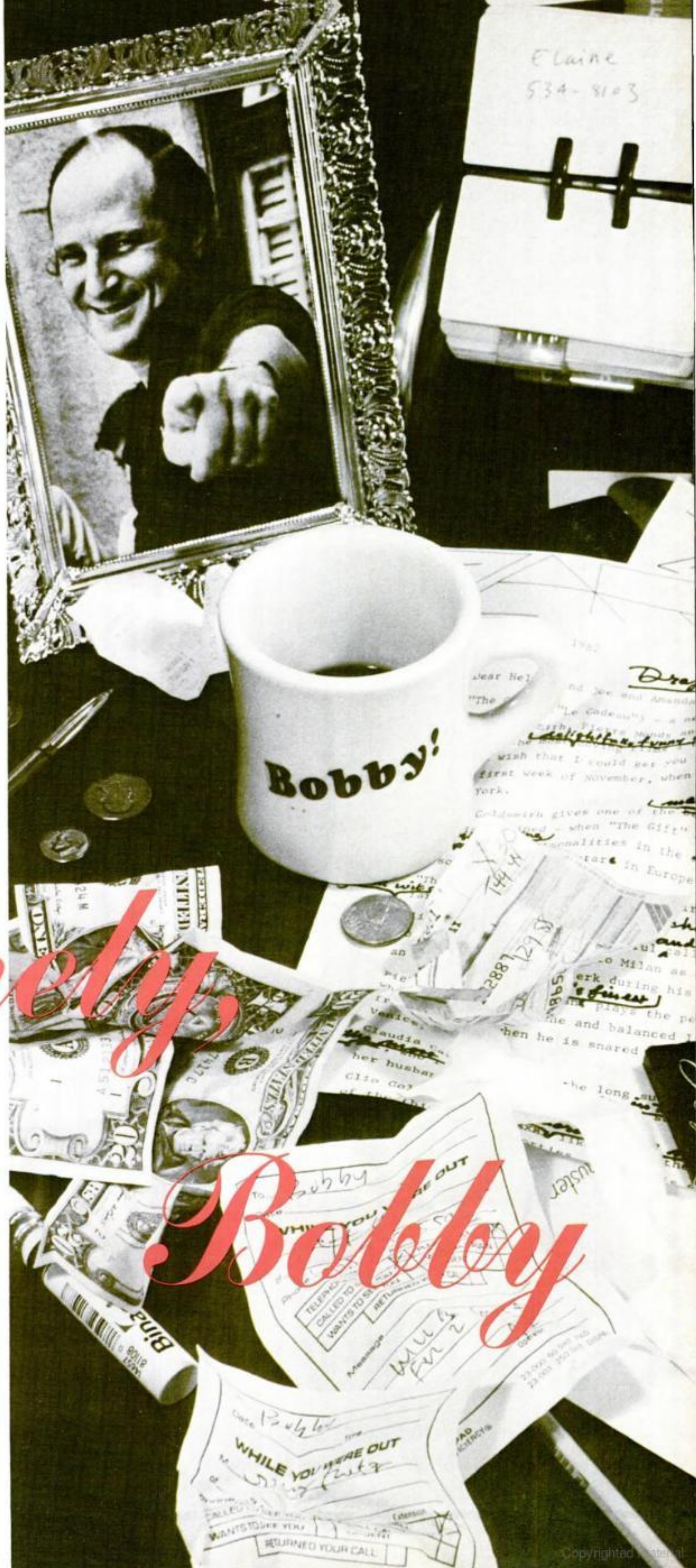
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How will the visionaries of today — the true greats — be regarded 50 or 100 years hence? Will our progeny appreciate the brilliance, see it plain and undeniable, as we do? Or will they scoff at our quaint, hopelessly twentieth-century notion of greatness? Will they even *know the name?* ☞ *This* name they *will* know. It is the name *Robert Myron Zarem*, and each of us is fortunate to be living now, during the man's lifetime—to walk the earth he walks, breathe the air he breathes, read the publicity releases he writes. We are also fortunate to have, in the pages ahead, some clues to the ultimate resolution of the hotly debated Zarem-posterity issue raging around us. For if not for this son of Savannah, who came to us through Phillips Academy and Yale, we would know considerably less about *Deathtrap*, *The Terry Fox Story*, the rock opera *Tommy*, the Hard Rock Cafe, Callanetics and, of course, the novels of Jackie Collins. The Zarem Letters discussed herein prove beyond a doubt that we can learn a great deal about the present *if only we would take the trouble to examine the future*. So manifest yet ineffable are Zarem's literary gifts that scholar LUC SANTE felt that only by catapulting himself to the beginning of the next millennium could he fully appraise how history will treat the remarkable master of public relations who has never needed to sign his correspondence anything but

Sincerely,



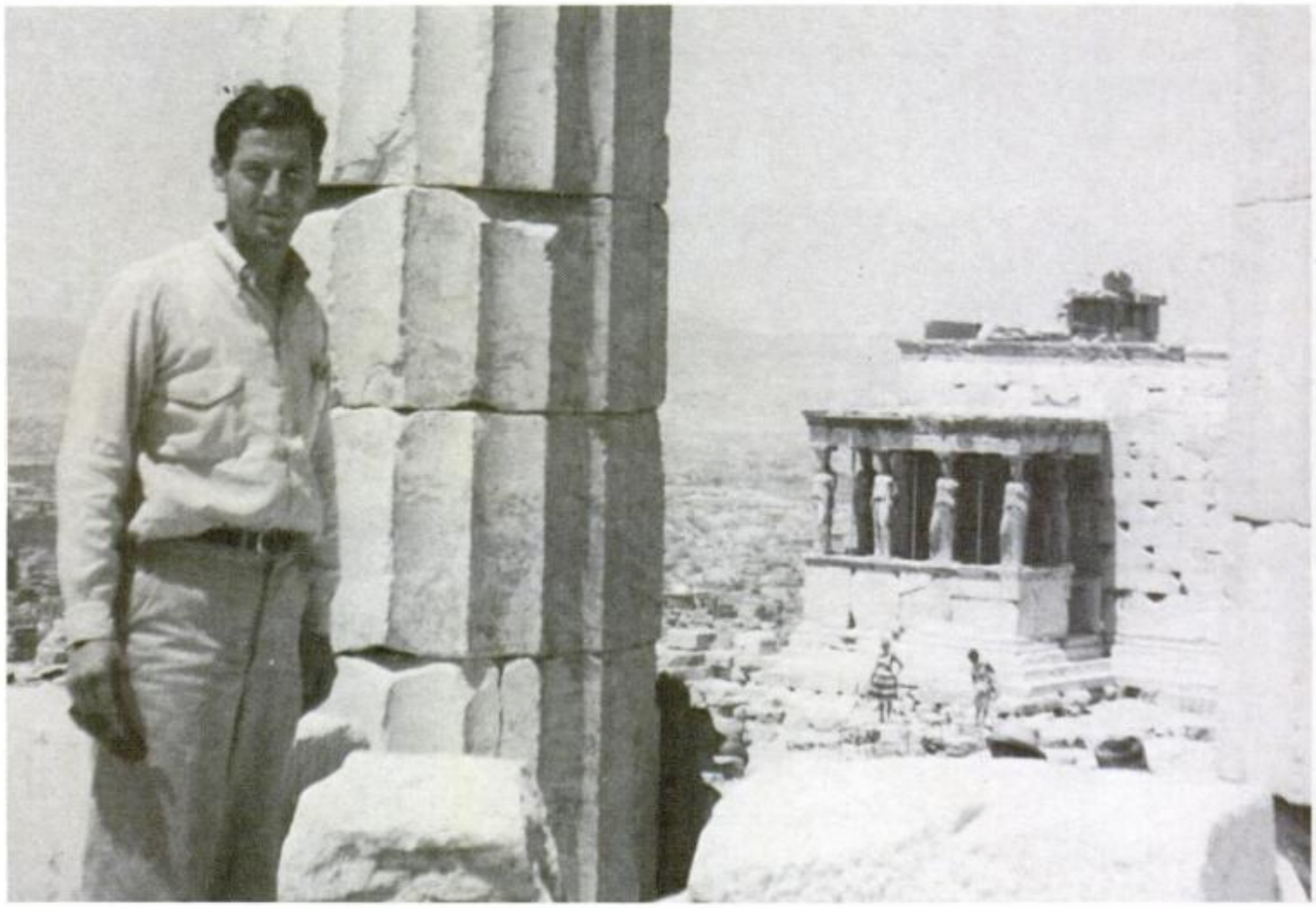
Bobby



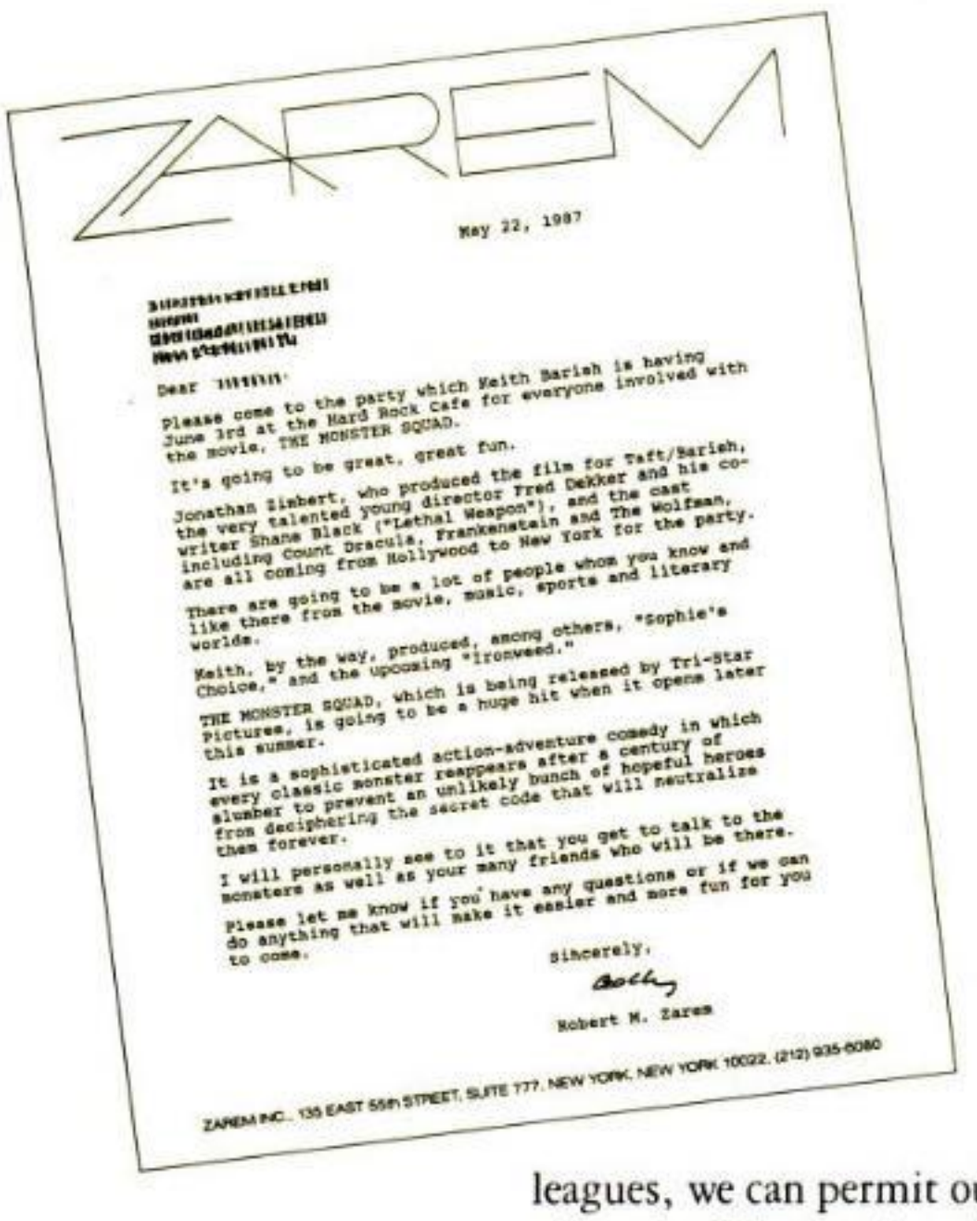
1963. ZAREM STANDING NEXT TO AN EDIFICE THAT WE SUSPECT MAY HAVE BEEN PART OF THE METROPOLITAN TOWER COMPLEX



THE BOYISH SCRAWL ON THE REVERSE OF THIS PHOTO—*"MOTHER SAYS I'M HANSOMER [SIC] THAN THIS"*—REVEALS THAT ZAREM HAD A TALENT FOR AGGRANDIZEMENT FROM A VERY EARLY AGE.



As the twentieth century drew to its close, the art of correspondence gradually succumbed to the relative convenience of the ubiquitous telephone. Literary professionals, who once could be assured of an income in their dotage by flogging their collected correspondence to a university library in Texas, now found themselves unable to assemble more than a paltry heap of pink message slips, three-line postcards from Cancún and the occasional inscrutably formalized cover letter. A certain gap thus exists in our knowledge of the social mores and interactions of at least two generations, up until federal privacy laws were relaxed around the turn of the century and routine telephone tapping became universal.



ZAREM

May 22, 1987

[redacted]

Dear [redacted]

Please come to the party which Keith Barish is having June 3rd at the Hard Rock Cafe for everyone involved with the movie, THE MONSTER SQUAD.

It's going to be great, great fun.

Jonathan Zimbert, who produced the film for Taft/Barish, the very talented young director Fred Dekker and his co-writer Shane Black ("Lethal Weapon"), and the cast including Count Dracula, Frankenstein and The Wolfman, are all coming from Hollywood to New York for the party.

There are going to be a lot of people whom you know and like there from the movie, music, sports and literary worlds.

Keith, by the way, produced, among others, "Sophie's Choice," and the upcoming "Ironweed."

THE MONSTER SQUAD, which is being released by Tri-Star Pictures, is going to be a huge hit when it opens later this summer.

It is a sophisticated action-adventure comedy in which every classic monster reappears after a century of slumber to prevent an unlikely bunch of hopeful heroes from deciphering the secret code that will neutralize them forever.

I will personally see to it that you get to talk to the monsters as well as your many friends who will be there.

Please let me know if you have any questions or if we can do anything that will make it easier and more fun for you to come.

Sincerely,

Bobby

Robert M. Zarem

ZAREM INC., 135 EAST 55th STREET, SUITE 777, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, (212) 935-6080

Therefore, it is impossible to overestimate the importance of those rare caches of letters from the era that occasionally turn up. When a collection comes our way that is as rich in detail as the Robert Zarem Papers, then, dear colleagues, we can permit ourselves a cautious peep of triumph. What we have here is a find that must be appreciated not merely as an accretion of data but as a rare guide to the innermost workings of a remote and nearly forgotten time. These papers, judiciously studied, can be our Rosetta stone, permitting us to read and interpret the closed texts of an alien culture.

Robert Zarem, known as Bobby, was a complex man with a broad range of interests and acquaintances. His profession remains uncertain, but it is clear that he was above all an enthusiast who would go to great lengths to apprise his friends of the latest advances in the arts. He appears to have played a role perhaps comparable to, though far transcending, that of a Guillaume Apollinaire or a Comtesse de Noailles earlier in the century, as an indefatigable salon-keeper, a social creature who would never let a luncheon or party go by without a critical infusion of culture. Zarem had a gift for friendship and was capable of writing lengthy letters to dozens, perhaps hundreds, of people when he wished to convey his barely restrained excitement over a new film, or book, or restaurant, or food product.

Zarem's emotional investment in these projects was such that even he could not manage the task alone, and so he persuaded younger friends to join him in the happy task of generating enthusiasm. We possess letters from a dozen signatories, but they all bear the Zarem letterhead, as well as the inimitable Zarem style and the infectious Zarem zest. These other correspondents—Mark Kane, Lisa Havey Long, Thomas Osborne, to name a few—might be considered members of the Zarem "school," in the way we speak of "the school of Mantegna" or "the school of Tintoretto." The spirit of Zarem infuses them all, and we daresay we could

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identify the style even on unheaded stationery.

In the collection we find four basic classes of document: typed letters on buff foolscap measuring 7¼ by 10½ inches or 8½ by 11 inches; holograph notes on buff card stock, 5⅛ by 7 inches; invitations printed on similar but unheaded card stock, 5⅛ by 7 inches or 5⅛ by 8 inches; and "news releases" on white 8½-by-11-inch reproduction paper. The larger portion of the trove consists of letters, which can run up to three pages in length and provide what amount to small essays, each on a specific subject. Zarem's enthusiasm and wide acquaintanceship evidently led him to impart identical information to scores of people. We have in our possession duplicate and triplicate letters sent out to different correspondents at separate locations, as well as single letters addressed to a dozen individuals in one place. The delicately calibrated politesse of salutations and signatures—the way some headings are formal, some first-name, some a relatively impersonal "Dear Friend"; the way Zarem signs himself variously with his full name or with his diminutive—is a social code we have not yet begun to crack. We won't bore you with a lengthy demonstration of our proof that the letters are de facto the work of a single hand, even though they are de jure the product of a number of separate signatories. A few telling examples should suffice.



Bobby Zarem
requests the pleasure of the company of
[illegible]
at an informal luncheon in honor of
Raquel Welch
to celebrate her triumph
on Broadway in "Woman of the Year"

Elaine's Restaurant
1703 Second Avenue
between 88th & 89th
streets

1:00 pm
Tuesday, August 17th

Kindly RSVP to 758-1453
By Friday, August 13th

Zarem was a man obsessed with history, and with the place the works of his time should find in that continuum. Thus, many of the letters are marked by a plaintive yearning for monumentality, and every cultural manifestation Zarem describes is measured against the historical scale, with only the landmarks passing muster. Awareness of Zarem's rigor in this regard can give us a new way of assessing the culture of the late twentieth century. Clearly, many of our cherished notions have been wrong. We may never have heard of the film *Deathtrap*, for instance, yet Zarem assures us that it is "one of the finest movies to be made in a long time and everybody is talking about how great it is." His disciple Belinda Breese, meanwhile, describes another forgotten film, *The Gift*, as "truly one of the most de-

Appendix A

THE MARKS OF ZAREM

Graphology lies in the realm roughly triangulated by psychoanalysis, tarot cards and Kreskin. Its practitioners and lay proponents, who divine from the writer's hurried scrawls, maintain that by the works of the hand, so shall ye be known. With only four excerpts from SPY's Codex Zaremia, one of America's foremost graphologists, Marie Bernard, an honorary member of the Academy of Graphology in London and author of *The Art of Graphology*, was able to make an eerily knowing character sketch of Robert "Bobby" Zarem.

Bernard, who claims never to have attended a photo opportunity at the Hard Rock Cafe, had no previous knowledge of her subject. In fact, she wondered if he had been any relation to Robert F. Kennedy's assassin, Sirhan Sirhan. (He was not.) Nevertheless, she was able to provide insights into the man behind the media events.

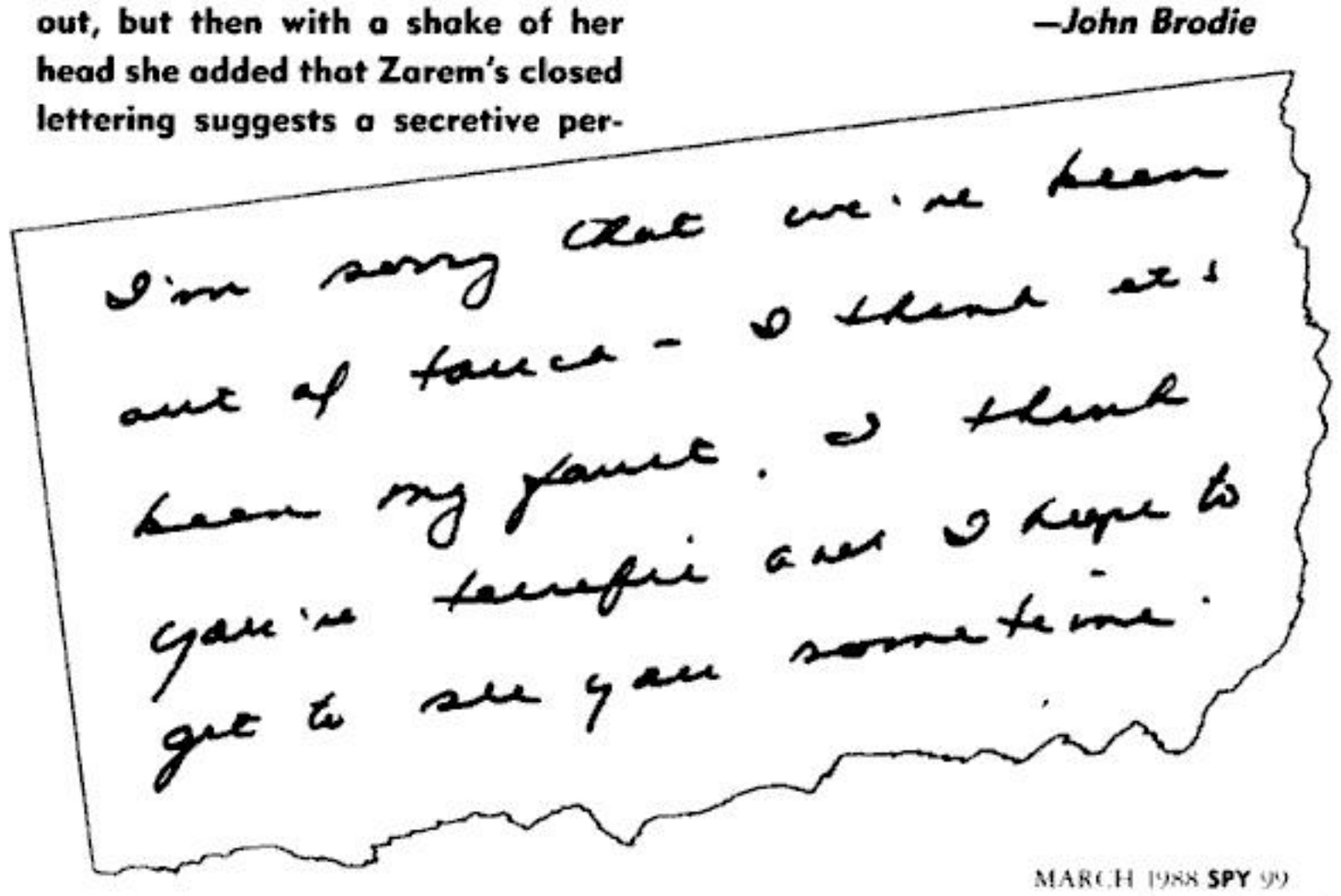
The consistency of Zarem's handwriting indicates strong organizational skills and a knack for planning, Bernard said. The happy gaps in the middle of words are evidence of intuition in his work, as if Zarem's mind was continuously generating new ideas. "He was generous and curious," Bernard pointed out, but then with a shake of her head she added that Zarem's closed lettering suggests a secretive personality hostile to new ideas. That paradox—pinched lettering etched by a rhythmic hand—embodies the life work of the man: Zarem's inhibited nature explained his inability to create, while his sensuality of hand manifested itself in a fascination with artists and an enthusiasm for their creations.

Bernard described Zarem's social persona as "full of juice," meaning he relished the finest of food and drink and the spirited jests of merry company. In his relations with others, though, Zarem lacked self-confidence, as seen in the minuscule *l* from line 6 of an October 18, 1986, rotulus.

Leaving no cursive unturned, Bernard imagined that Zarem's romantic life must have been a sorrowful prospect. (Lack of physical strength and unsatisfying physical relationships are associated with a softness of hand such as Zarem's.)

More telling even than Zarem's flaccid *l* is the final *y* of his BOBBY. In the signature from a note of January 21, 1987, the *y* stands reticently alone against the world. The *y* is slashed with what graphologists term a "downstroke trembling," which suggests diminished body powers. The closed writing reflects a bourgeois, acquisitive outlook.

—John Brodie



I'm sorry that we've been out of touch - I think it's been my fault. I think you're terrific and I hope to get to see you sometime.

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1960. ZAREM EVIDENTLY SHARING SOME OF HIS EPOCH-DEFINING FRIENDLINESS WITH A FEMALE ACQUAINTANCE



CIRCA 1965. WAS THE MULTITALENTED ZAREM A DECORATOR AS WELL? HERE, WITH A SUSANNAH YORK

lightful, funny, and moving films I've seen in a long, long time." Zarem puts forward yet another film, *Split Image*, calling it "one of the most timely, well-thought-out movies to appear in a long while."

But such comparisons must be viewed as relative. When Zarem encounters the sublime, he does not frame a nostalgic response, since he knows that history has been altered. Thus, of the treatise *Callanetics*, Zaremite Lisa Havey Long writes, "Totally unlike, and eclipsing, all others before it, Callanetics is simply the easiest and most effective fitness program there is." Zarem himself, discussing the mannequin Carol Alt, minces no words when he writes that "her current display ad campaign is one of the most successful and talked about in history." Zarem can go even further, when the occasion warrants it, and don the mantle of Vico and Hegel to pronounce that Holly Farms Oven-Roasted Chicken is "going to revolutionize meals and dining habits in this country in the most convenient, delicious and nutritious way ever possible."

The unveiling of this extraordinary chicken prompted a grand banquet, attended by "personalities from film, television, music, sports, and literary worlds" and hosted by the dowager socialite



ZAREM

NEWS RELEASE

Contact: Jessica Goldberg
(212) 935-6080

JACKIE MASON TO TAKE FIRST RIDING LESSON IN PREPARATION FOR STARRING ROLE IN WARNER BROS. PICTURES "CADDYSHACK II"

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7TH, 12:30 P.M. CLAREMONT RIDING ACADEMY
175 WEST 89TH STREET

WHO: Jackie Mason, star of the smash, hit, one-man Broadway show, " The World According To Me!" and star of the upcoming Warner Bros. Pictures " Caddyshack II."

WHAT: Riding lessons in preparation for Jackie Mason's starring role in the Warner Bros. Pictures " Caddyshack II." Filming to begin in early January in Florida and California. Cast will include Dan Aykroyd and Chevy Chase.

WHERE: Claremont Riding Academy, 175 West 89th Street

WHEN: Monday, December 7th at 12:30 p.m.

TOUR COVERAGE IS REQUESTED

ZAREM INC., 135 EAST 55th STREET, SUITE 777, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, (212) 935-6080

Dinah Shore. This event gives us an insight into the nature of Zarem's generosity. Not even the host, he nevertheless expended his energies in circulating news of the affair. Certain documents cause us to loosen our scholarly reserve and dream of bygone glories; the announcement for this banquet is one of them. The event must truly have been momentous, attended as it was by the titans of the time, from each of the foremost cultural sectors: the film colony led by the dashing Eric Roberts; the television sphere by the sparkling Marion Javits; music by the eclectic Arlene Francis; sports by the dynamic LeRoy Neiman; and literature by the mellifluous George Steinbrenner. But we digress. Consider nevertheless, dear colleagues, how natural it is to fall under Zarem's spell. Had we been a contemporary of his, we doubtless would have inclined to his every whisper.

Could Zarem have foreseen that he was writing for the ages? It seems scarcely possible to think otherwise, and yet Zarem writes with the innocence of a witness, one unaware that his words would survive the world he knew. Compare, for example, Herodotus, or the letters of the younger Pliny, or the journals of James Boswell: there are a thousand things we know only from their testimony. Similarly, with Zarem, we are often astonished at the wonders he reports, and amazed that so little trace of them has survived to our day. A case in point is the letter dated December 29, 1986, in which his satrap Suzanne MacNary, addressing no fewer than 13 persons, paints a word-picture of an edifice known as Metropolitan Tower. We have no other account of this fantastic structure, and yet it must have bade fair to be a wonder of the ancient world. "I would do anything to get you to meet me at Metropolitan Tower," MacNary says to all 13. How could they have refused? It was evidently the tallest

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Appendix B

THE ZAREM COLLECTION

With altruism as our inspiration, we deemed it time to bid a forlorn adieu to our prized Codex Zaremia. Despite the joy that working in close quarters with the largest indexed collection of Zaremabilia brought to us, we knew our obligation to future generations of Zarem scholars. In that spirit, we sought to deposit the collected works with a worthy institution.

As libraries and universities vied, more or less, for the honor of becoming the repository for The Robert Zarem Papers, some tough questions had to be answered: What sort of tax write-off could we reasonably expect? Was Chico State really the right setting for the works of the premier publicist of our time? And should proximity to Elaine's be a factor in the decision?

Some institutions failed to divine Zarem's significance, while others were bedeviled about how to place the collection historically. A spokesperson for the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library of Yale Uni-



versity bristled at the suggestion of a Holly Farms chickens press release displayed alongside a Gutenberg Bible. A tragic blow, inasmuch as Zarem's works should properly return to the university that unleashed his boola-boola pen upon the world.

But Yale's reticence was Harvard's foresight. Rodney Dennis, curator of manuscripts at Harvard's Houghton Library, immediately recognized the significance of the collection and expressed strong interest. "We accept things that scholars will want to use," he said encouragingly. On the other hand, woe be unto Tunxis Community College—located at the junction of Routes 6 and 177 in Farmington, Connecticut—for brushing off our potential donation with a cursory "We certainly appreciate the thought, but...I'd really like to speak to my provost about it."

While Duke and Stanford shuffled their feet, the Henry and Albert Berg Collection of English and American Literature at the New York Public Library knew a good thing when they heard it. They understood that a billet begging members of the press to witness Jackie Mason learning to ride a horse must indeed rest in the



company of H. L. Mencken's letters and pamphlets. The curator of the collection even went so far as to suggest that, although the rare book room had never handled the works of a publicist before, The Robert Zarem Papers might well be placed alongside the letters of Herman Melville, Washington Irving, Walt Whitman, Alfred Kazin and Truman Capote.

Until we locate a curator with sufficient acuity to perceive that the promoting of *Caddyshack II* and *Monster Squad* was his age's equivalent to the writing of Henry James's letters, the Codex Zaremia will rest here at SPY, available for public inspection, Monday through Friday, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. A $2 donation is suggested (members free).

—*J.B.*

residential building in the world, but mere height was the least of its glories. It was "architecturally the most stunning, design-wise the most handsome and engineering and construction-wise the most sophisticated building ever put up." Notice how excitement caused her pen to trip on, abandoning grammar to the pedants. Wrought of a "unique mixture of concrete and glass," it was the "most distinctive building of its kind," and to complete the picture it was located on West 57th Street, "the most cosmopolitan street in the world."



Once again, our astonishment conquers our scholarly detachment as we contemplate this remote time and its glories. The sybaritic life enjoyed by the inmates of Metropolitan Tower was graced by a "24 hour concierge," a "state of the art security system," a "24 hour catering kitchen," a "private fitness center," "postage meter machines," even "mail distribution." We are uncertain as to the exact meaning of some of these terms, but we are left with no doubt as to the rarity and luxury they imply. Sadly, there is no ruin we can visit; not a single portico, chamber or stair has been preserved. We have, that is to say, only Zarem's word that such a marvel ever existed.

Zarem's enthusiasm and generosity did not stop at works of art; he could be equally fervent about his friends. The letter dated August 4, 1987, for example, is an unabashed panegyric to the virtues of the evidently legendary model Carol Alt and her husband, the world-renowned athlete Ron Greschner. "Their lives are as fast-paced as these two Renaissance people are successful," writes Zarem in an enigmatic construction, and he goes on to detail their extraordinary careers: Alt's appearances on famous calendars and in important Italian motion pictures; Greschner's fame as both participant in and instructor of the ritual bloodletting known as hockey. The letter is, however, most concerned with their connubial bliss, and Zarem gives every evidence of having been in love with both of them: "As attractive and engaging as this couple is, few could tire of looking at them, or, in fact, resist be-

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CIRCA 1976. WITH HIS LEGENDARY GUSTO, ZAREM PHYSICALLY PULLS A POTENTIAL ENTHUSIAST—THOUGHT BY SOME SCHOLARS TO BE QUEEN ELIZABETH III—TOWARD SOME SPLENDID FILM EVENT.

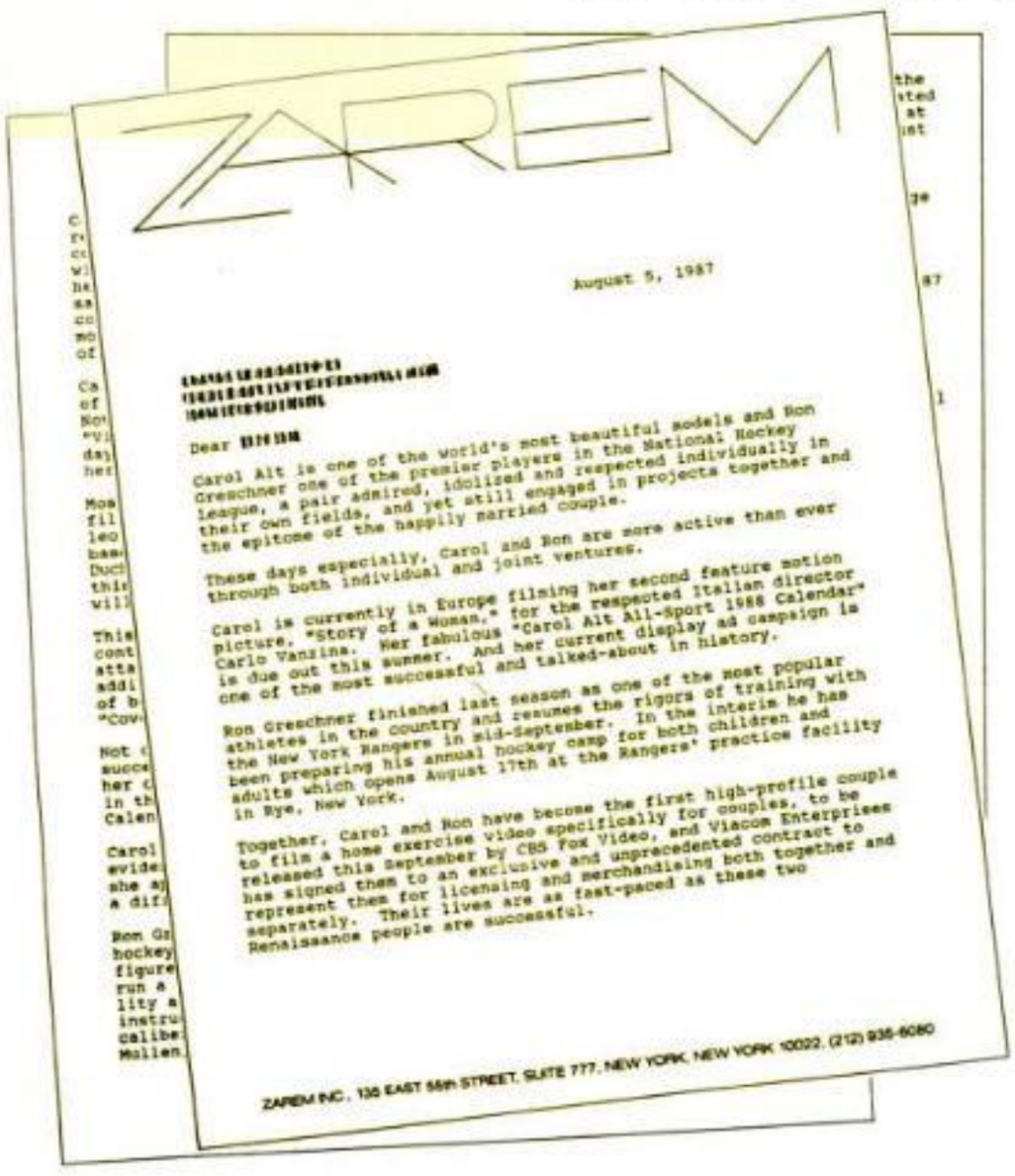
1982. THE FASHION FOR PLUMPNESS EVIDENTLY CONTINUED INTO THE 1980S: "BATTLE OF THE BELLIES" IS TYPEWRITTEN ACROSS THE BACK OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY A RON GALELLA, DEPICTING ZAREM WITH ELAINE KAUFMAN, WHO PRESIDED OVER A POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.



ing all the more attracted to the product they endorse." Zarem's prose literally transcends itself in this letter. We feel the tremor of the chronicler become poet as he gives way to his passion: "Carol Alt and Ron Greschner are truly the embodiment of today's—and tomorrow's—ideal couple in America, together and loving and yet still individually active and always moving ahead." The rhythm is unmistakably erotic.

Was there a darker side to Zarem? There undoubtedly was, but it is difficult to turn up evidence of it. One or two slight hints surface. In one letter he seems to threaten his correspondent: "I will personally see to it that you get to talk to the monsters." The letter is apparently concerned with an enterprise called *The Monster Squad*, and several times it promises "fun." Here our relative lack of familiarity with the historical context leaves us baffled. The single most perplexing item in the Zarem codex is the letter dated April 1, 1987, and signed by the apprentice Thomas Osborne. The ostensible subject is an alimentary substance known as PRIMO milk powder, but then what are we to make of the martial tone of the prose? "Executing a dramatic product offensive in the Middle East which captured a phenomenal 20 percent share in the first month, Gulf & Pacific's Larry Kolb and business partner Muhammad Ali have broken a twenty year stranglehold on the powdered milk industry of that region."

The letter would seem to have been written in a sort of code, but how can this be reconciled with the sunny, the passionate, the open Zarem? Could he have harbored conspirators wittingly, or was his natural generosity exploited by sinister elements? We read with increasing mystification a text that appears to describe aerial warfare or missile deployment of some kind: "Armed with this research information, the unique launch strategy which Gulf & Pacific was able to execute proved to be a major convincing force worth a major gamble." Can anyone pretend that this language has something to do with food? We go on, through a text that speaks of a "product launch strategy providing the maximum impact in the shortest amount of time" and belligerent suggestions of "exciting international opportunities." In the midst of this there are repeated references to the personage Muhammad Ali, who is never explicitly identified but who would seem to have been a charismatic figurehead at least, if not the actual would-be despot of the scheme. His likeness "appears on every can of PRIMO." He "toured the launch region drawing huge and enthusiastic crowds." He is described as having "a substantial vested interest in the venture." He would seem to have had designs on "the Arabian Peninsula, parts


ZAREM

August 5, 1987

Dear

Carol Alt is one of the world's most beautiful models and Ron Greschner one of the premier players in the National Hockey League, a pair admired, idolized and respected individually in their own fields, and yet still engaged in projects together and the epitome of the happily married couple.

These days especially, Carol and Ron are more active than ever through both individual and joint ventures.

Carol is currently in Europe filming her second feature motion picture, "Story of a Woman," for the respected Italian director Carlo Vanzina. Her fabulous "Carol Alt All-Sport 1988 Calendar" is due out this summer. And her current display ad campaign is one of the most successful and talked-about in history.

Ron Greschner finished last season as one of the most popular athletes in the country and resumes the rigors of training with the New York Rangers in mid-September. In the interim he has been preparing his annual hockey camp for both children and adults which opens August 17th at the Rangers' practice facility in Rye, New York.

Together, Carol and Ron have become the first high-profile couple to film a home exercise video specifically for couples, to be released this September by CBS Fox Video, and Viacom Enterprises has signed them to an exclusive and unprecedented contract to represent them for licensing and merchandising both together and separately. Their lives are as fast-paced as these two Renaissance people are successful.

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PAGE RANKING REPORT (Jan.-Oct. 1987)

PUBLICATION	RANK	PAGES
BUSINESS WEEK	1	3,589.45
TV GUIDE	2	3,038.98
FORBES	**3**	**2,867.35**
VOGUE	4	2,764.42
PEOPLE WEEKLY	5	2,760.79
FORTUNE	6	2,467.42
NEW YORK MAGAZINE	7	2,454.56
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED	8	2,099.81
BRIDE'S	9	2,099.57
NEWSWEEK	10	2,039.54
ECONOMIST	11	1,979.94
COSMOPOLITAN	12	1,962.38
NEW YORKER	13	1,899.16
TIME	14	1,874.32
GLAMOUR	15	1,867.69

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ZAREM

March 3, 1982

[redacted]

Dear [redacted]

We are having two more private screenings of the film "Deathtrap" prior to its opening and I wanted you to know about them in the hopes that you will be able to come to one of them.

It is one of the finest movies to be made in a long time and everybody is talking about how great it is.

The screenings will be at 6:00 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. on Thursday, March 11th, at the Warner Bros. Screening Room at 666 Fifth Avenue, 6th Floor.

Michael Caine, Christopher Reeve and Dyan Cannon are just terrific in the film. Sidney Lumet directed it and it's one of the best directed movies ever made.

It has a marvelous screenplay by Jay Presson Allen and a juicy set by Tony Walton.

Kindly R.S.V.P. to 758-1264 no later than Monday, March 8th, if possible, due to limited seating at the screening.

Sincerely,

Robert M. Zarem

ZAREM INC., 135 EAST 55th STREET, SUITE 777, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022, (212) 935-6080

of Africa and the Caribbean," as well as the Philippines. Did he achieve his monstrous ambitions? Our researches will proceed on this matter. Perhaps we have unearthed vital information on the causes of the numerous wars in those regions at the time.

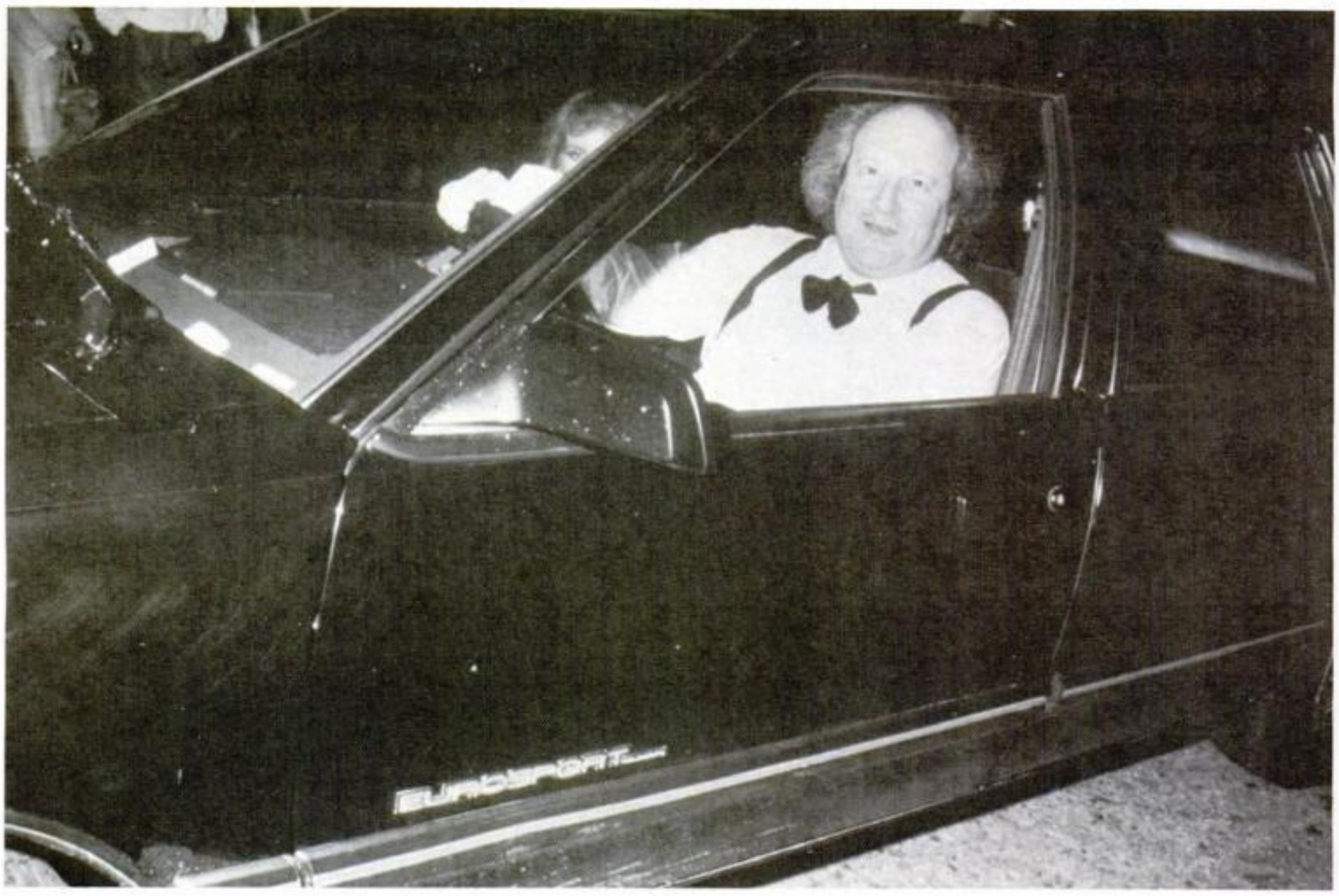
As you can see, the value of the Zarem archive is double-edged. Every revelation is accompanied by a knot of new doubt. Every door that is opened to us reveals three more that are stubbornly closed. Nowhere is this more apparent than in our consideration of Zarem the man. We have already spoken of his generosity, his enthusiasm, his loyalty, as these qualities manifest themselves in his more formal correspondence. Now we come to the small collection of holograph notes we possess, our sole key to the inner Zarem, the only medium in which he writes of himself.

The content of these notes, far from expanding our view of the grand master of society and patron of the arts, shows us a tortured individual. The notes reveal a desire to please that is nearly craven, an anxious capacity for shouldering blame ("I'm sorry that we've been out of touch—I think it's been my fault"), a general vagueness that sharply counterpoints the absorbing detail of his typed missives. The handwriting is of a piece with its text: obsessively regular, with small, flat letters and stunted loops, words splitting into smaller units as if the writing were choked out, the units appearing slowly between sobs. The periods are tiny and widely separated from the preceding words. As you will see from our sample enlargement, the capitals—and significantly the *I*—are hardly larger than the lowercase letters. Can this be the same person whose name is writ in characters nearly 1 by 1½ inches across the top of his stationery? (*See Appendix A.*) On the other hand, these notes reveal the same disdain for the comma and the hyphen, the same deliberate and almost childish meter, as the rest of the correspondence has—the linchpin of what is perhaps our strongest proof of single authorship.

What, then, can we make of this Zarem, this publicly bold yet privately recessive figure? We begin to perceive the faint outline of a man wielding a lavish power to influence, going home, after a day spent enlightening his contemporaries, to a night of doubt and self-loathing. But we ask you, dear colleagues, was it not ever thus with artists and prophets? We use these terms advisedly; every particule of these pages speaks of a commitment to great art and deep thought so profound as to be self-effacing. We have here a man whose vision was so pure that he elected to be the mirror of his culture with no thought of his own gain. Zarem was a prophet who at some point ceased to be the messenger and became one with the message. If the late twentieth century could produce a Zarem, then surely it was an age of giants.



1987. ZAREM FREQUENTLY DONNED GARB THAT WOULD MAKE HIM SEEM ONE WITH THE COMMON MAN, AS HE DID HERE, RIDING ON AN OLD-FASHIONED ESCALATOR.



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How to Be a Grown-up



Without FLAIR

BY MICHÈLE BENNETT

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

HERE WE ARE AGAIN—STILL, AS Julie Baumgold, the poet of *New York* magazine, put it in her cover story about Christian Lacroix, "dancing on the lip of the volcano." Oops, almost fell in just then—it's those lips! But in these volcanic times, we must be serious for a moment while I comment on Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, whose absurdly fawning *Times* review of Donald Trump's book, *Trump: The Art of the Deal*, is an outrage.

"Mr. Trump has what it takes. . . . He's got a lot to be egotistical about. . . . He makes more money," writes Lehmann-Haupt. "Oddly enough, Mr. Trump's display of ego is not offensive to the reader." It *isn't?* Well, it is to me, and it was to Jonathan Yardley, in *The Washington Post*'s Book World: "This thin autobiography, which is sure to be a best seller—the best-seller lists being weekly testimony to the capacity of the American book-buying public to suffer gladly the self-promotions of fools and mountebanks—is a public relations sell from the first page to the last."

But not to Lehmann-Haupt: "Jay Gatsby lives . . . [and] Mr. Trump makes one believe for a moment in the American dream again. It's like a fairy tale."

Phooey. Even the Queens-born casino operator deserves better than this. Perhaps this is why the *Times* subsequently gave Trump's fairy tale to Ted Morgan, author of *FDR: A Biography*, for his weighty thoughts in Sunday's Book Review. "The man has flair, and New Yorkers will forgive anything if you have flair," he concluded, without flair.

What can we mere mortals say to the *Times?* Lots of people have flair. Mayor Koch has flair; so do Ivan Boesky, Julie Baumgold, David Edelstein, Ivana Trump

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and Tolstoy, when he finally left his nagging wife. Julian "Trump" Schnabel, if nothing else, has a flair for publicity, which is why Robert "Crocodile" Hughes took one look at his memoirs and threw them on the barbie in *The New Republic*. Reviewing Schnabel's *CVJ: Nicknames of Maître D's & Other Excerpts from Life*, Crocodile was delightfully merciless: "Writing his memoirs at 35, Schnabel has set some kind of record for premature retrospection. . . . It is the art world's answer to *Vanna Speaks*, without the girlish modesty."

Woody Allen's latest Bergmanesque bust, *September*, is infused with Chekhovian flair. All his serious movies are, aren't they? "The humor of [the characters'] humorlessness is often Chekhovian" (Richard Schickel, *Time*). "If you think this sounds like a Chekhov play, you have a point" (Kathleen Carroll, the *Daily News*). "The [screen]play is Chekhovian" (Frank Rich, the *Times*). "Neo-Chekhovian" (Vincent Canby, the *Times*). "True to Chekhov, everyone (including the camera) is trapped in this house, in this country, on this planet" (Robin Flicker, *Downtown*). "A Chekhovian house party" (David Denby, *New York*). Marcelle Clements anticipated all this nonsense in *Premiere*: "You can bet your boots that the word 'Chekhovian' will be uttered at least once by everyone at the table." Whereupon she described *September* as "generated by para-Chekhovian intricacies of character." And Ralph Novak, para-intellectual movie critic of *People*, wrote, "To understand how heavy it is, imagine eating 14 peanut butter sandwiches."

Talking of *Premiere*, as few people are, the *L.A. Weekly* recently scored big points for objective journalism by sagely allowing Anne Thompson, a writer for *Premiere*, to review *Premiere*. "After only four issues," Thompson wrote, "Rupert Murdoch's new American movie magazine, *Premiere*, has all the earmarks of a permanent fixture on national newsstands."

But don't confuse *Premiere*'s cover story headlining Robin Williams as "The Mouth That Roars in *Good Morning, Vietnam*" with Gael Greene's observation in *New York*, another Murdoch product, that "New York has a mouth that never sleeps." Has the world, you are asking, gone mad? It's difficult to tell from the lip of the volcano. First, John Heilpern, the critic-at-large for the Aaron Latham vehicle *Manhattan, inc.*, blamed the Wall Street crash on Frank Rich. "I don't think he did it *deliberately*," he wrote. How droll!

Then Stanley Kauffmann, the usually sturdy film critic for *The New Republic*, suffered a brief Gael Greene attack while reviewing *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*. Describing one of the movie's characters, "a silky black man called Danny," Kauffmann compared him to chocolate: "Roland Gift is like mocha cream as Danny."

Then, Vincent Canby turned zoologist to define a gecko, not to be confused with the evil arbitrageur Gekko in Oliver Stone's *Wall Street*. "Its droppings are annoying," he told us. "But the gecko is a part of the natural order of things." And if that wasn't enough goofy, superfluous information, Kay "I Get Everything Wrong" Gardella, ditsy TV critic of the *Daily News*, confessed, "Whenever I dream about what I'm going to do after years of toiling in these vineyards I think of tradition-bound Oxford University."

But is tradition-bound Oxford University thinking of *you*, Kay, toiling away in the critical vineyards of life, as undoubtedly you will be for some time to come? Meanwhile, no less a hero of our time than Sting turned critic and replied to Howard Hampton of the dear old *Village Voice* in a letter to the editor titled, with typical flair, "Stinging Rebuke." Though Sting misidentified the owner of the *Voice* as Rupert Murdoch and misspelled *eunuch*, the outraged rocker was in ferocious form: "Who knows, when Ollie is Prez, you could be the new Goebbels. You're perfect—your writing has all the hysteria and self-loathing of the child-molester, the sickening rhetorical violence of the neo-Nazi. . . . And so, Herr Hampton, if we do indeed have a date and you want my head splattered against your wall—first you have to kick my arse—unfortunately, you just ain't baad enough. Bye for now. Love, Sting."

Educated man, that Sting. And sensitive too. How could he not be, with the *Times*'s rock guru, Robert Palmer, there to guide him? "The songs poke about in sensitive areas, uncovering plain and sometimes bitter truths," Palmer wrote of his own personal "heavy rotation" rock tape in Critic's Notebook. "The guitars ring out in pealing, cathedral-like resonances, shading from droning consonance into the textural complications of sawtooth-wave interference and shimmering harmonic distortion." Even Herr Hampton of the *Voice* would understand.

After all that drama, it was a relief to turn to the refined Andrew Porter in *The New Yorker*. This time, his traditionally endless piece was about Vivaldi's *Giustino* in Houston. "The plot is one of those that sound complicated in the telling but unfold clearly enough on the stage," he kindly explained, about to sound complicated in the telling. Here he goes:

"The protagonist is Justin I, the plowboy emperor, the uncle of Justinian the Great (who was the uncle of Justin II, the hero of Metastasio's early tragedy 'Giustino')." Got that?

"At the start," Porter continues gamely, "the widowed Empress Ariadne welcomes her new husband, Anastasius, to the throne, and they set out against the rebel Vitalian." Still with him?

"The scene changes from court to country: Justin, wearied by his rural labors, falls asleep over his plow. . . ." Awake?

"Waking, he rescues Anastasius' sister Leocasta from a bear. . . ."

"I have nothing but admiration for opera audiences," wrote "Marvelous" Marvin Kitman authoritatively in *Newsday*. "Night after night they applaud fat people who can't act and are singing incomprehensible statements at other fat people while moving awkwardly around the stage in stories that are so silly they would not be out of place in TV sitcoms."

Marvin should know. He's a TV critic who turned opera reviewer in honor of Sid Caesar's appearance at the Metropolitan Opera as Frosch the Jailer in *Die Fledermaus*. "It was a rerun," he noted of the opera's 89th performance since 1905. "The experience was like seeing *Your Show of Shows* with music in between Sid Caesar," he added, clearly a fan, at least, of Sid's.

But what of the story? He found it less amusing than *Batman*. It lacked suspense. "But nobody goes to the opera for the story," he explained, handing out a lesson to *The New Yorker*. "Many TV series would work if they were sung. Try humming *My Two Dads*, or *Full House*."

The good Mr. Kitman not only has flair, he's onto something. Try humming Donald Trump's (and former journalist Tony Schwartz's) *The Art of the Deal*. As Christopher Lehmann-Haupt would no doubt advise, hum it to the tune of "Feelings." Or try humming The Collected Thoughts of the Would-be Upper-West-Side Ravager to "The Impossible Dream." ❸

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The Right

SMUT



BY LYNN SNOWDEN

PUBLISHING

AMERICAN CONSERVATIVES ARE disgusted and outraged by the epidemic of sexually explicit fiction—except, it turns out, when they are the *authors* of the fiction in question. Right-wingers William L. Safire, William F. Buckley Jr., John Ehrlichman, G. Gordon Liddy, Richard Grenier and Arnaud de Borchgrave have all written dirty novels.

The problem is that sex is difficult enough for most conservatives to *perform* satisfactorily, let alone write about well. It's the same in any novel by Buckley, Liddy, Safire and all the rest—any imaginative sex scenes are plainly foreign to the author's experience, always trumped up with an abundance of generic, Bond Girl–ish bodies and highly unlikely dialogue. Equally embarrassing are those passages concerning inept sex—passages that possess the ring of authenticity. Actual experiences, odd preferences, ill-concealed fantasies and possible personal problems are all too obvious in the following excerpts:

WILLIAM L. SAFIRE

Safire's version of sex is about as erotic as a filmstrip on reproduction, with his overuse of industrial-sex, I'm-not-embarrassed words.

"You don't mean 'aah,'" she said in the night. "You mean 'arrgh!'" She tried again. "Arr-aggh!" She made more guttural, leonine sounds and finally came to him in the bed and shouted "Arraggh-rrorwr!" in his ear, bit his neck, plunged her head between his legs, and devoured him. —*Full Disclosure*, 1977

For forty minutes by the luminous dial of the old-fashioned ticking clock on his night table she rolled on him, bounced on him, writhed under him, gentled him, and unexpectedly, because she intended to bring him to climax first, she cried out in release: a long, thin, twisting wail, as if from the third person between them. . . .

"That never happened to me before," she told him. —Ibid.

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

He never shuts up. In book after book, his characters either talk during sex or muse on some extremely droll irony through embarrassingly brief erotic episodes. It's nearly impossible to read these self-parodying passages without hearing his voice, imagining him licking his lips in that oddly lizardlike manner.

He had, so to speak, spent weeks in disrobing her. Here, in a matter of minutes, she had disrobed him. He had spent hours attempting to penetrate her secrets, if any. In just a few minutes, he found her secret entirely, joyously, hospitably penetrable,



and, after the first explosive round, his mind went back to the irony.

—*Marco Polo, If You Can*, 1982

Then, naked, he opened her door, and gasped. . . . He approached her and whispered, "I'd rather do this with you than play cards." . . . And, moments later, his mind turned on the legend of the little boy in Holland sticking his finger in the dike to hold back the floodwaters. He wasn't using his finger, he reflected, but however temporarily, the substitute was working: holding back the floodwaters in his mind. . . . —*Stained Glass*, 1978

JOHN EHRLICHMAN

His novel The China Card *was manufactured with the airport reader in mind—an embossed-foil cover, 635 pages—but it was not written that way. Although there are two love interests and a character named Mr. Hung in the book, Ehrlichman chooses to limit his erotic passages to detailed accounts of French-kissing.*

. . . He felt her tongue flip his lips, and his tongue met hers and moved into her mouth. She drew back and laughed.

—*The China Card*, 1986

Without thinking he opened his mouth as he kissed her and drove his tongue between her lips. Her eyes opened wide and she drew back. —Ibid.

He kissed her again and felt her tongue explore his lips. "What was that?" he said softly. "It felt like a little tongue. Is that what you always do with boys?" —Ibid.

G. GORDON LIDDY

His novel, Out of Control, *has something for everyone. Its Aryan protagonist lives out Liddy's fantasies concerning oral sex and bodily functions.*

There are times, Rand thought, when it is more comforting to fall asleep holding the cold butt of a pistol than the warm breast of a woman. —*Out of Control*, 1979

Rand permitted his legs to drift apart, letting the warm flow bubble up between them. Small fish were trying to bite him with smooth, toothless little mouths. . . . T'sa Li froze, her lips still enclosing Rand's glans, the hard shaft held lightly between her thumb and fingertips. . . . She gave his glans a little bite, then lifted her head. —Ibid.

Upstairs, Essie-Mae was shuddering in the throes of orgasm. Rand, a thoughtful lover experienced at foreplay, had raised Essie-Mae's appreciation of cunnilingus to a higher order, but was beginning to regret it. She was, he was sure, going to pull every hair out of his head. —Ibid.

She shivered as she felt the warmth of his breath between her thighs; then gasped in pleasure at the touch of his lips. —Ibid.

Rand unzipped his fly. As he relieved himself, Rand could hear the woman's voice but couldn't understand what she was saying. . . . He finished urinating and zipped his fly. —Ibid.

As he stood, Zlin became aware of an urgent need to relieve himself. That, too, was reasonable and he proceeded to do so into the low-set utility sink to his right.

—Ibid.

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RICHARD GRENIER

The Washington Times *columnist tried, unsuccessfully, for a sardonic tone in his spy thriller* The Marrakesh One-Two. *This is yet another case of a handsome protagonist/ugly author. Grenier's chief sphere of experience seems to be bad sex with uninterested partners. He refers to sex as "the usual drill," and throughout the book, it is.*

I got her clothes off and hoisted her onto the bed with her showing no enthusiasm. We lay there naked side by side and she was remote. I had sex with her and she was still remote. She didn't enjoy it for one minute, I'll bet you anything.

—*The Marrakesh One-Two*, 1983

It was the usual drill, I suppose. . . . We took off our clothes quickly, jumped onto the bed. I was in mad haste to get inside her before something happened to break the mood. I was in a nervous state. I spat all over her entranceway there to slippery her up; I didn't have time to play foreplay. And in another second I was in there, rocking away. —Ibid.

ARNAUD DE BORCHGRAVE

De Borchgrave, the bald pawn of the Moonies (he edits the conservative Washington Times*), is a man possessed: breast references are worked into almost every conceivable fictional situation.*

She folded her arms over the gentle swell of her breasts and tossed her head so that her long auburn hair floated free.

—*The Spike* (written with Robert Moss), 1980

She pouted and pulled the sheet back and forth suggestively over her ample breasts as Renard struggled into a pair of tight-fitting flared jeans. —Ibid.

Tessa stood up, her breasts heaving. "You jealous bastard," she spat. —Ibid.

Astrid moved like a rattlesnake in bed. But when it was over, she was suddenly cold. Folding her arms under her breasts, concealing the stretch marks above where they had sagged, she said, "I've got work to do. And you've got to get back to Paris." —Ibid.

Making love to Astrid was wearing him down. She was insatiable. . . . Sex was not something she shared. It was something she took. At the end, he felt used. —Ibid.

The Vibrating PROPHET

BY STEPHEN RAE

WHEN ELIZABETH CLARE PROPHET stands in front of a dwarf-size Statue of Liberty to take dictation from the Ascended Masters, she shifts into a metallic, nasal voice a lot like Mrs. Conehead's. When she leads her flock in a mantra, she quickens her chanting, faster and faster, until the words become a buzz. She does this because the Ascended Masters (Enlightened Beings from the Etheric Level) taught her how to vibrate. They teach her lots of interesting things.

SELLING

They teach her right-wing empathy, for instance. "I hear the cry from the subconscious of the American people. At that basic level they know they are undefended by a civil-defense system or an antiballistic missile system." They teach her, in short, that "pacifism never wins." Rather, what prevails is "peace backed by the Flame of Freedom," which Mrs. Prophet's literature locates in the human heart and describes as "one-sixteenth of an inch in height."

"It's not channeling. It's not a possession," says Tracey, a publicist for Mrs. Prophet's Church Universal and Triumphant. "It's through the Holy Spirit."

"Channelers end up seeing entities, or beings on another plane," Tracey's associate, Brian, explains. "Mrs. Prophet says that many channelers are into not-so-high guys, not necessarily Ascended Masters."

Mrs. Prophet has three cable TV series, Brian tells me, and her church has 142 centers. She has written or dictated more than 50 books. "She is probably the pioneer of the New Age movement," he says. "All these other groups read her stuff."

If that's true, they read this:

Membership in the Keepers of the Flame Fraternity is a prerequisite to attendence [*sic*] at Summit University. The curriculum includes a full program of courses in Ascended Master law given in a twelve-week retreat setting. . . . Here Gautama Buddha and the World Teachers, Jesus and Kuthumi, preside and release the Teachings of the Ascended Masters through Elizabeth Clare Prophet, who holds the office of Mother of the Flame. . . . Keepers of the Flame on Lesson 8 and beyond are required to subscribe to and study the Ascended Masters' weekly letters called Pearls of Wisdom in order to gain the full benefit of the Masters' current instruction and initiations. The annual love offering for the Pearls is $40.00.

Her New York devotees were ecstatic, naturally, when Mrs. Prophet came down last fall from her 50-square-mile Montana ranch, bypassed her 250-acre Malibu spread and vibrated into the Penta Hotel, kicking off a 5-week, 16-city stump for the "Coming Revolution in Higher Consciousness." During the four-day conference, which offered courses in foot reflexology and macrobiotic cooking as well as daily dictations, New Yorkers had the chance to become acquainted with Archangels Michael and Gabriel, Lords Buddha and Maitreya, and the Blessed Mother Mary—very high guys and a very high gal—and such lesser-known Ascended Masters as Omri-Tas, Ruler of the Violet Planet; Oromasis; Saint Germain, Hierarch of the Aquarian Age; Master El Morya, Lord of the First Ray and Darjeeling Master; K-17, Head of the Cosmic Secret Service; and Lanello, who is Mrs. Prophet's dead husband, Mark L. Prophet, the author of the Gospel of Mark.

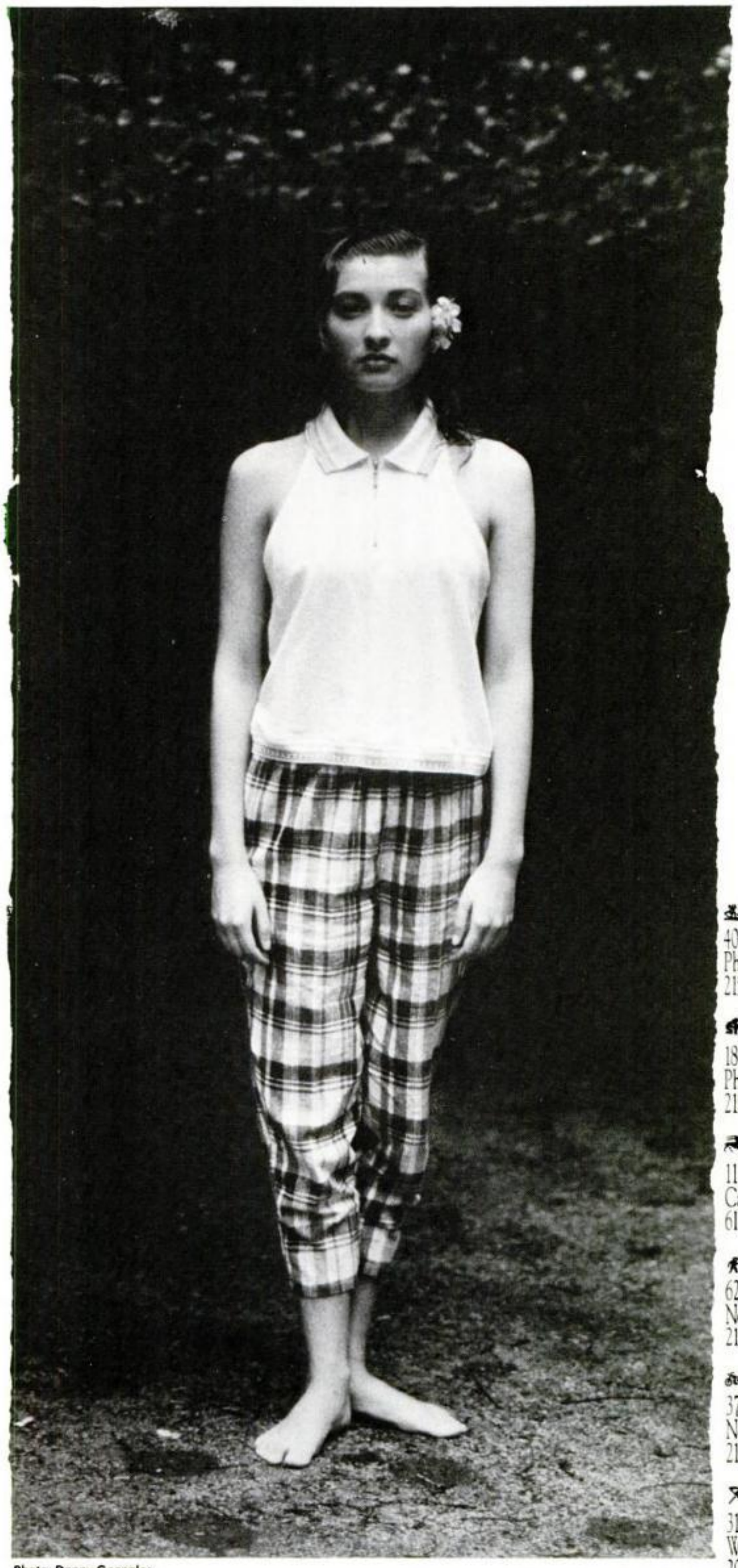
"It's common sense," Tracey says, "to me."

"Very often people have seen the Masters floating over Mrs. Prophet," Brian adds, "and they get a zap in the heart."

Also in the wallet. The anteroom outside the Penta's Grand Ballroom is chockablock with Ascended Master memorabilia: Lanello's audiocassette library at 15 to 25 percent off; Mrs. Prophet's books; gemstones "blessed by the Seven Chohans"; *Heart* magazine, which asks, DID JESUS GO TO HIGH SCHOOL IN BRITAIN?; numerous videocassettes, including impassioned messages from Saint Germain on behalf of the Strategic Defense Initiative.

That explains the tough talk on Daniel Ortega straight from the Virgin Mary, the unusual hymnal ("Battle Hymn of the Republic," "The Chela's Star-Spangled Banner"), the Statues of Liberty and American flags, and the survivalist instruction given up at the ranch. "It's educating the people

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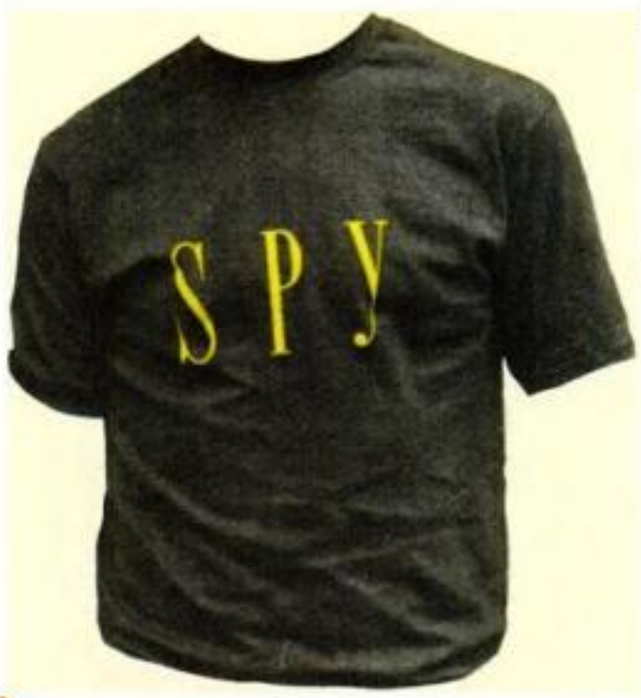
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as to what is going on, and that something should be *done* about it," says Tracey.

At an Inner Workshop on "Wholeness Through Spiritual Healing," a group sits in front of a large-screen TV image of Mrs. Prophet, who looks like Mary Kay Place, only sterner. "Brush your skin daily, with a dry, natural bristle brush, and brush your skin also in the shower," she instructs. "You should all be drinking carrot juice daily, making yourself green drinks, composed of any of your green vegetables that you can put through your juicer—this is a *juicer*, *not* a blender, please. Get yourself a vegetable juicer and be sure that you are giving your body the elixir of life. . . . If you keep your body full of life," she concludes, "you do not need to succumb to that which is plaguing the planet."

"*Love*," she commands, "*your liver!*"

In person, or whatever she is, Mrs. Prophet unflinchingly delivers lines such as "I remembered my past lives by the time I was three years old" and "Let all vibratory actions of the earthly senses keep silent and be at peace in humble, grateful, loving, adoring service to this great divine being which *I am*." When she dictates, in front of an altar outfitted with a four-foot-high, plaster-of-Paris Statue of Liberty, she raises her hands to her temples and ten emerald rings gleam.

Suddenly the large, hairy hand of a man wearing an oversize cross around his neck swoops down and grabs my tape recorder. He is one of dozens of devotees bused in from Montana. "*You're taping!*" he shrieks. "You can't tape! Give me that!" His eyes are filled with fury. "Come out into the hall," he demands. "Let's not disturb Mother!"

Deciding to forgo taping, I catch the dictation of Jesus Christ. With the help of Mrs. Prophet's twang, Jesus also buzzes, hates communists and argues on behalf of Star Wars. "Build a new age!" he exhorts. "Give the prayer service weekly with the recordings provided! . . . Magnetize the little children!"

Terrified that someone I know might see me on one of Mrs. Prophet's TV shows, I duck out before Communion. In front of a Statue of Liberty I run into Tracey, who asks my thoughts. At the moment I'm concentrating on personal safety, but Tracey has been sweet. "Well," I answer truthfully, "it's overwhelming!"

"I know," she says with an empathetic smile. "I was once where you are." ❸

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Wheezing House

ORGANS

BY TAD FRIEND

WRITING AN OPENING SENTENCE for a corporate newsletter is a tricky business, but not for Bartleby Rubble! That lead sentence—no, that one right behind you . . . turn around. Right, that's it—is a classic newsletter first sentence. It would typically be followed by three podgy paragraphs about Mr. Rubble's 24 years turning phrases for *The Company Clarion* and would close with a tip of the hat to Bartleby's wife, who works in payroll processing, and to their adopted son, Bamm Bamm, in the mailroom.

BUSINESS

Corporate newsletter leads are resolutely formulaic. For example, a recent eight-page issue of *Greyline*, Grey Advertising's newsletter, showcased in various stories what we might call the Thomas Wolfe Lead. Items began as follows:

" 'Chicago is my kind of town . . .' Frank Sinatra sang it, but Grey–Chicago Research Director Gay Poole is living it."

"Forget what they say about the brisk lake breezes. It's hot in Chicago."

And the crowning "Who says that you can't go home again?"

Of course, the "news" in these letters discourages dynamic leads. Spouses across America rarely enliven breakfast table conversation by exclaiming, "Hey, honey! You remember Patricia E. Peters? Well, get a load of this from *The Morgan News*—'Patricia E. Peters, vice president, J.P. Morgan Investment Management Inc., chaired a session on the explosion in the convertible securities market at a conference on Issuing and Trading Convertible Securities.' Hot dog!"

In its pedestrian graphics, overreliance on exclamation points, and relentless insipidity, the corporate newsletter closely resembles a small-town newspaper. Both are not so much *read* as vaguely and irritably skimmed: they

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share the same hopeless classified ads ("Wanted: Summer Condo, East Hampton. Willing to pay $200 a week. Hello? Hello?"); the same notations of promotions, deaths and anniversaries ("Betty Rubble, 25 years, payroll processing"); the same references to obscure local customs (Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison's *Daily Bulletin* recently reminded its attorneys to "please return each elephant bag, after it has served its purpose"); the same feckless enthusiasm (Ciba-Geigy Self Medication's *SM News Link* noted of an office move, "Self Medication were [*sic*] obviously expected to make something of an impact as the existing office block was strengthened to be earthquake proof before they arrived!!"); and the same Orwellian accounting of everyone's doings (the Gates Corporation *Spectrum* recently reported that "Vonnie Stransky, V-Belt Operations, talked to the pope").

Merrill Lynch's September issue of *We the People* . . . displayed regional vice president Bill White waving the flag about George Bush's visit to White's vacation home in Oregon. On the very eve of the Crash, Bill divulged a few corking good anecdotes—"Yes, Barbara Bush was right in there helping prepare lunch as well as scrape the dishes at the sink"—but remained touchingly respectful throughout, concluding, "Besides this very special honor for us, we realized the true benefit was for our children and our house guests to observe firsthand that any citizen of this country, within the parameters of the Constitution, can become Vice President or President."

We the People . . . always ends with What Do You Think?, in which Merrill employees sound off about a question of small moment. This attempt to foster the illusion of democracy—*we're a team, and everyone's opinion matters*—has a Whitmanesque, Cougar-Mellencampian appeal. Thoughtful answers are preferred, but everyone has the right, *within the parameters of the Constitution*, to say whatever he or she pleases. When asked "How do you think Americans should celebrate the 200th anniversary of the U.S. Constitution?," assistant trader Paul Cuneo replied, "I would grab a bicentennial six-pack." (*Dude!*)

It must be said that some corporate newsletters aren't so bad—they're like small *city* newspapers. New York's oddly named civil employees' weekly, *The Chief-Leader*, has surprisingly thorough and careful coverage of lawsuits and other civic disputes. And most news organizations take professional pride in their newsletters: *The New York Times*'s *Times Talk* and Time Inc.'s *FYI* sometimes approach the standards of their companies' public product (indeed, *FYI* is often *better* than lesser Time Inc. publications such as *Life* and *Money*). Until recently, the same was true of CBS's *Columbine*. Then Laurence Tisch assumed command, discovered that 22 people were working on it and reputedly complained, "There are newletters about what the newsletter guys are doing!" Firings commenced.

But Turner Broadcasting Systems' *TidBitS*, which bills itself as "the World's Most Important Newsletter," lets down the side for media companies—it is, in fact, quite possibly the world's worst newsletter. One recent eight-page issue had a number of lead sentences that begged not to be pursued ("Mr. Turner needs new engraved letterheads . . ."; "Back in the halls of Winona State University, we had a standing joke . . ."), a What's Cooking! column ("Here's an unusual, but easy to make dinner or luncheon dish . . ."), and a promise that "CNN and Headline News are growing—physically, internationally, and even emotionally." Emotionally? *Yikes!* Well, as long as it's *within the parameters of the Constitution* . . .

On the last page of *TidBitS* is the inevitable Employee Spotlight, and it is here that the spirit of Main Street democracy fully blooms. With this regular feature we are given to understand how each employee, each *citizen* of the company, makes a vital contribution. Like Bedford Falls without George Bailey in *It's a Wonderful Life*, Turner Broadcasting would be hauntingly lifeless if you took away . . . Doris Shumake.

"Just as there are two sides to every coin, such is the very different life-style of Turner Broadcasting Cable Sales Department receptionist, Doris Shumake. . . . An outgoing, personable, happy-go-lucky individual, Doris seems somewhat reserved on her nine-to-five job in comparison to her other role of community activist and political spouse."

This, perhaps, is the ultimate importance of newsletters: that at their heart beats the affecting dignity of common citizens. For aren't we all outgoing yet reserved? Is not each one of us a coin with two sides, a receptionist yet a political spouse? Aren't we all, somehow, Doris Shumake? ❧

American EGOS

BY CHARLES POOTER

THE WEBS

IT CERTAINLY DIDN'T TAKE LONG for *CBS This Morning*, the show that replaced *The Morning Program*, to establish its own credentials as a comparably outclassed, third-rate circus. The show's "stars"—the friendless Kathleen Sullivan and the friendly Harry Smith—will surely help cement its firm grip on last place in the ratings. When *New York Times* reporter Leslie Bennetts asked Sullivan how, given CBS's morning-slot track record, she could make the show successful, the frisky newsreader graciously stormed out of the room. Sullivan, who was first noticed at ABC for her courageous reporting of volleyball scores during the 1984 Olympics, is defensive about her meager journalistic credentials—which, of course, are requisite for career advancement at the network charged with carrying on the Murrow Tradition. (Hello, Phyllis! Hello, Mariette!) At ABC they used to joke that the only way that Sullivan could ever be called a correspondent would be in divorce papers brought by an angry wife. (Sullivan's facility for news reading is exceeded only by her reputation for silly gesturing; she was once caught during a party at ABC correspondent Barrie Dunsmore's home making a very silly gesture. *A very silly gesture.*)

The day after Sullivan's encounter with Bennetts, she was in a meeting with a newly hired CBS public-relations person named Elizabeth Eynon. Sullivan felt she hadn't been getting enough publicity, and she suddenly rounded on Eynon. "What did you do before you had this job?" she demanded. "I was the public-relations director for [the National] Multiple Sclerosis [Society]," Eynon said timidly. "What a joke!" Sullivan bellowed and stormed out of yet another room.

Sullivan's cohost, the competent and

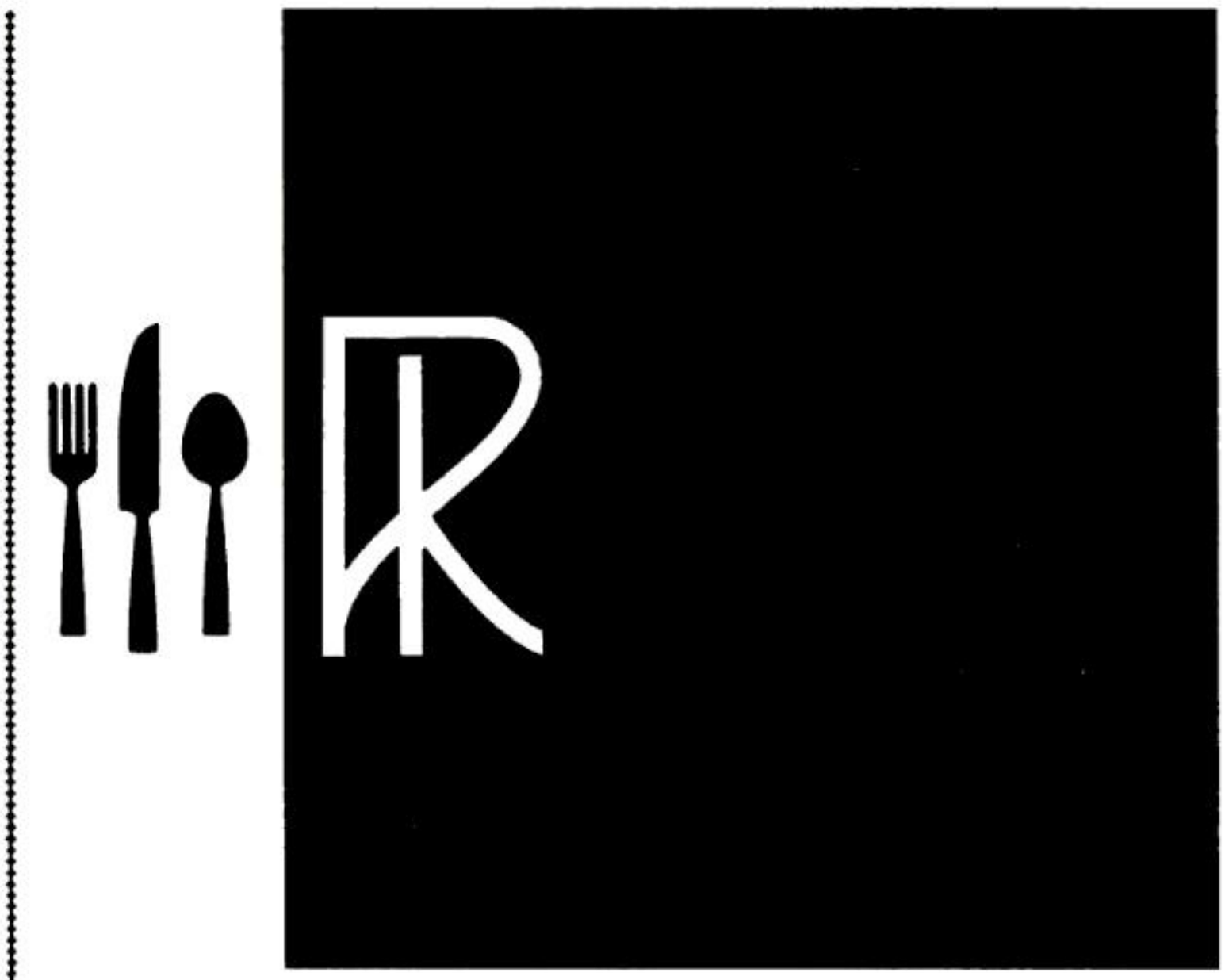
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highly congenial Harry Smith, had problems of his own during the show's early days. His trademark has always been a bow tie, but Charles Osgood, who occasionally does the news on the program, also wears a bow tie and happens to have bow tie seniority at CBS. Just before the first show, Smith was told that he had to wear a regular necktie. Unfortunately, it had been years since he had worn one, and so a staffer had to show Smith how to tie it.

The only person at CBS with more sexual oomph than Kathleen Sullivan is Dan "Kenneth" Rather. The anchorboy's most notorious escapade occurred years ago, in Yugoslavia, where Rather, then a mere correspondent, was on assignment. Apparently dogged in his pursuit of a source (an attractive Finnish flight attendant), Rather never returned to his hotel room one night and missed the correspondents' plane the next day. He later showed up not with a sheepish grin but with a wildly improbable (and therefore very Ratheresque) story about having been held for questioning by the Yugoslav secret service. (*What is the frequency?*)

Aside from conscientiously maintaining his reputation around CBS for silly gesturing, Rather's greatest concern these days is for the trappings of power. When Richard Cohen, senior producer of CBS's election unit (and the man who ghosted Rather's passionate *New York Times* Op-Ed piece last spring on integrity in journalism), wanted to move his staff out of its crowded space and into Van Gordon Sauter's huge old office, which overlooks the newsroom and would house 20 comfortably, Rather protested. The office has been vacant since the despised Sauter was fired. But Rather suddenly decided that his own huge office, at the other end of the Astrodome-size newsroom, had too many people moving in and out of it, and that he, as managing editor, was entitled to the biggest, most private office around.

However, after Rather's donnybrook with George "He's a Pussy" Bush, rumors persist that he will be eased out of his office—and his job—by autumn. If so, Rather would probably decamp to the University of Texas; like most TV journalists, he suffers from print envy and believes that by teaching and writing he'd become Bill Moyers-ized and acquire a reputation for substance—if only to have something to tell the Yugoslav secret police the next time around. ❸


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CRASH

Pilots



BY JAY MARTEL

TWO FEMALE COPS ARE CRUISING their beat in a patrol car when they get a call—*Robbery in progress*. "This is it!" says the cop in the passenger seat, fumbling with her uniform. "This is the moment I've been waiting for! Wait a minute! Where are my bullets? *I can't find my bullets!*" "Did you check your gun?" the driver asks, rolling her eyes. "Oh, yeah," says her sidekick. Thus begins the sitcom pilot *Sirens*, about two female cops and their unbridled zaniness. But before you start flipping through your *TV Guide* to find out when to set the VCR, we have some bad news: *Sirens* was one of the 40-some sitcom pilots made last season—at an average of $1 million apiece—that never made it into series.

TELEVISION

Though a reject, *Sirens* was no better or worse than what did make it onto TV last season. And in May the whole convoluted sitcom-choosing process begins all over again, as networks hold their annual New York meetings to decide which pilots will become next season's series. Network executives in blue suits will be busy second-guessing their audiences for next fall, striving for that perfectly balanced lineup that will appeal to sponsors and public alike. This is why they'll favor sitcom formulas already proved successful—why it's possible to have ten pilots in one season that feature two or more men living together.

In an average season at each network, between 600 and 800 sitcom ideas are pitched, about 50 scripts are written, about 15 of those are made into pilots and, in a good year for comedy, five of those become series. A killed sitcom, then, has come a long way to die. After such an arduous selection process, it may seem mysterious that a show such as *My Two Dads*—an *Odd Couple* retread with a horrible, precocious child—would make the final fall lineup. Or that, when CBS went with only two new sitcoms last year, one of them was *Everything's Relative*, an *Odd Couple* retread with a horrible, neurotic mother.

Michael Lobell, who coproduced the pilot for *Mickey and Nora*, a failed sitcom about an ex-CIA agent, with writer Andrew Bergman (*Blazing Saddles*, *Fletch*), doesn't understand why CBS didn't give his show a crack: "There's such an enormous flow of pilots, it's like throwing a lot of paint on the wall and seeing what comes out." Of the complicated selection process Lobell says, "I don't know how it's done. I guess it's like electing a pope."

All the world loves winners, but TV does the world one better: it copies them. Last season one-third of all sitcom pilots were buddy comedies. *Bennett Brothers* (two dissimilar brothers move in together), *Everything's Relative* (two dissimilar brothers move in together), *Trial and Error* (two dissimilar Hispanic childhood friends—a lawyer and a T-shirt hawker—move in together), *My Two Dads* (two dissimilar guys bring up a precocious little girl), *Full House* (three dissimilar guys bring up a baby) . . . the list goes on.

And copying a format works. Of these, all were picked up except *Trial and Error* (executive-produced by Tommy Chong) and *Bennett Brothers*, even though its pilot was bursting with successful stale ingredients: Two brothers—one a swinging bachelor guy, the other a recently divorced total square (tell me if I'm going too fast). Two colorful old parents—the father tosses off pearls such as "Life goes by so fast. One day you're young, the next day you're looking in the mirror wondering who that old guy is holding your toothbrush." A jazzy theme song with fourth-rate Cole Porter lyrics—"*Ohhh, we're brothers! Like Ryan and Tip O'Neill? Like Norman and Vincent Peale?*" The square brother's shtick consists of moping around saying things like "I'm old! I remember when Joan Rivers was funny." Physical comedy is represented by the swinger's speedy, Benihana-style preparation of a romantic dinner for his date (a *stewardess*! Is this 1988?) as soon as he gets his bothersome brother out of the house.

But buddy comedies aren't the only commodity that networks pile up. Trends in sitcom-making have absolutely nothing to do with the real world, as last season's sudden surfeit of programs about fictional puppet programs demonstrates. NBC claims that the success of *ALF* is responsible; CBS denies it. But the fact remains: CBS developed two puppet sitcoms, neither of which made it past the pilot stage.

One of them, *In the Lion's Den*, takes place in a small independent TV station in Texas, where Dana (played by Wendy Crewson in a spooky Mary Richards tenor) produces a children's puppet show. The production staff includes a redneck business manager, a mama's-boy scriptwriter, a drawling, sweet-but-dumb floor manager and (surprise!) an airhead secretary.

The star of the show is a puppet lion who likes to yell, "*Hello-aroonie!*" Keith, the puppeteer, is a prima donna who stages regular tantrums and quits at least once a week. Keith snarls, but when he speaks through his puppet, he's a very nice guy; while the puppet hugs a female coworker to make up after a fight, Keith cops a feel. Unfortunately, Keith's colorful temper tantrums worked too well: most of the test group that watched the show hated him.

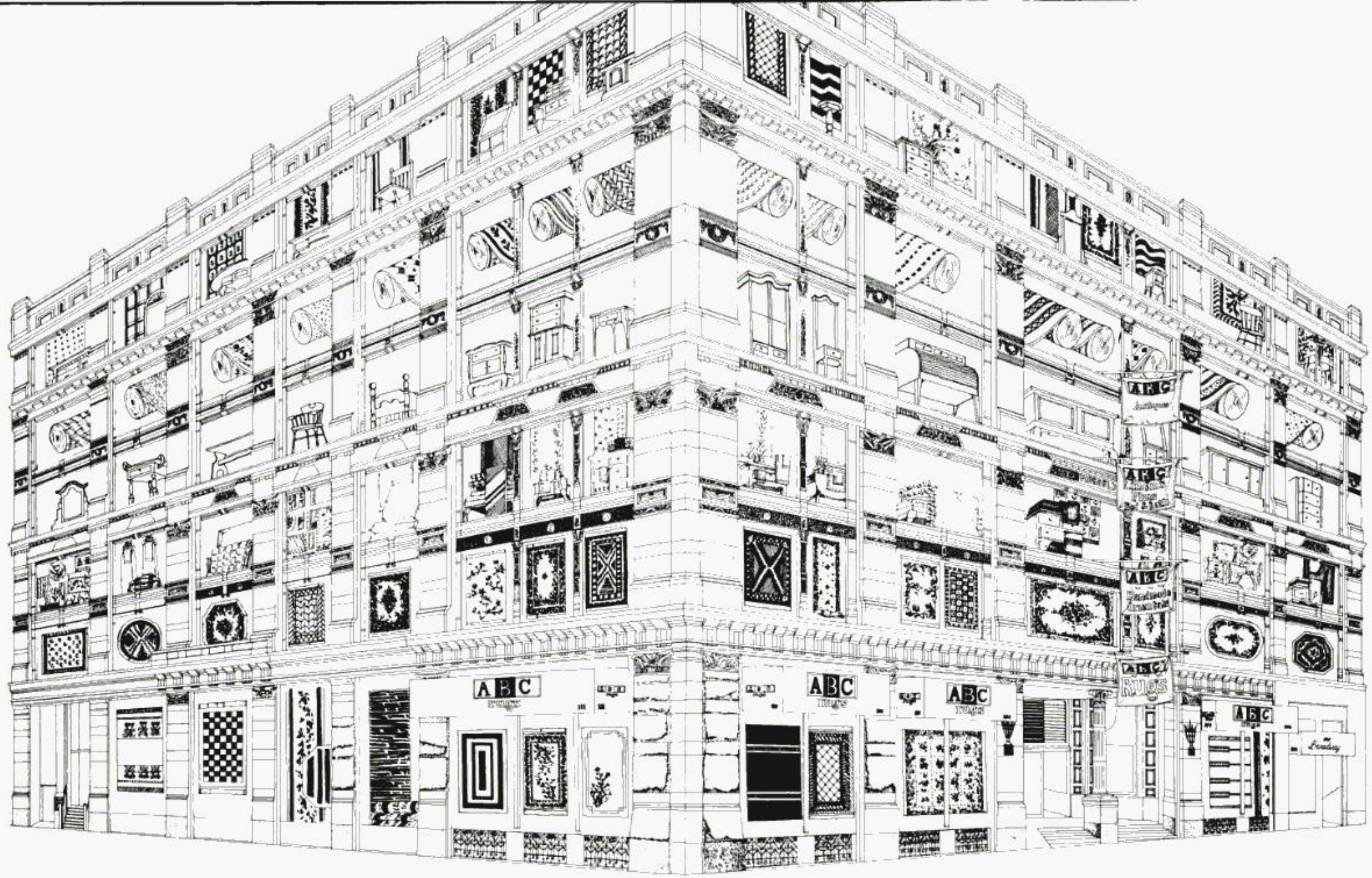
Puppet show No. 2, *Puppetman*, had only one advantage over *Lion's Den*—better puppets, created by Jim Henson. The human characters, though, weren't nearly as interesting. Gary runs a TV puppet show in Madison, Wisconsin, and plays single father to a precocious six-year-old named Zack. Like *Lion's Den*, *Puppetman* featured a wacky production staff.

While CBS cornered the puppet-pilot market, ABC hit on an entirely different trend—the return to the heartland, Sally Field–style. *Cowboy Joe* featured Linda and her teenage daughter, Isabelle, who are living just fine in an L.A. suburb until Joe, Linda's ramblin'-guy cowboy husband, comes back after 15 years. The pilot concerns Linda's doubts about whether Joe is ready to be a responsible husband and father—*15 years later*. I think we can all relate.

The other attempt was *Doodle's*, starring country singer Hoyt Axton as the owner of a small-town general store. Various townsfolk—including a precocious adolescent girl—stop by to exchange homespun pleasantries with Doodle, who's *such* a—heh heh—character.

If TV producers can't do what everyone else is doing, they will attempt to bill their pilot as *something different*—not interesting or plausible, just different. "How many times can you see the Daughter's-First-Date episode? Or the Son's-First-Car

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show?" says Warren Littlefield, executive vice president of prime-time programming at NBC. "Sometimes you can see the same episode on three different sitcoms in one night. Viewers are ready for something different, and when it comes out, everyone gets on the bandwagon."

Something different is a handy TV-development buzzword. When *Family Ties* was first pitched to network executives in 1981, bizarre familial configurations had become the status quo (a widower and two orphans, a divorcée and her dead sister's children). So *Ties* was pitched as *something different*—a conventional nuclear family. Last season, a failed pilot called *Day to Day* was pitched as *something different*: it centered on an extended, screwed-up family.

Set-wise, *something different* means anywhere-but-a-living-room. For example: funeral homes, trailer parks, diners, anywhere a couch would seem out of place. Don't think this means that you won't be seeing the same show: non-living-room comedies have the same situations, the same moms and dads, the same first dates—they just don't have a living room.

Last season *All in the Family* co-creator Bud Yorkin produced a pilot called *Paradise Motel*, starring Cheech Marin. The show was originally set in a TV station (complete with wacky production staff), then in various other places; Cheech's final venue, a sleazy motel, was apparently the suggestion of NBC Entertainment president Brandon Tartikoff. But when the final decisions were made, *Paradise Motel* was rejected—the folks at Tartikoff's NBC just didn't think the motel locale worked.

Kingpins, a sitcom set in a bowling alley, fell through a similar executive crack. Writer-producer Barton Dean originally planned to do a more or less conventional family sitcom. He had been trying to come up with an original setting when Gregg Maday, vice president of comedy at CBS, mentioned that his family had operated a bowling alley in Buffalo. *Different!*

Still, there was something missing. After reading the script, Kim LeMasters, then vice president of programs at CBS, reportedly suggested that Dean cast the show black. (Who needs another white bowling-alley sitcom, anyway?) Dean went along with the idea, and the result was generally regarded in the industry as a success. Hank and his precocious daughter run a bowling alley called Kingpins, and the action centers on Hank's bad-news relatives, who consider the bowling alley their place to hang out and crack jokes.

But CBS had another promising black sitcom with an unusual location, and the wisecracking loafers in *Kingpins* didn't have a chance when they came up against the apparently funnier wisecracking loafers in *Frank's Place*, set in a restaurant. (LeMasters, meanwhile, has been promoted to president of CBS Entertainment.)

Different, then, can quickly turn into *the same*. Doing something *different* can also prove overly ambitious, considering how much has to be established in a mere 30 minutes. Many producers disagree, but NBC's Littlefield thinks half an hour is more than adequate to display a show's strengths and weaknesses. "Sure, you get surprises later on," he says, citing the emergence of the Fonz in the course of



Happy Days, "but for the most part, you can see all the ingredients are there."

The pilot of *Mickey and Nora* had all the ingredients, and then some. Unfortunately, they seem to have been thrown into a centrifuge. Mickey quits the CIA for his new wife, Nora, but no one really believes he has left the Company, not his secretary at the law firm, not the zany Senegalese despot who keeps trying to sell him a military secret, not Nora's nosy sister—*not even Nora*. The plot is rife with inappropriate sexual references (a customer in Nora's toy store luridly recounts being interrupted by her child during sex; Mickey begs Nora over the phone to "wear that nightie again"). In one hectic scene, Nora discovers that Mickey's espresso machine is receiving toilet noises transmitted from the UN Soviet mission, and their neighbor, a black weatherman, enters in a huff because one of Mickey's former colleagues blew his door off while he "had a companion at the critical point—[*wink*, *wink*]—I was giving her the long-range forecast."

As various Democratic presidential candidates have demonstrated, there is no surefire way to please both ends of the demographic spread—to seem both different and reassuringly familiar. But there is one way that, if not certain, is a whole lot simpler: the spin-off.

The Mary Tyler Moore Show begat *Rhoda*, *Phyllis* and *Lou Grant*. *All in the Family* begat *The Jeffersons* and *Maude*. *Maude* begat *Good Times*. In the beginning, spin-offs from successful sitcoms happened as naturally as cell divison. No more. Last season, five spin-off pilots were made. This year, you can see only two of them on the air: *A Different World* (spun from *Cosby*) and *Beverly Hills Buntz* (from *Hill Street Blues*). But if one dead pilot is to be revitalized for another shot, this year's Lazarus will likely be the *Family Ties* spin-off, *The Art of Being Nick*.

Nick, Justine Bateman's boyfriend on *Family Ties*, is a character in search of a show. Brandon Tartikoff likes Nick, and the public likes him, too: when *The Art of Being Nick*'s pilot was shown on NBC as a substitute last summer, it got that week's second-highest rating. This isn't surprising. Nick is a pop Frankenstein, pasted together from bits of the Fonz ("*Heey*" is his calling card), Rocky (dumb but lovable) and *Flashdance* (he's not just simple, he's an artist), and decorated with Rob Lowe's hairstyle and earring.

But like trying to make *A la recherche du temps perdu* into a film, getting Nick aboard his own TV vehicle has confounded the industry's most highly regarded writers and producers. *The Art of Being Nick* was the third try. In the first, Nick went home to Detroit to live with his grandfather and sister. It didn't work out. In the second, Nick worked at a day-care center for precocious juvenile delinquents. No one liked it. "They said kids telling Nick he was an idiot wasn't as funny as adults telling Nick he was an idiot," says Scott Valentine, who plays Nick. This time, Nick moves in with his sister and her son in New York City's East Village (though their apartment's interior looks suspiciously like a ranch house in Marin County), creates bad primitive art and works at a hip bookstore called The Hungry Mind. The precocious nephew tells Nick he needs psychiatric help. Some things never change.

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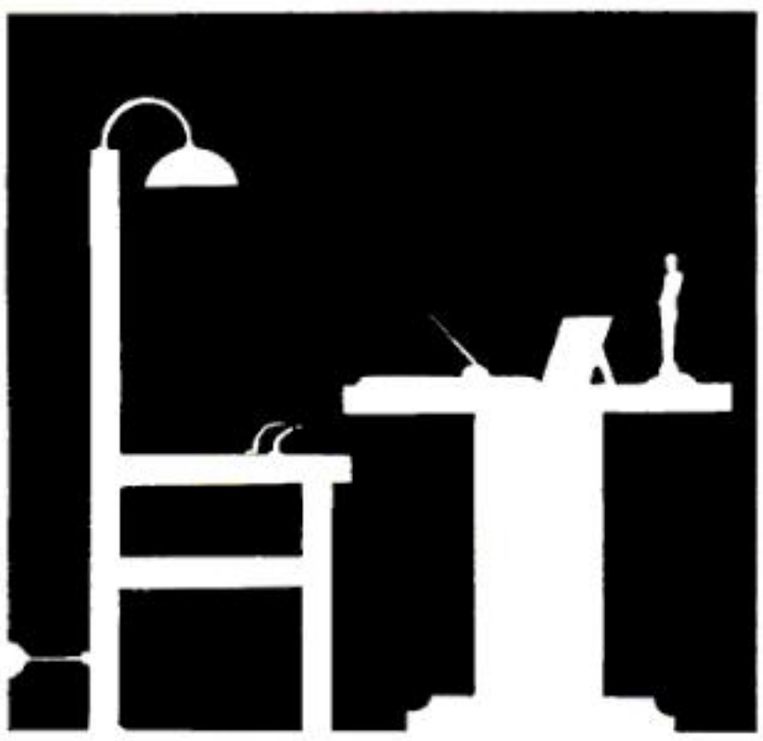
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BY CELIA BRADY

THE INDUSTRY

THE FEUD BETWEEN SUPERAGENT Mike "the Manipulator" Ovitz and superhyphenate (manager–producer–studio head) Bernie Brillstein continues unabated this month. Brillstein is chairman and chief executive officer of Lorimar Film and Entertainment. He is also the manager of Lorne Michaels and Jim Henson and the producer of the movies *Dragnet* and *Ghostbusters*, as well as of *ALF*, *The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd*, *It's Garry Shandling's Show* and *The "Slap" Maxwell Story* on television. (Brillsteinophiles will additionally recall his role as best supporting manager, to John Belushi, in Bob Woodward's *Wired*.) The ball-shaped, fatherly Brillstein tangled with Ovitz and his enormously powerful talent agency, Creative Artists Agency (CAA), over their mutual client, Dan Aykroyd. (California state law prohibits managers from also acting as talent agents, which explains the corepresentation of Aykroyd. The fee structure varies, but most managers charge 15 percent of a client's gross earnings, with an additional 10 percent to the agent—although in many instances the agent serves in name only, at a much lower fee paid and negotiated by the manager.) It seems that Aykroyd complained to driven, personality-free Ovitz that Brillstein, busy with his own studio and production deals, wasn't paying enough attention to Aykroyd's career, and that Ovitz suggested firing him. Aykroyd did. Not surprisingly, Brillstein evidently felt betrayed by Ovitz, especially since he purports that he, Brillstein, "made" CAA the success it has become during the last decade. Another source of conflict was all those cute little ALF dolls, and whether CAA would share in the large licensing fees. Brillstein's and Ovitz's clients have been forced to choose between the two. The score so far: Tom Patchett (creator of *ALF*) from Brillstein to CAA; Jay Tarses (creator of *Molly Dodd* and *"Slap" Maxwell*) from CAA to Brillstein; Dan Aykroyd to CAA; Richard Dreyfuss to Brillstein. Jim Belushi, a CAA client, is still on the fence. Brillstein has sworn vengeance and has told at least one talent agent that he wants to bury CAA. And the talent agency is not exactly encouraging its stable of stars to make deals with Lorimar.

Although Ovitz is arguably the most powerful man in Hollywood just now, he is not a studio head. Ovitz and Jeff Berg, his counterpart at International Creative Management, have both been offered numerous studio jobs but will probably be at their posts into the next century, while the top studio positions change with the seasons. And with the Christmas returns in, and the Academy Awards set for April, it's time for Hollywood to focus on the next big betting event in town: just which studio heads are most likely to keep their jobs through the summer releases.



FOX

The past few years haven't been terribly successful for Rupert Murdoch's company. Chairman of the board Barry Diller (a man who reportedly won't eat shark out of professional courtesy) is off building the Fox Television "network" (most atrocious entry to date: *The* [late] *Wilton North Report*); president and chief operating officer Leonard Goldberg isn't really a movie man; and senior president of feature films Scott Rudin just hasn't produced anything successful. Diller recently hired former Lorimar executive–former Columbia executive–former porn star Craig Baumgarten to a position with responsibilities that aren't clear. Many suspect his real assignment is to fight Rudin for power. Rudin's chances of survival are, it would appear, nil.

UNIVERSAL

Former entertainment lawyer Tom Pollock is still in his honeymoon period as chairman of the MCA Motion Picture Group. (Perhaps most important—or at least as far as shareholder-sensitive MCA chief Sidney Sheinberg is concerned—Pollock eats lunch along with Sheinberg and MCA founder Lew Wasserman in the Universal Studio commissary, unlike his imperious predecessor, the profligate Frank Price, who preferred the private dining room he'd had built next to his office.) But rumors have begun to surface again about Universal's president of production, Sean "the Man Who Would Be Thalberg" Daniel. Soft-spoken and much admired (both, remember, by Hollywood standards) Daniel has been at the studio ten years and is reportedly fully vested in MCA's lucrative employee stock plan—which may mean that it's finally time to leave for a lucrative outside production deal. Pollock's chances of survival: good. Odds that Daniel will leave: even.

MGM

Is anybody still alive here? Do they still make movies? Has anyone heard from preternaturally well groomed Alan Ladd Jr. lately? If Lee Rich, the head of MGM/UA, continues to claim responsibility for all decision-making at the studio (as he did in a recent *New York Times* piece), insiders bet, Laddie will soon be gone.

PARAMOUNT

Although Ned "I'm Quitting" Tanen finally rid himself of former toilet-paper merchandiser Dawn Steel (he told her she wasn't welcome back as president of production after her maternity leave and offered her the traditional sop—an independent production deal), a rivalry still exists between Tanen and the quiet-but-deadly-effective Gulf + Western Entertainment Group head, Frank Mancuso. Paramount remains the most consistently successful studio in Hollywood, and Tanen remains one of the most mercurial players—but most insiders have long since written off his annual threats of resignation as nothing more than contract-renewal tantrums. His chances of leaving: nil.

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Columbia

Now that newly installed president Dawn Steel has finished hiring her staff, things should remain calm at this Coca-Cola company for a while. There is definitely trouble ahead, though, since it seems that only Victor Kaufman (head of Coke's entertainment group) is permitted to give the go-ahead to films. But in the end, Steel will be around for the long run.

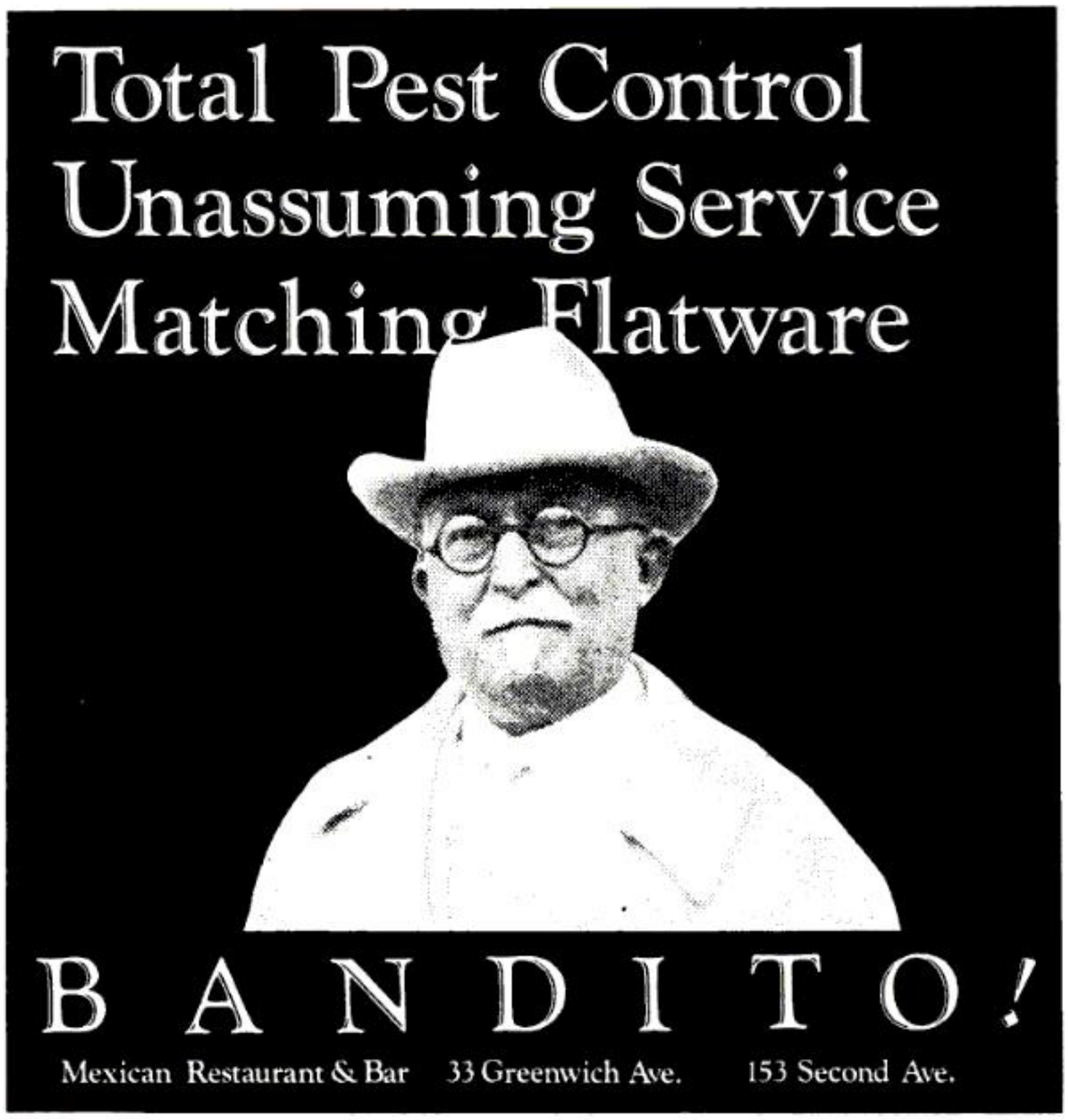
Disney

The question here is, just what office is the egregiously boyish Michael Eisner running for? Senator? Governor? Let's face it: with all those Democratic fundraisers he throws in his home, the puff piece on *60 Minutes* and the cover story in *The New York Times Magazine*, Disney can't be the only stock Eisner is interested in boosting. At the moment, both Eisner and his insanely driven second, Jeff Katzenberg, are riding high on Disneyland "E" tickets, but this doesn't mean everyone is enchanted with the Magic Kingdom. Producers and writers are beginning to leave the studio, nearly all complaining of unrelenting interference by Disney executives. The real trouble, however, is in the television department. Try as they might, the boys and girls at Buena Vista still haven't launched a successful series on network TV—where the real money is. For all that, however, Eisner and Katzenberg will certainly remain in place for a long time to come.

United Artists, Lorimar, Warners

Despite rumors that Lorimar will soon be purchased by jumbo zillionaire Marvin Davis, the real action at these studios for the next few months should be in the theaters, not in their boardrooms. The Ovitz feud notwithstanding, Lorimar's Brillstein has always made successful movies; Warners president Mark Canton is solid; UA's new chief of production, Roger Birnbaum, is extremely well liked by directors, writers and actors and replaces Robert Lawrence, whose most salient attribute was an expensive wardrobe.

So what does all this mean? In short, the players remain the same; the job titles change; the movie titles don't. Expect next year to see *Rambo III*, *Rocky V*, *Police Academy V*, *Friday the 13th Part VII* and, yes, honest to God, *St. Elmo's Fire Part II*.





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VINTAGE

Whine

BY ELLIS WEINER

HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP

ADVERSITY, BAD LUCK, BAD vibes, bad juju—call it what you like, it's out there, it's hungry and it has our name and number in its luxurious leatherbound appointment book. When it comes to call—as when, for instance, my car gets towed off to the Impound Zone on Too-Far-West 38th Street—there is no question that we will deal with it. No, the true question, the grown-up question, is, rather, is it okay to *bitch* about it?

By which I mean, complain. Not curse: cursing, in any of its forms—Zesty Obscene, Antique Blasphemous or Wholesome Euphemistic—is mere reflex, the noise made by a blissful, all-important subjectivity (i.e., me) suddenly encountering its status, to the rest of the universe, as a harmable, frustratable objectivity. So it is not cussing I mean, so much as (*reaches for thesaurus*) grumbling, muttering, whining, puling, sniveling, whimpering, yammering, squawking, bleating, griping, carping, beefing, caviling, bellyaching, kicking, remonstrating, expostulating, nagging, clamoring, railing, storming and, uncited—apparently Roget wasn't Jewish—kvetching. When bad things happen to good people, or even to us, is it acceptable for a self-respecting grown-up to just let it all hang out and have a good pule? Because we all *want* to complain, don't we?

I do, but then I don't. Or do I? I don't know any longer. I do remember, in my late teens, being told by someone that I was complaining a lot. And when that little mental light that signals the impact of some character-building event went on, I remember thinking, in the Tarzan/Tonto/Cookie Monster syntax of seminal psychological experience, *No. Bad. Stop complaining. Complaining bad. Make you bad person. No do anymore.*

From which time until today, I have refrained from all but the most uncontainable beefing. Even when the car was towed, I cursed—but, having parked it blatantly illegally, I did not feel entitled to complain.

I was late for a rendezvous (don't get excited; it was with my brother-in-law) and would rather have eaten my own handsome leather upholstery than submit to the extortionate rates of the nearby parking lot. It was, I figured, a crapshoot: at worst I'd have to pay a $20 ticket, whereas with luck I'd get off scot-free, with the additional reward of the image of myself as a daring and fearless denizen of the megalopolis, an urban aborigine running—well, driving—lean and naked through the midtown streets, canny in the secret ways of the cityscape.

Instead, I got towed—an eerie experience, characterized, as it is, by a sudden, stunning *absence*. Your car with a ticket is like Jack Nicholson in *Chinatown*—a familiar face rudely bandaged. Your car towed, however, is a non-thing, a lack. In fact, it is often somebody *else*'s car, an alien make, shape and color in the space where yours—you could swear it—used to be.

I knew I was transgressing and had been nailed according to the rules. Who, in such circumstances, could with clear conscience bleat, clamor or rail? The answer, of course, is lots of people. Yes, but are they grown-ups? Isn't the grown-up's bounden duty, man and woman alike, to take it like a man? To accept the consequences of his or her actions?

Obviously, one thinks. But what if it's not one's fault? What if—it seems inconceivable, but such things do occur—one is unfairly victimized through the unilateral cruelty, stupidity or error of others?

An example comes readily to mind. After the car was gone, not to be retrieved until the next day, my brother-in-law and I had two hours to kill before the next bus home. We walked the streets, and then he offered to buy me a drink. I hadn't had a drink since two days before, and I accepted gratefully, with a faintly self-pitying sense of having earned it.

We hiked down Eighth Avenue, found a tavern and bellied up. The Hispanic bartender took one look at me and shook his head. At first I took his imperfect English to mean that I had been in there earlier that evening—I denied it. Then I thought he meant that I was sitting in the chair of someone else who had been drinking earlier that evening. *Of course I am*, I thought. *That's how a bar works.*

No. He meant that it was apparent that I had already been drinking heavily. Therefore he refused to sell me so much as a beer. Unsmiling and dead serious, he slapped a coaster in front of my companion and waited for his order.

At such times, protesting seems a valid, self-respecting response, yes—but what about good old, down-home, whimpery-voiced complaining? And are the two things different, or is all this mere semantic quibbling?

I think they are different. Protest plays variations on the theme "It's Wrong." Complaint's one-note melody, though, is "I Don't Like It." True, the two are often sounded together, forming an interference pattern of cancellation and reinforcement that can be hard to decipher. (Often the former is used to mask the latter, as when ostensibly disinterested objection seeks to conceal clawing self-interest. Professionals call this process public relations.)

Children, of course, don't fret about any of this. They don't ask themselves, *Would it constitute a valid mode of conduct if I, having been refused in my demand for that entire bag of malted-milk balls this very instant, voiced some pointed objection?* The child—at least, of a certain age—when denied anything, reacts with the instinctive vocal mechanism that Nature, in her infinite wisdom, the bitch, has provided children, in order to attract the attention of any adult within earshot. The child *whines*.

In fact, if as you read this you listen very carefully, you will hear in the background the insistent, foot-stomping, body-flopping whining of two-year-old Nathaniel Weiner (N.B.: WEE-ner) demanding to be allowed (a) to brush his teeth and, more important, (b) to wield the toothpaste himself. "Toothpaste! Toothpaste!" he cries, unbelievably indignant. Is it protest or complaint? Before answering, consider this: would knowing make it any less a pain in the ass?

At the bar, though, I neither complained nor protested. *This is too good to be true*, I thought. *Don't ruin this anecdote by trying to argue.* I apologized to the man, and we left. Outside, we had a fine laugh—sober, exhausted, irritable as a two-year-old's, but still a damn fine, grown-up laugh. Oh, ha ha ha.

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"These are the reasons I don't read that magazine Spy:

SPY is new, and I don't like new things.
It calls itself The New York Monthly.
It makes fun of Republicans.
It makes fun of Democrats.
It makes fun of Donald Trump.
SPY names names, and that's just not nice.
There's too much writing in SPY.
SPY doesn't tell me what kind of cheese to buy, or where to meet chicks.
SPY doesn't know when to quit.
Who wants a sassy, funny magazine, anyway?"

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MAGAZINE
Smart. Fun. Funny. Fearless.

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☐ YES! Please send me one year of SPY—10 jam-packed issues—for only $16.97.

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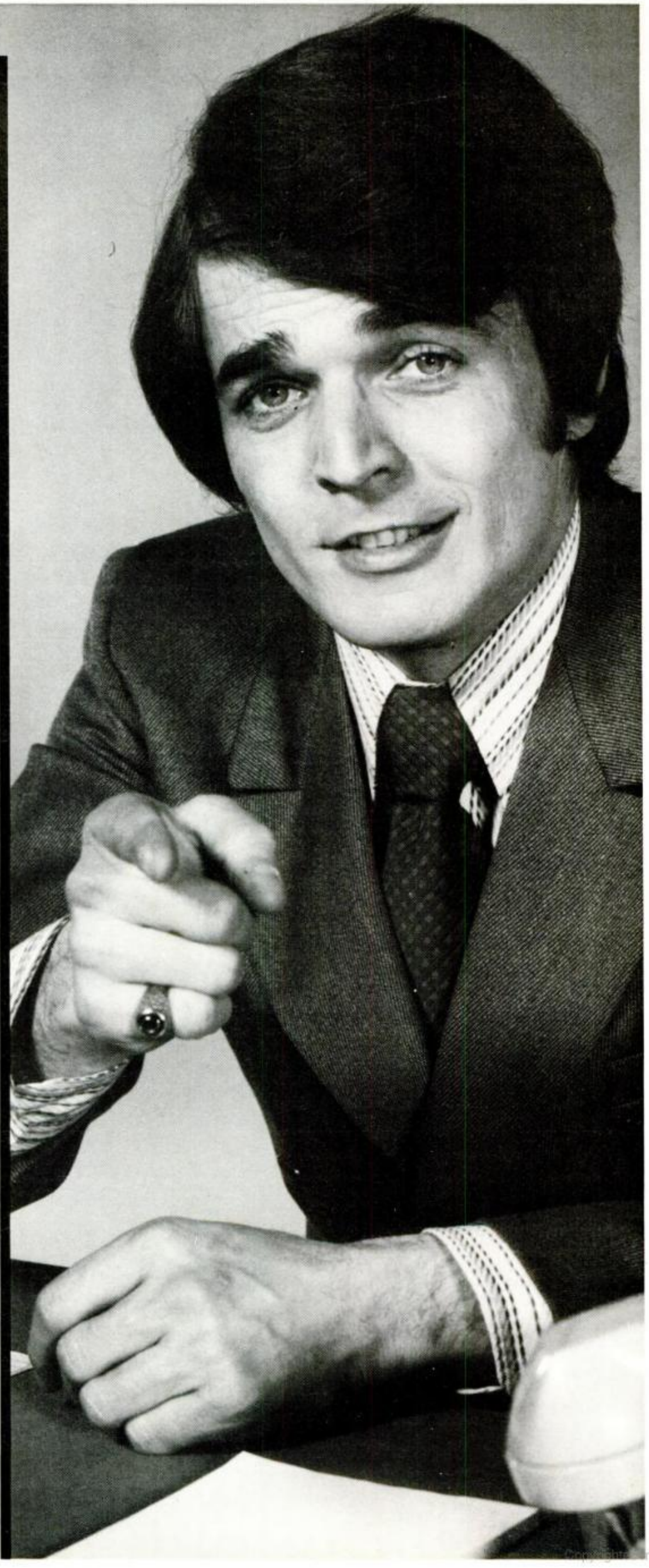
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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

I quite simply do not know whether the eighties, as such, are over or not. Or, if they are, whether they will be followed by the nineties or the thirties. It is a time for watching and waiting and pursuing no particular course except watchful waitfulness. Perhaps if we watch this month's puzzle waitfully enough, a theme will emerge. But if I were you, I would not put any money on it. Myself, I believe that market forces will not come into balance as a result of anything I do or do not do.

In 1965, when I was in the Army, I bought Acme Missiles stock at the urging of S.F.C. Jose Guadalupe, whose moonlighting job it was to sweep the floor of the Stock Exchange and who kept his eye out for good things. "You miss out on this," he said, "you gonna say, 'Je-zoose Chrice.' " I bought nine shares at $6 each, and sure enough, within a month they had gone to 36 a share and then to 1⅜ and then they were off the board. "You shoulda hedge it with GM," said Guadalupe. There is no telling how much money those stocks saved me, because I never bought any others. I have put all my surplus funds into sandwiches and videotape rentals, in some cases enabling myself to view sequences too exciting to be shown in theaters; and I advise you to do the same.

This month's puzzle includes two remarkable clues, 17 Across and 2 Down. The former compresses eleven letters *into a* single mark of punctuation, *and the latter is a political poem. Isn't this more fun than investments?*

One more thing. According to a clipping from The Berkshire Eagle *that I just found in an old shirt pocket, "The Pittsfield Easter Seal Stroke Club will meet Tuesday at 1:30 p.m. at the Berkshire Medical Center in private dining room D. The meeting will feature a presentation by {three local men} titled 'The Three Wise Men Present a More Positive You.' " What would be a good clue for* stroke*? "It's apoplexy, Pet."*

—R.B.

ACROSS

6. If you turn *hotel backward* around, you find in there *cable*, as in "You got the cable?" I got the cable recently for the first time, and all I have to say about it is that lackluster nudity is not a good thing.

9. If we master the principle that terms of chaos or reorganization ("insanely" here, "disorderly" in 17 Across, "oddly" in both 27 Across and 4 Down, "tosses" in 16 Down and "like hell" in 19 Down) are likely to indicate that the letters in preceding or following words are to be rearranged, then we will have gone far toward freeing me up to explain matters of greater importance.

11. *Ma* inside *dig*. Is Joe DiMaggio still making Mr. Coffee commercials? If not, surely you can remember that far back. When he was Di-Mag, or Joltin' Joe, the great Yankee center fielder (tell me this puzzle is not educational), he did cigarette ads. I daresay we won't see ballplayers doing that again. Maybe condoms. Rickey Henderson sliding in (into base, I mean), the umpire crying "Safe!" and you take it from there.

12. *B (born), lack* ("deficiency"), *face* ("turn toward").

17. This is some clue! Just wait till I explain it to you! See that colon after *disorderly?* Compare it with the colon after *test* in 9 Across. This colon here, clearly, is slanted: italic. And if you rearrange the letters of *italic colon*, you get what critics often say is wrong with explicit sex and what has surely oft been thought about doctors. If you guessed "Just a lot of [unflattering terms for private parts]," then you were letting your feelings get the better of you.

19. This is the first time the name of this magazine has appeared in this puzzle. Not because the puzzle has been tempted to jump to *McCall's*. The occasion just never arose before.

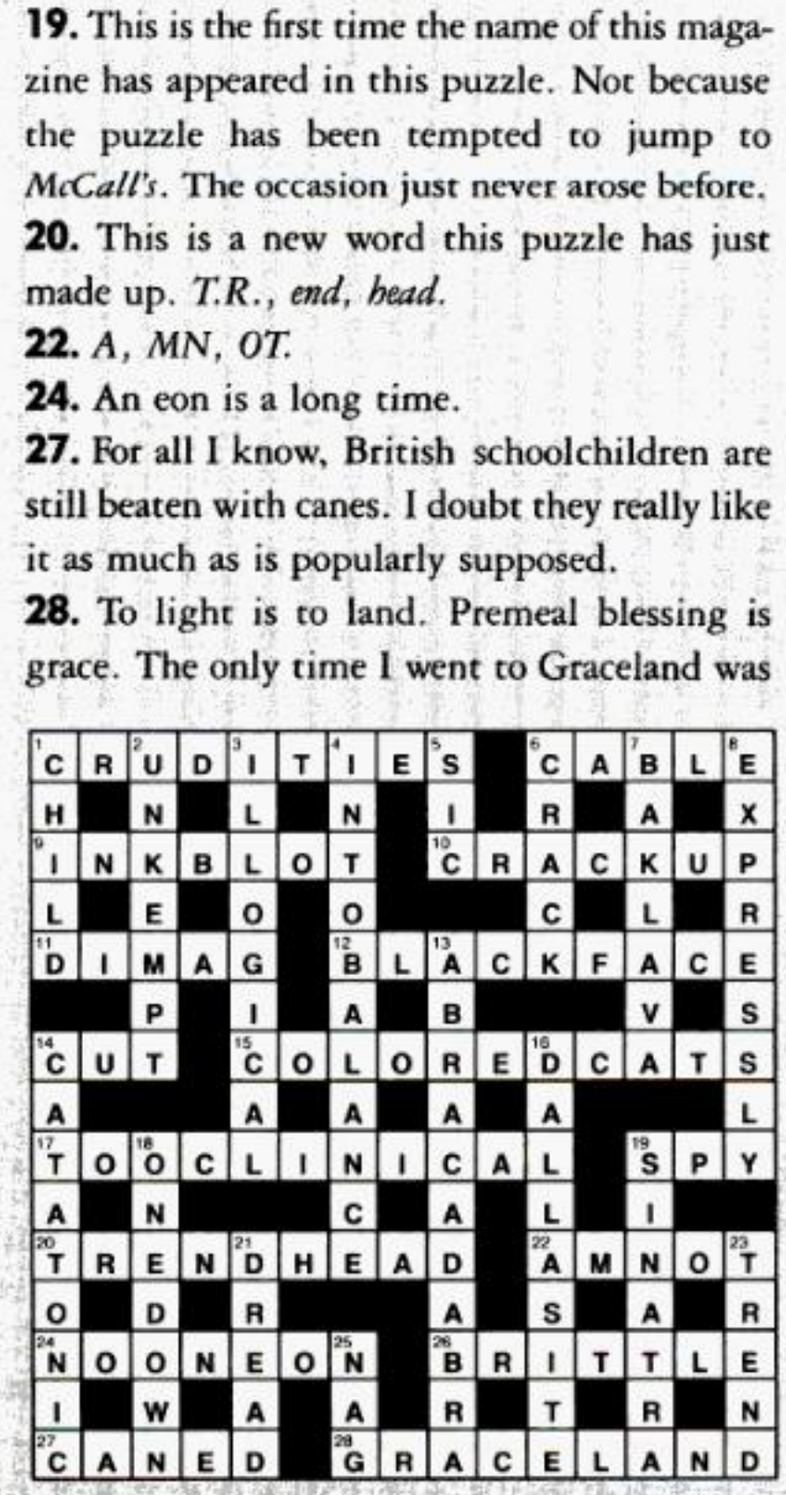
20. This is a new word this puzzle has just made up. *T.R., end, head.*

22. *A, MN, OT.*

24. An eon is a long time.

27. For all I know, British schoolchildren are still beaten with canes. I doubt they really like it as much as is popularly supposed.

28. To light is to land. Premeal blessing is grace. The only time I went to Graceland was to see Elvis in his coffin. The woman ahead of me in line was an elderly countryperson. "He was good to his mama," she said. And look what it got him.



DOWN

1. I met Julia Child once. She seemed very nice. Big, genial woman. Wonder how she and Dr. Ruth would get along.

2. Okay, now, this here is a whole new kind of clue. It strikes a positive political note. Perhaps we had better set it out properly:

Each obscene accession means
From others we're exempt.
Bushed though we this fall may be,
In that case we're unKempt.

Now Senator Biden can't claim he made it up. Personally, I would not like to see any quarterback as president. The solid leadership types on football teams are more often offensive linemen. Of course, in business suits they tend to look like enormous sausages. Lot of jocks in the picture this year. Bush played baseball at Yale, Cuomo actually played it professionally, and then there's Bill Bradley. When he was a Knick, he was a good bet to take a shot at the last moment. As I write this he is undeclared, but then his forte always was moving without the ball.

3. *GI* in *il* (*the* in Italian), *local*.

4. I am a Libra and so is Jimmy Carter and so was Rutherford B. Hayes. Balancers all. Hayes was an advocate of hard money, whatever the hell that is.

5. "So" as in "thus," "set upon" as in "*Sic* 'em."

7. B.A. is a degree, *K* is short for *king*.

13. *A, BR, a, cad, a, bra*.

18. The answer to 1 Down (above), you will recall, is *child*.

19. I don't even like to listen to Sinatra sing, frankly. How anyone can think he is in a class with Ray Charles, I don't know. *A saint R* rearranged.

21. *Dad* around ("about") *re* ("about").

23. Take the *head* off of 20 Across.

Well, we seem to have some more room here, so I believe I will start writing a prophetic novel.

In the nineties the earthworms grew large and took people underground. It was hard to figure the worms' motive. They didn't seem to be capturing people, it was more like dolphins saving the drowning. But dolphins lead people to shore. The earthworms took us down where they lived.

Next month, next paragraph. Move over, Tom Wolfe. ❸



PHOTO: JEAN-PIERRE/PAUL NISKI DESIGNS

A F T E R
M I D N I G H T
L I V E M U S I C

ODEON

2 3 3 0 5 0 7

M O N D A Y T U E S D A Y W E D N E S D A Y

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Party Poop

Special, Superfabulous Trump-Rich

BONUS

Party Poop Edition



1



2



3



4



5



6

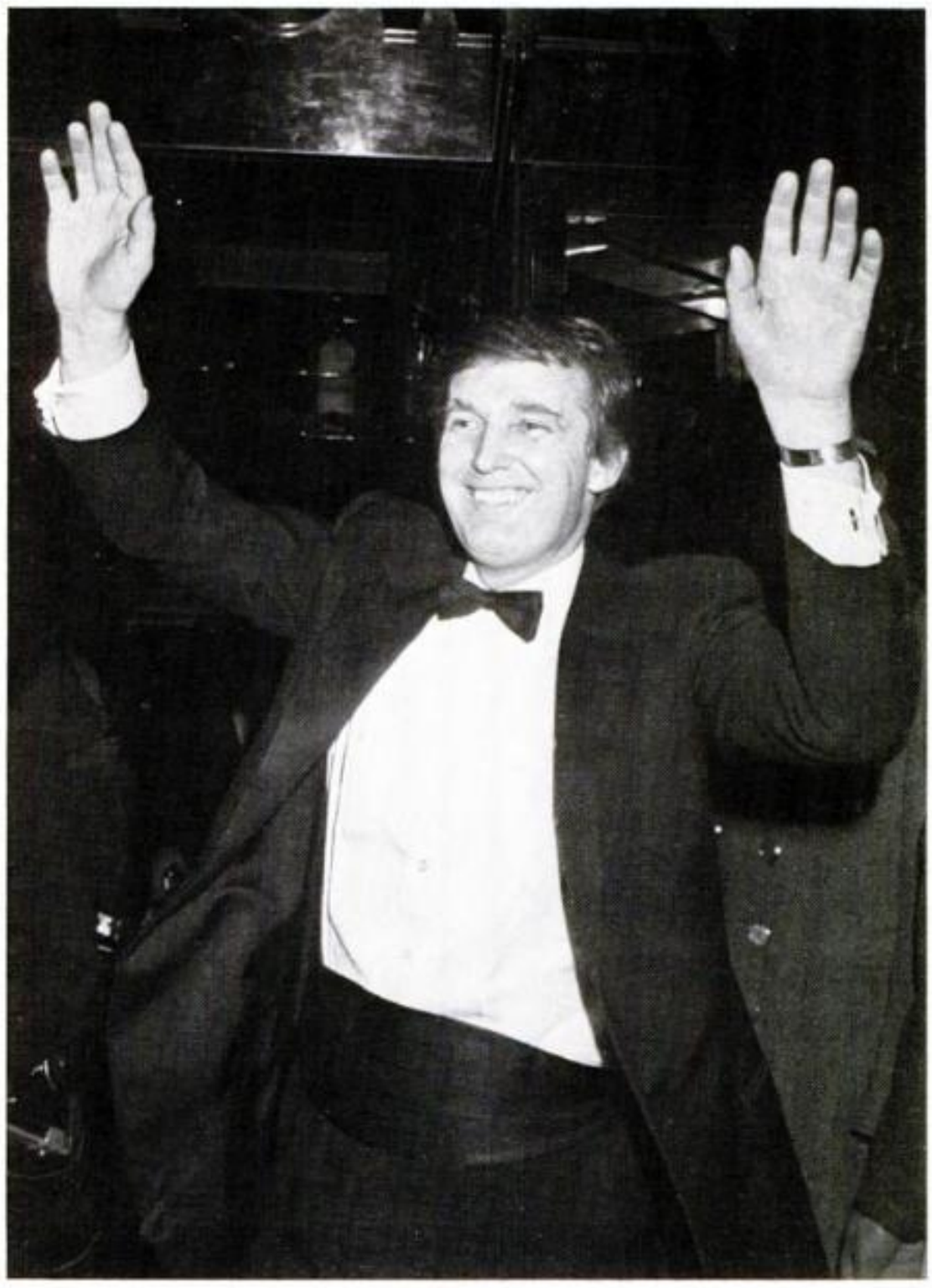
IT'S BEEN A GREAT SEASON for artists famous only for being married to celebrities. First, Edwin "Mr. Caroline Kennedy" Schlossberg had a very exclusive opening at the Ronald Feldman Gallery. (**1**) One of Schlossberg's poem-pieces on bamboo sticks: "*Time slows to become mass/the slower the larger/the more we can see/the mass forms a neighborhood/continually changing/and the neighbors become/elastic distortion/our memory makes measure/the means to a pattern/the boundary established/from the tolerance of tools/that which we know/is only description/outside of the boundary/is context is voices/the life of the mind/is reweaving these.*" Price: $7,500. Norris Church Mailer, another artist-by-virtue-of-being-married-to-a-famous-person, had an exhibition of paintings at Central Falls restaurant. A typed handout explained that Mailer's paintings "can be seen to reflect an effort to reconcile the remembered happiness of an innocent childhood with the realities of contemporary life in Manhattan." Harsh realities, no doubt, like attending Donald Trump's bar mitzvah–like book party–cum–pep rally in the lobby of his sleek-as-a-hoodlum Fifth Avenue tower, where—among top celebrities such as glamorous Nikki Haskell and effervescent Joey Heatherton (**2**, with superglamorous former top model and licensed interior decorator Ivana Trump), top aerobiceuse High Voltage (**3**), top sex-magazine editor Helen Gurley Brown (**4**) and top sex impresario Dr. Ruth Westheimer (**5**)—the Mailers had to pretend they had read Trump's *The Art of the Deal* and endure a



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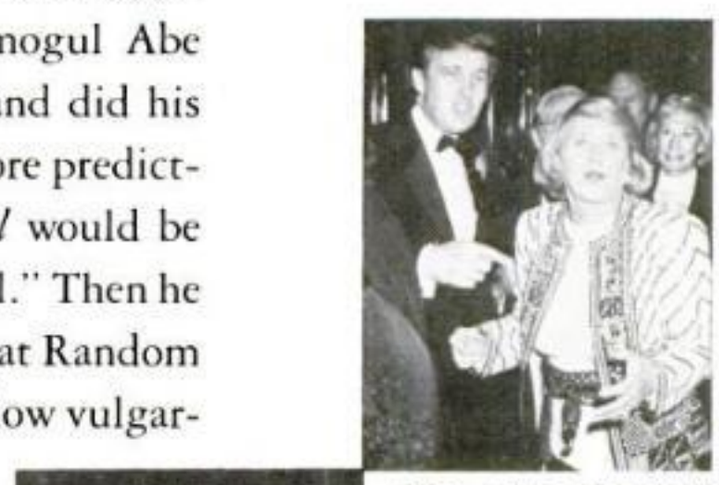
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8

guest's very convincing Trump impersonation (**6**, with Don King). After spending an hour riding up and down the escalators and waving at the crowd, Trump was called to the microphone by top comedian and emcee Jackie Mason (**7**, with look-alike top parking-garage mogul Abe Hirschfeld). Trump stood and did his Ed Koch impression (**8**) before predicting that *The Art of the Deal* would be "the biggest best-seller of all." Then he thanked all the little people at Random House who had made it possible (**9**, *left to right*): coauthor and fellow vulgarian Tony Schwartz, "the greatest writer in the world," S. I. Newhouse, "the greatest publisher in the world," and former journalist Peter Osnos. Then the crowd went wild as the Queens-born casino operator demolished an elegant model of Trump Tower made out of chocolate cake (**10**), catered by Trump's "great friends," the felons Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager. But that wasn't all. Just as the cameras clicked, naughty boy Trump would point a diminutive finger at a top celeb—such as Don King (**11**)—as if to ask, *Hey, who the hell invited* this *guy?* The same gag went over big with Barbara Walters (**12**), New Jersey governor Thomas Kean (**13**), SPY-obsessed gossipist Liz Smith (**14**) and Trump's own father, Fred (**15**). So infectious was Trump's tough-guy witticism at the superfabulous party that Steve Rubell tried it out on fellow dwarf, scary Twentieth Century-Fox chairman Barry Diller (**16**).









11



12

Hey, who the hell invited* this *broad?



13

***Hey, who the hell invited* him?**

14

***Hey, who the hell invited* you?**

15

Hey, who's this old geezer?



16

Hey, what's a tall, powerful guy like you doing in a place like this?

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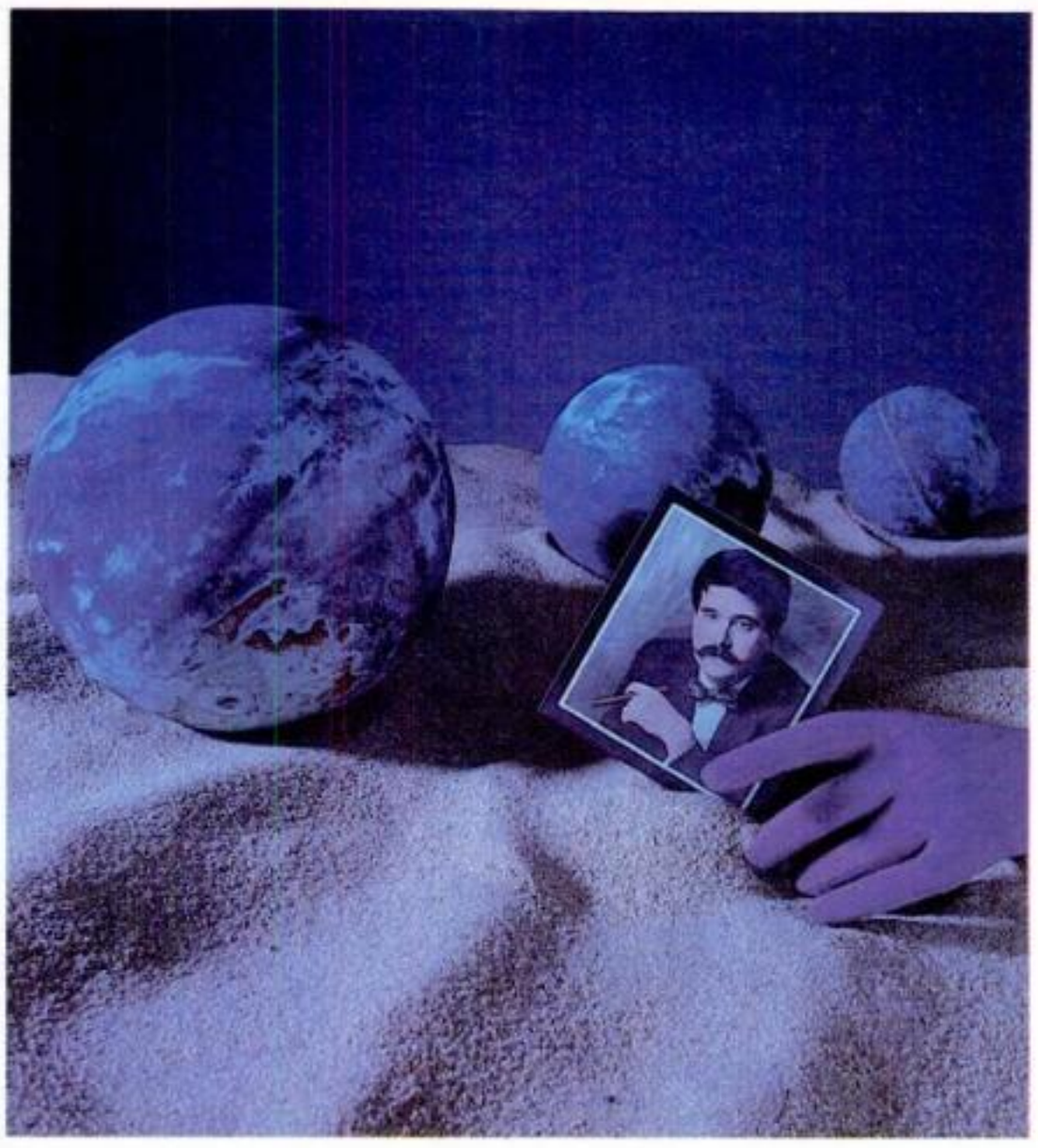
NEW IMPROVED NEW YORK

IT'S TIME TO ADD SOME PIZZAZZ

to the city's atria, those overrated oases of midtown calm. In our New, Improved New York, the urban atrium is more in step with city life when it doubles as a blood-sport hunting ground for birds of prey. A Falconry Shoppe rents essential gear—perches, lures, hoods, Aylmeri jesses, bells, gloves, monographs on hacking, temporary prosthetic devices—as doomed sparrows, grouse and hares are released among the cappuccino sippers and become fair game for the kestrels and peregrines hovering overhead. Once seen, a falcon's high-speed stoop is never forgotten, especially when the intended quarry (a pigeon? that small tourist over there?) is in doubt until the last second. ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL DEAS



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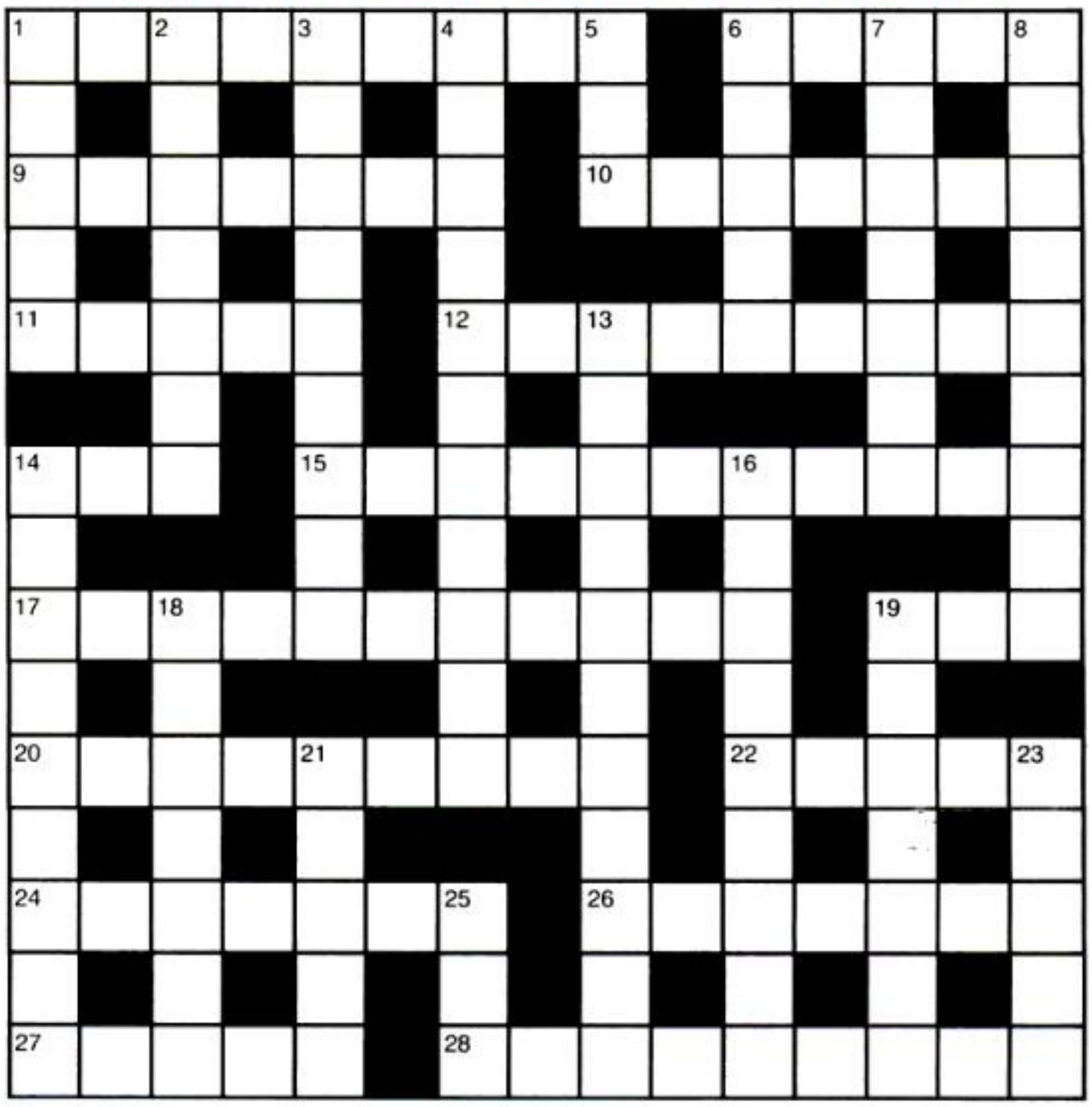
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THE UN-BRITISH

Crossword Puzzle

Waiting for Market Forces to Come 4 Down



BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

1. Imperfections in turd I blended with ices. (9)

6. Pay TV in hotel backward—the other way around. (5)

9. Sanity test: to blink insanely. (7)

10. Collapse turns 6 Down around. (7)

11. Mother's inside—understand, Mr. Coffee? (5)

12. Born with deficiency? Turn toward what you sing "Mammy" in. (9)

14. Weakened incision. (3)

15. Fish swallows traditional knowledge and twisted acts produce calicoes. (7,4)

17. Disorderly: what's wrong with doctors and explicit sex. (3,8)

19. What you've got your nose in, snoop. (3)

20. Vogue addict comes to conclusion between Teddy Roosevelt and oral sex. (9)

22. A Minnesota offensive tackle rebuts "Are too!" (2,3)

24. Long time after midday, the bases are empty. (2,3,2)

26. Sounds like Englishman'll be hard but fragile. (7)

27. What British schoolchildren were: oddly decadent, except for Ted. (5)

28. Where the King lived in light after blessing. (9)

DOWN

1. Julia baby. (5)

2. Each obscene accession means/From others we're exempt./Bushed though we this fall may be,/In that case we're (disheveled). (7)

3. In the Italian pub, soldier is lacking reason. (9)

4. Oddly, cannibal toe is what a Libra is. (4,7)

5. So set upon. (3)

6. Nasty drug remark. (5)

7. For pastry degree, king perched on molten rock. (7)

8. Though she left 28, Priscilla isn't spoken of as such, explicitly. (9)

13. A bedroom, a cad, a bit of lingerie: magic formula. (11)

14. Pussy a restorative? Entranced! (9)

16. J.R. tosses lite salad. (9)

18. Single person retired (and two to go) where child is above. (3,4)

19. Frank's a saint, right? Like hell. (7)

21. Father about . . . about to have grave anxiety. (5)

23. Way things are heading: 20 BEHEADED. (5)

25. Worry old horse. (3)



The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 126.

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